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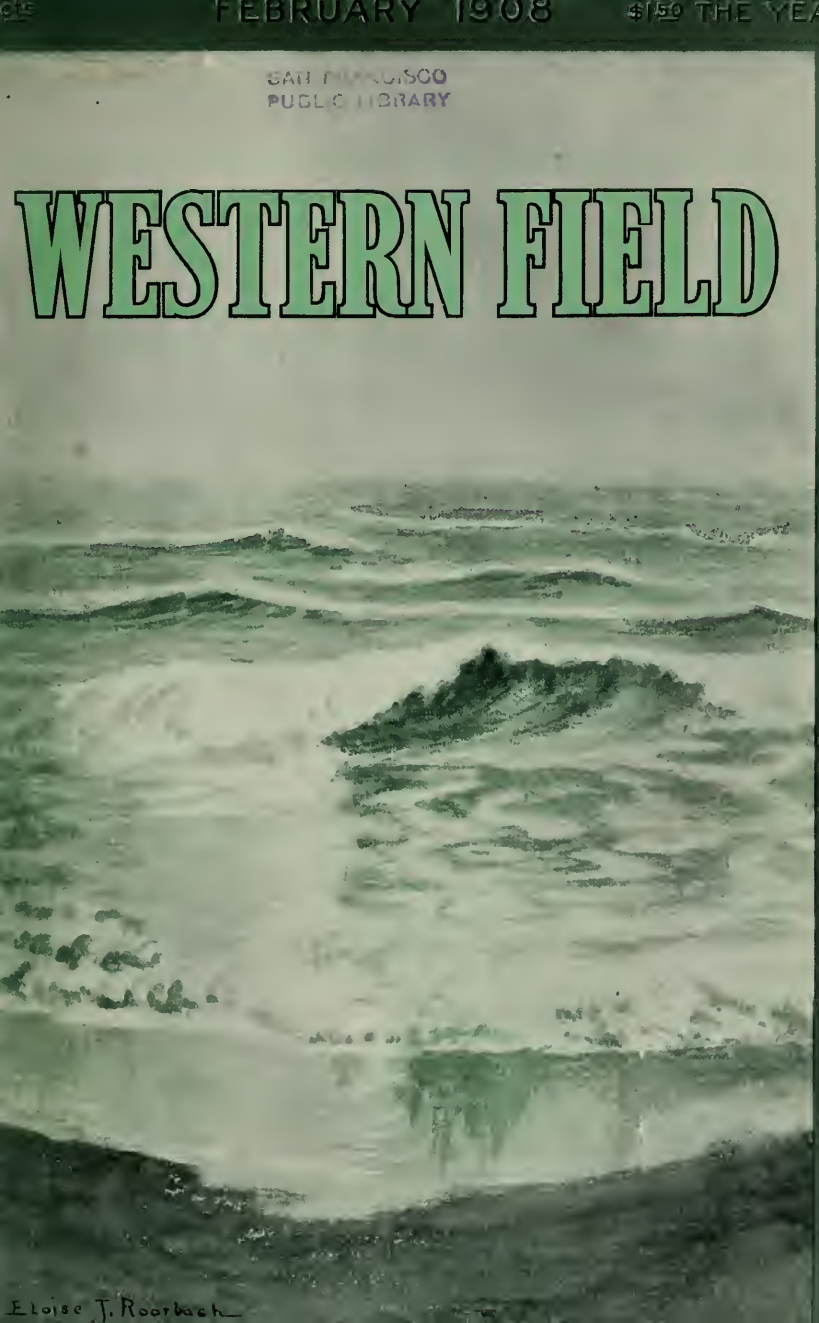
WESTERN FIELD



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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 12 FEBRUARY, 1908 No. 1

THE LAND WHERE THE SUN GOES DOWN

OUT in the land where the sun goes down—
Where the sea is a-red with fire;
The wonderful land of the far, free West—
The land of my heart's desire;

Oh! my hope is there and my heart is there,
And the rest of me wants to go
When the call comes echoing out to me—
Pleading, soft and low:

"Come on, come on—where the red light lies
Aslant of the land and sea—
Where the wind that comes from the sunset way
Is soft as the wind can be.

"All the beautiful days are glad and fair,
And the nights are long and sweet;
And there's rest out here for the weary eyes,
And rest for the tired feet.

"Come on and away from the throbbing marts
And the rush of the maddened town.
Come out to the magical land, that lies
Out here, where the sun goes down."

—*Grace G. Crowell.*

Crater Lake

AMID OREGON CRATERS

By Rev. George H. Bennett

A VERITABLE wonderland is the region of craters, lying one hundred miles east of Roseburg, on the farther crest of the Cascade mountains. Its remoteness from the railroad, the vastness of its almost unbroken forests, its many dreaming lakes and abysmal cañons make it at once a land of mystery.

Thirty-five miles east of that picturesque city the wagon road dwindles to a mere trail. Thence, onward to the headwaters of the East Umpqua, frowning cliffs above the rushing torrents greet the eye on either side, while dense forests of splendid pine and fir stretch away to the far-off mountain tops. Here and there majestic columns tower above the silent forest like the impregnable castles of the giants of old, and huge angular blocks of moss-covered rock strew the steep declivities at their feet. Three days in the saddle, with nights spent under the stars at Chivagny, Buck Head and Black Rock camping grounds, found us at the Diamond Lake cabin of the Forest Rangers.

Diamond Lake is an enchanted spot. Its clear, sparkling waters nestle between Thielsen and Bailey—two slumbering, snow-streaked craters. It is two and a half by five miles in extent, and is hemmed in to the water's edge by evergreen forests, except on the south, where a wide grassy shore slopes gently to the lake, fringed with a long row of fine spruce trees. Close by, a remarkable stream empties its icy waters into the gem-like lake. Short Creek, true to its name, is about thirty feet in width, twelve inches deep, and but 150 yards long. It flows rapidly from beneath a perpendicular bank of volcanic sand and pumice stone twenty feet high, and ripples softly along its narrow channel between steep banks to its outlet. It evidently comes down from Thielsen beneath a deep field of pumice, which literally filled a great cañon during an eruption of the old volcano in the long ago.

The sun was peering over the lofty crags and cinder cone of Thielsen, and tinting the somber heights of old Bailey with the blush of morning, when Forest Rangers Oden and Bonebrake and myself saddled our horses and set out through the long stretch of lodge-pole pines to behold the wonders of Crater Lake, recently named Mt. Mazama, which lay on the horizon twelve miles to the south. The narrow trail emerged at last from the thickets of scrubby pine and led us across several miles of desert. It was a desert indeed—stretching away miles before us an un-

broken waste of volcanic sand, pumice and cinders, with scarcely a weed or blade of grass. We were truly amid the craters. Back of us, and to the east, Thielsen lifted its black and yawning crater, like a huge mortar with wrenched and broken muzzle—the reminiscense of some mighty duel. Ten miles to the west, Mt. Bailey, with its snow-flecked, triple crater, lifted its broad shoulders, grim and mighty, far above the horizon's verge—a sleeping giant. While close at hand, under the noonday sun, the ragged rim of a stupendous crater filled the line of sky.

As our gaze swept the arid waste, bordered with stunted pines, and rimmed around with lesser cones and the towering wrecks of once majestic peaks, the imagination painted a realistic picture of the last great battle of the giants. How appalling our situation in the unsheltered plain between three warring volcanoes. The conflict began with tremendous detonations, which shook the earth to its very foundations. Lurid flames glared from the mountain summits, and gigantic columns of dust-laden steam arose to stupendous heights, and spread like a pall of death over the trembling landscape. The angry volcanoes seemed to turn their heaviest guns upon each other, like well manned fortresses. Vivid lightnings lashed the mountain sides, and deep-toned thunders answered the subterranean roar. Showers of scorching sand beat upon the earth, and pumice like fiery hail pelted the neighboring slopes. Whirlwinds of sulphurous gases swept down the gorges, and an awful darkness wrapped its black mantle over the scene of wrath. The night of death was illumined only by the incessant lightnings, and by the rivers of lava which burst from the brimming craters and turned the vast battlefield into a furnace of fire. But the power of battle wanes and its fury is spent. Thielsen at last stands like a monster seige gun dismounted, tilted, and shattered; Bailey, in the fitful glare of that fearful night, seems like a fortress battered, burned out and dismantled; while Mazama, the mighty, towers triumphant in the inky skies. But just as the battle is won, the bellowing thunders awaken anew the subterranean wrath; the earth and sky tremble as in mortal fear; and the vast cone of the victorious mountain, stricken as by a mighty encircling blow, totters and falls with an overwhelming roar into the vast volcanic throat and throttles the gathering onslaught of fire.

Thus the three mighty peaks of old stand today in ruins, in far Oregon. The soft haze of Indian summer filled all the plain between the pine clad ridges, which wound around us, blue in the distance. The sun shone down with fervid ray. Not a sound or sign of life, save a lone wolf track, broke the spell of utter desolation. As we turned our horses' heads up the long slope toward the rim of the ancient crater, the magic spell of the mountain solitude was upon us. Nature seemed held in awe as in the presence of some all conquering power. We tied our horses to the drooping branches of a clump of pines, and slowly made our way upwards. Scarcely a word was spoken as we reached the lofty crest.

As we stood on the outer edge of that rim of rock, the usual expanse of serrated, timber-covered mountains filled the horizon; then we advanced a few steps and unexpectedly a panorama of unutterable magnificence unfolded before our astonished eyes.

We stood on the very brink of a vast abyss, gazing with startled eyes sheer down 1900 feet upon the dark blue waters of a lake covering twenty square miles within perpendicular walls. Close to the shore the water was a bright green, turning to deepest azure farther out. The lake is 2000 feet in depth, and is changeful in its moods. Away in the distance the bosom of the waters mirrored the engirdling cliffs, while here and there a passing breeze stirred the silver riffles. Wizard Island, the summit of the ancient peak which was engulfed, stands well out from shore, and rises eight hundred feet above the water level. It is a perfect cone, sparsely covered with trees, and with a circular depression at the apex eighty feet deep and 250 feet across. Its base covers an area of nearly a square mile.

The origin of such a vast body of water, locked within those seamed and twisted walls, has long been a matter of speculation. The present level of the lake varies but little from year to year. The annual precipitation just about balances the loss of water by evaporation and leakage. It

could not have had its origin, therefore, in the gradual accumulation from the yearly rains. There are some evidences of glacial action on Thielsen and Bailey, and also around Crater Lake. It is my opinion that these old volcanoes passed their eras of activity and became extinct before the glacial epoch. During those ages of arctic winter this vast abyss was filled with solid ice. The melting of such a volume of ice in the post-glacial springtimes would easily account for the mysterious mountain-locked lake. It probably once filled the crater, but has in the lapse of ages, reached its present equilibrium.

Monster rainbow trout disport themselves in the pellucid waters near the bold, rocky shores, having been introduced recently by the government, and afford rare sport to the hardy fishermen who pay the price of a steep and weary descent into the mighty gulf. A lonely gull flapped slowly over the glassy waters, like a writhing white speck far below us; while above, a golden eagle careened in majestic circles and swept so near that we could see the haughty curve of his powerful beak, and catch the flash of his fearless eye. A pair of harsh voiced ravens darted out from the cliff, and gave pursuit as the noble bird sailed into the dizzy heights; but the eagle seemed so absorbed with the sublimity of the vision below him, and with his own affinity for things supernal, that the croaking ravens were wholly unnoticed. It was a beautiful parable. If the troubled soul can but behold a vision of God's majestic power and all-pervading goodness, the carping cares of life will come and go without alarm or working ill. As my eyes followed the beetling cliffs and noted the beautifully tinted strata of many ancient lava flows; as I thought of the sturdy trees venturing down the precipitous shores in many places to the water's edge, and looked at the placid lake under the dreaming sky, I remembered this sublime work of Nature's art was born of fire and frost tokens of God's almightiness. And as we turned regretfully away to take up again the daily tasks, it was with the confession: "Surely God is in this place; surely this is the Temple of the Almighty."

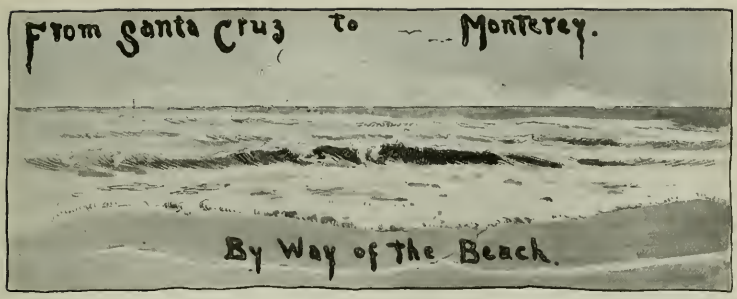
THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

BORN of the snowland,
  Dancing in glee,
Mad in thy merriment,
  Fearless and free;
Spirit of elfland,
  Jubilant child,
Who would not love thee,
  Sprite of the wild?

Moods ever changing,
  Sunbeams make glad,
Mourning in shadows,
  Silent and sad,
Lingering longingly
  Weary with play,
Suddenly rousing,
  Up and away.

On through the cañon
  Shouting and bold,
Mocking the mountains
  That dare to grow old;
Hastening oceanward,
  Singing in glee
Till lulled by the slumb'rous
  Song of the sea.

—*Thomas Maitland Marshall.*



By Eloise J. Roorbach

With illustrative sketches by the author.

THE most desirable place in the world is, generally, that enchanted spot just a little beyond the foot of ground we happen to be in. The next turn of the road, the next mountain top, the next deliciously blue headland of the sea. The unknown, the unexplored, is the Will-o-the-Wisp that leads us on. When the "next" place is reached we relax comfortably and rest contentedly. Satisfaction for a time is deep—full—complete. But the moment we see a little attractive vagueness beyond us, present knowledge becomes a dull thing and we must push on again, at no matter what expense on the physique, until that vagueness becomes clear. The desire to go on and on without having to turn back and retrace steps each night is strong in lovers of the outdoors. We plan trips with camping wagons, or pack trains, or walking trips with baggage sent on by express.

Walking along the beach of Santa Cruz one day—though it is full of interest and ought to satisfy one—the ethereal looking Black Point with magical veils of distance half concealing it, beckoned to five of us.

We wanted to go to it. Our mental vision saw Point of Pines way beyond that. We wanted to go there also. Could we walk to that fair blue point without losing the sight or the sound of the ocean! Rivers there are that flow to the sea. Could they be crossed without the wings of a bird? Distant headlands appear as unsubstantial as dreams? Could they be climbed over or gone through? We determined to try it, knowing the prosaic but useful railroad was within easy reach to take us on or back if the trip proved too fatiguing for out of practice muscles.

We left Santa Cruz early one morning, past the new Casino, down the Board Walk, crossing the San Lorenzo River by means of the railroad bridge, walked quickly through the pretty little Sea Bright then out to the Twin Lakes Beach. Here the big waves came thundering in, powerful, beautiful, wonderful. They crashed with deafening reports and swished, hissingly, ashore. The grey mists hovered over, melting with the spray tossed up. The opalescent green, grey, white of the waves seemed to spring from the one-toned sky.

From out of the mystery of the Future came the perfect wave of Today. The broken Yesterday reluctantly became absorbed in the shifting sands of the shore. Many Tomorrows were forming in the distance. From out of the veiled Eternity they came. From the deep, still places these surface waves of Time broke on the Shore of our Life. They are beautiful, infinitely varied, full of charm, rhythmically obeying some mighty Law we yearn to understand. Forming, existing, vanishing, they lessen not the immensity of Eternity. The numberless Days Past has not depleted the measureless treasury of the Future.

At half-past eight we were at Black Point, and were fortunate in finding the tide low enough to allow us to walk round on the rocks instead of having to cross over it as we had expected to do. The fascinations of this Point almost made us willing to forego the rest of the trip. We played with the many crabs who sidestepped in their own inimitable way into holes in the rocks. Every hole seemed to have a crab in it, and their angry, malevolent eyes glared fiercely at us when we peered into their caves. They looked so like the Evil One himself that we did not care to stir them up or in any way attract attention unto ourselves. So we stood a little back of their caves and watched them come out and climb up and down impossible looking places in search of food which they disposed of in a practical ambidextrous fashion, stuffing the food stiffly into their mouths with one claw while the other was busily getting the next mouthful ready, so that no time would be lost. Crabs always look like something artificial, as if some one had made them for a joke.

Limpets and barnacles clung to the rocks singly or in groups. Seaweeds swayed in and out with the tide. Sea Anemones, with their beautifully colored tentacles radiating like a flower, closed at our slightest touch. They look much like the blossoms of the Ice Plant growing near by. We commented on the way Nature reproduces an idea sometimes. There is a root parasite—Orobanchaeae (*Boschniakia strobilacea*) that grows under spruce trees sometimes and looks so like a spruce cone that it takes a keen eye to distinguish one from the other. The fact of its standing upright amidst many prostrate cones is the only noticeable difference. The rock formation of this Point is most peculiar both in color and stratification. Under one of the overhanging cliffs in a cave-like place we found some slabs of rock thickly studded with broken sea shells. One of our party—a man who had gathered unto himself more years than the rest, so far, had been able to do—found a piece perhaps two feet long, averaging about seven inches in width and about one inch thick. This he determined to take with him. It was a most interesting looking object, grey rock and white shells fused into one piece, with little holes bored partly into or clear through it by the action of small stones and the restless sea.

He was a tall man, and as he marched along with the tablet under his arm, he reminded me of something familiar but I could not think what it was. We kept along the beach towards Capitola. I picked up beautiful bits of seaweed, carried them along for a while then laid them down, in favor of a shell perhaps, or some pretty pebble, fine as a jewel, liking the "feel" of it in my hand. Letting go one treasure for another, changing playthings as I passed along the lengthy beach, much as we grasp and discard playthings as we journey along through life.

As we neared Capitola we were obliged to walk up on the bluffs, but we gained a fine outlook. We hurried through this popular resort, which was swarming with people enjoying themselves in various ways and soon gained the beach called New Brighton. This is a charming sweep of beach, and quite sheltered from the wind. Some inner conviction persuaded us it was noon. The watches firmly declared it was but eleven o'clock, but watches are often unreliable and apt to be mistaken. We felt that we could

better trust our combined beliefs that the noon—or in other words—the lunch hour had arrived. As our friend with the tablet stood with it balanced on his arm he tried to convince us it lacked an hour of high noon, I remember what it was that he looked like—a picture of Moses that I used to admire in a childhood picture book. So I said: "Moses, won't you kindly sit down and let me examine that tablet of yours. Perhaps I can decipher the ten or more commandments the Sea has written upon it." The name immediately clung to him in spite of his effort to shake it off. He argued in this manner: "Here is our dark-eyed Juno and our 'ministering Hebe' and our Shepherd in charge of this flock! Can Moses claim companionship with such as these?"

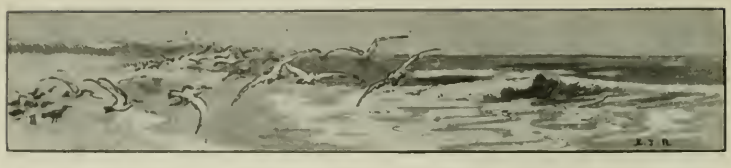
Prophet, Goddesses and Shepherd kept on discussing names and I, the nameless, sat on one side with the Table of Stone. By no stretch of the imagination could they have likened me to a Goddess—but I wished that I might earn the name of "Interpreter."

Something glorious was written on that stone. It seemed as if, were it possible to gaze and gaze long enough at it with no interruption, I could make it out. It looked readable. The Hieroglyphics of the Sea would be well worth deciphering. The first time I ever saw Sanscrit or Greek it seemed as if with due amount of study I could make out their messages. So with the things that Nature is eternally writing upon—it seems as if I could almost translate their markings. But as the meaning begins to be clear some gnome or imp in the shape of "daily duties" interrupts. "Some one is knocking at the door," "The tea kettle is boiling over," "The bread is burning," "Hurry up! it is time to go."

The spell is broken—the book of understanding is closed and firmly clasped. So I never can read the wonderful Psalms and Odes written on shell or rock, can never catch the elusive aria of wind or rushing water, can never unroll the scroll of the stars until the key is revealed—can never work out the problem of integral calculus diagrammed on the sand by the seaweed. Failure once more rewards me! The tablet of stone was given again into the keeping of Moses and we pushed on towards our goal. I can but feebly understand and but haltingly mutter the language of my kind. Who am I, that I should understand the language of Ocean, Wind, Sky! The flaming sword of the angel guarding sacred mysteries drives me back (perhaps mercifully) saying "Not for you! Not for you!" So I plod along the beach and enjoy what *is* allowed me.

Chief among the beautiful things of this beach is the lilac sand verbena (*Abronia villosa*). It is one of the most graceful, decorative plants that grow. It sends out runners sometimes several yards long, full of fair lilac blossoms and fresh looking green leaves. It is wonderfully lovely in its setting of bright sand.

Later on we came to some yellow sand verbena (*Abronia latifolia*), but it lacks the ethereal beauty of the lilac variety. Here and there also we saw the beach morning glory, beach asters, wild broom, sea onion, paint brush, evening primrose. Now and then we found a fish that had ventured too



near land and was left stranded high on the sand. Cliff swallows darted about in search of swift flying insects. Once we found a white moth bedraggled, almost dead, that the sea had gently returned to earth and left to recover in the warm sand. Hebe, ministering to Earth's creatures well as to the Gods, carefully picked it up and put it among the sweet evening primroses, whose nectar it was no doubt seeking when it lost its way over the sea. We saw a fisherman mending his nets and some men casting a line for surf perch. They had a long line with several hooks and a small weight on one end, the other end being firmly fastened in the sand with staples. The men grasped the line several feet from the weighted end; swung it round and round over their heads until sufficient momentum was gained, when they released it with an outward toss and it shot like a rocket far out into the surf. It was a graceful, pretty thing to see; and as they drew in the line hand over hand they often had three fish flashing in at once.

As we neared the Aptos River we discussed the possibility of getting across it. None of us had knowledge of how wide or how deep it was where it joined the sea and we feared we might have to follow it back to the railroad bridge. We kept a sharp lookout for a break in the beach. At last we saw a large body of water like a lake on the beach. "We will never be able to wade that," "I had no idea it was such a large river," "How high up it looks," we marveled and commented on the unexpected expanse of water. All at once it disappeared—we stopped, astonished; it had vanished completely—nothing to be seen but sand.

"That must have been a mirage," said one of the party. We walked back a little and there was the beautiful lake-like body of water again. I have seen many mirages in the deserts but never one so lovely or deceivingly or totally unexpected. Shimmering sand, floating spray and refracting light combined to make the unreal appear as real—the unsubstantial appear as substantial.

When we had at last recovered from our astonishment we discovered the real river—a narrow ditch-like thing the "curlers" were breaking into as if it were not there. It was easily waded if one watched the chance and dashed across when the breakers were out gathering their forces for a new rush at us. The ocean is a crafty trickster. It loves to catch one unawares. All morning it had been swishing unexpected "washes" at us, driving us hastily into the soft sand. I have lived much by the sea and never for one instant did it allow me to relax in perfect peace. If I ever forgot that it was unreliable, trusted its smiling promise of good behavior and went to sleep on the warm sand far from its apparent power to "get me," then did I get another lesson in the value of promises!

We used to cruise about in eastern waters, anchoring the yacht firmly at night. Several times when we were sleeping the Ocean noiselessly unloosened the anchor and set us adrift! Or when it had smiled calmly and coaxed us to try for some far harbor, it raised up a mighty wind and kept us tacking about just outside of the harbor within sight of quiet waters! And if we decided to steer for a certain well-known light it would drop a veil of dense fog just between us and our valuable beacon. Oh, she is unreliable—a Princess of Tricksters!

From the Aptos River to Port Watsonville is one continuous smooth beach; not a boulder for the waves to dash against, not a line to mar the crescent sweep of beach. The firm, moist sand made excellent walking. The whole beach was deserted. I know not why unless it was so far from popular points and many people can not walk far along the sand. But the solitude of this seven miles of beach was grateful and we respected it and became quiet also. One hears with the ears and sees with the eyes so much when the mouth is sleeping! The world is a wonderful place at such times and is not so chary of secrets.

We were much entertained by a large flock of gulls. I think we fairly drove that flock the whole distance, just ahead of us. They would all sit or stand on the beach close to the waters' edge and look out to sea. We would get too close to them for their peace of mind. One would start up, another follow, then another, then the whole flock would be up and away, lighting a few hundred feet ahead, then look out to sea again.

This was repeated many times. Why they never circled and alighted back of us I can not tell, but was glad they did not for we enjoyed watching them. Their motions were most graceful and uniform when rising from the sand. First, with the head bent forward a little, several running steps were taken, then slowly gaining wing they skimmed the water in leisurely manner, turned shoreward, gently alighted, settled their wings with a pretty comfortable movement and again looked at the far horizon. They are beautiful creatures—the spirit of the sea awing.

Port Watsonville is not much more than a big wharf and a few buildings. I wonder it is not made more of than it is. All along the way we had been gathering winged shells and "sea dollars." These sea dollars, round, white, marvelously etched and graven, fascinated me. I could not get enough of them. Hands and pockets were filled, then gauntlet gloves were turned into baskets and made to hold many of them. Never in my life have I had so many dollars at once! I disgracefully searched my mind to see if a way could be found by which Uncle Sam could be persuaded to accept my Sea-wan or Wampum. I well knew he had set his seal of approval on silver white ones. But the engraving upon his was not as cleverly done as upon these I held in my hand. Mine had a single large star, showing perfect unity and not many little ones. Besides, Uncle Sam is accustomed to hiding his dollars where it is hard for me to find them. I hunt and hunt for them in all sorts of uncongenial places where I am told they abound. But my eyes are slow of vision, perhaps, for they elude me. Here, where it is a pleasure to work and where the search is most fascinating, I find many dollars and wish my wampum would be loved by others. If I should dare to take the finest of these and present them at hotels or railways, saying: "Here are beautiful dollars, many of them. Give me food, shelter, and a ticket home," no doubt my request would be granted in the form of bread and water, a cell, and a ticket to Agnews!

It was now the welcome hour when the world prepares for rest, and we had evidently broken the springs in our feet or lost the

wings they seemed to have possessed in the morning, for they dragged most woefully. We had determined to get to Camp Goodals where a hot dinner and soft beds were supposed to be. It was about a mile past Port Watsonville and if one did not keep a sharp lookout it would be the easiest thing in the world to go past it, for it is hidden behind high sand dunes. It is a roughly built but scrupulously clean summer hotel, and they served us royally. We barely looked out on the moonlit sea, for our eyes were as heavy as our feet.

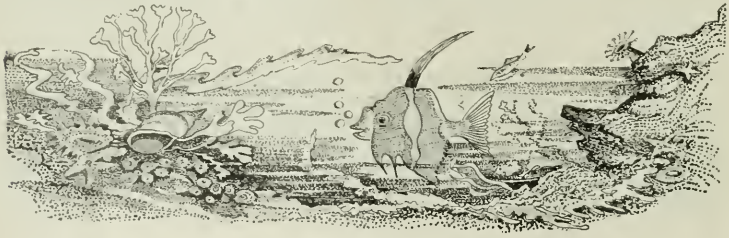
It took courage to start next morning, for the twenty miles or more that we had walked the day before had stiffened our "joints."

Our hostess told us it would be impossible to cross the Pajaro River at the beach, and showed us a path across some meadows that led to a narrow-gauge bridge, built for the sole purpose of getting sugar beets from round this section of the country down to Moss Landing. The fields were bordered with flowers. Large mats of white heliotrope covered the ground. Mustard grew as tall as shrubs. Resin-weed with its peculiar balsamic exudation we carefully avoided, as well as regular thickets of spicy, sticky tar weed. Yellow lupine was at its very best.

We crossed the Elkhorn Slough, a famous resort for hunters in the duck season. Then the Salinas River. These two bodies of water join the ocean at Moss Landing. We rejoiced as we crossed the mouth of the Salinas River so easily, for we had been told there was now a clear beach to Monterey. We walked out on the wharf and watched the little freight steamer being filled with good things for the Santa Cruz and the San Francisco people to eat. Then we climbed down the wharf and began our last few miles to Monterey. The beach all along the way had been at the foot of high sand dunes, or cliffs; but here the dunes were very low—almost flat.

When we reached the beach we found that Point of Pines seemed to be much nearer, and though we had gone so far round what we found to be a new mouth of the Salinas River (having broken its way through at the last big freshet), yet we had made ahead quite a little. This strip of beach was of coarse sand, it would not "pack" at all and was very hard to walk in.

As the afterglow gave place to night, the stars and the glitter of lights at Monterey comforted us. The beach also became better, finer and less shelving. A cypress or two gave a decorative touch as they reached across the dark sky. Sea Side and Del Monte we passed by, reserving them and Point Pinos for the third day. It was good to see the glittering Monterey, nestled among hills we felt sure were abodes of beauty. We dragged wearily toward that cluster of lights but felt repaid for our long walk. It is good to be a tramp sometimes to find out how much reserve energy we possess; to travel step by step toward a goal, to grow weary but at the same time increase in strength; to become better acquainted with the land of our choice, and to "dream dreams" while tired bodies renew their strength.



SUNSET AT MIRAMAR

BEYOND the blue expanse of curving bay
The purple headland bold, veiled in soft light,
Seemed but a vision, fading where it lay
Against a background grim—the rugged height
Of the Sierras, bold and bare and bleak,
Yet glorified by sunset's parting gleams
That lit with radiant glory peak by peak.
The dark blue circle of the sea now seems
Transfigured by the same soft, roseate glow;
The ranks of breakers, rolling up the beach
Fling back their manes of spray, like clouds of snow.
The clear horizon, far as eye can reach,
Is broken only by the outlines faint
Of mountain ranges on the Islands famed,
In Santa Barbara's channel, where each saint
Is kept in memory, quaintly named
San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz
And Anacapa; each is passing fair,
A chain of gems 'mid which 'twere hard to choose
Far westward lies another headland bare,
An etching, sketched against the sunset glow
That frames the picture, spread within the vale,
Embowered in palms and foliage, below
The mountains, rounding like a coat of mail,
To guard from northern blasts the vision there
Beside the sunset sea—Fair Santa Barbara.

—*Jessie Porter Whittaker.*

FISHING

WITH the same old hook on the same old line,
The same old rod in your hand;
On the same old bank of the same old stream,
In the same old spot you stand.

But the heart-grip you feel as you turn your reel
Is ever and always new;
And the joy that darts, and the hope that starts—
How they thrill you through and through!

So you cast your line with a happy *swish*,
For it's never to you the same old fish!

Sara C. Potts.

AN AUTOMOBILE QUAIL HUNT

By H. T. Payne

A TURN of the crank, a rapid trembling of the six-cylinder Franklin and we were off for a three-hundred-mile run, and a quail hunt. Dogs, guns, and ammunition were stowed away in the tonneau and with all the speed the city ordinance would allow—and a little more, thrown in for good measurement—we glided through the streets of Los Angeles, bound for the fine quail country of San Diego County.

It seemed but a few moments until the city limits were reached, when with the addition of a little more "juice" we were just hitting the high places on a thirty-five-mile clip, with the headlights of the big machine looking toward Whittier, The Boys' Reform School—where possibly many of us ought to have been years ago—then Los Nietos, Fullerton, Anaheim, Santa Ana and Tustin were soon passed, with their unbroken stretches of orange and walnut groves, and we were out in the open country. In less than another hour we passed the old concrete ruins of the Mission San Juan Capistrano, erected in the same year that the thirteen Atlantic States declared their independence. 'Tis a ruin now, but even in its ruined condition it is still the most picturesque of all the California missions.

A couple of miles more and the white-crested surf was playing on our right, close to our starboard wheels, sounding a heavy bass to the staccato notes of the rapid exhaust of our engine as the car ploughed through the beach sand with the ease of a wild-running locomotive. Suddenly we came to a stop, and I innocently asked "What's broke?"

"Broke nothing," was the reply of my host. "Get out the rifle and let's see the condition of your nerves this morning. See yon hawk on the cliff? Bet you can't hit him in three shots." I took the three shots, and the hawk would be in the best of health yet, had not my host—who no doubt had the sights fixed on me—wiped my eye at the first pull of the trigger.

After several miles' run along the beach we ascended the tableland and wound through the splendid property of the South Coast Land Company, a magnificent tract of rich, virgin soil, to which the company, at a heavy expense, is bringing water, and which will in the near future become one of the "garden spots of Southern California. Just at noon we arrived at Oceanside, eighty-five miles from Los Angeles. After nearly an hour spent at this point we started for our destination.

Again over a fine road, overlooking the ever-changing surf of the Pacific, we sped away as if we had pressing business to attend to. And we did, sure enough; for soon with a whir a fine bevy of quail flushed from the road-side. Guns were soon put together, and the dog cast off.

My friend got a right and left from his

Our Warner Springs Landlady

dog's point, while I scored a miss on a single that rose in front of me. As my companion stowed away the two birds he asked, with a wicked leer in his eye, if he should send the dog to retrieve my bird, and when I told him that I had missed it, he naively remarked: "Oh, I didn't think you were still shooting at hawks." Nevertheless before the birds got into the high brush we had had quite a pleasant shoot.

Returning to the car, the *chuck, chuck* was turned on again, when away we went for a mile or more until another flock flushed with such a noise as to scare all the go out of the machine. Such thoughtlessness on the part of these birds deserved a reprimand, and we proceeded to administer it; the chastisement lasting until some dozen or fifteen of them had promised never to do so any more.

After another interruption of the same kind we arrived at Del Mar just about sundown; one hundred and three miles by rail from Los Angeles, and about one hundred and twenty miles by the way we had come. We had had a delightful ride, on one of those perfect days peculiar to this section; had seen much of the interesting features of three counties, and yet had had three very pleasant little shoots which netted us nearly the limit. The next morning before going after quail we took a look at Del Mar. Del Mar! There's not much in those two little words, yet they stand for a great deal—for the newest beach resort of San Diego County. It is the property of the South Coast Land Company, a corporation with more millions behind it than there are letters in its name, and with the push and energy to make it the resort par excellence of the whole southern coast. Not that money alone is expected to do this, but because nature designed it to become such when old ocean began to carve the bluffs into fantastically beautiful grottoes and amphitheaters, and spread the sand therefrom into a surf-bathing beach of the most perfect character; when the artisan that reared the mountain peaks planted the forest pines on the bluffs in shady contrast with the sun-bathed sands of the seashore, to answer the murmur of the waves with the soft whispers of their swaying boughs. Nature has been kind to this little spot. Not alone in its faultless beach, nor its pine-clad slope behind it, nor even in its fantastic carvings of the bluffs, but as well in the shaping of the coast when the war of elements was raging and land and sea struggled over the demarcation of the continental shore. Del Mar is in its infancy yet; I want to see it when the hand of man has given it those refining touches which add an ideality even to the most charming creations of nature.

I could have dwelled longer admiring the beauties of this favored spot, but we heard the quail calling on the hills back of the hotel, and we had promised the landlady the wherewith for a quail pot-pie for our dinner.

After two days' splendid quail shooting, where the birds can be counted by the thousands, and shot on good ground within five minutes walk from the hotel, we ran down to La Jolla and San Diego.

The day following our arrival in the "City by the Silver Gate" we added another kindred spirit to the party and started for Warner's

The Outfit

Hot Springs, determined to make a record run over the mountains.

There are few cities that can boast of a prettier view than that which greets the eye from "The Heights" back of San Diego. In the foreground is the city, laid out with the precision of a checker-board, gently sloping to the bay, fringed with the masts of the shipping moored on its water front. The ferries and the smaller craft ply back and forth. Across the bay the little city of Coronado with its superb hotel, and still beyond, the vast expanse of the ocean with Coronado and Corpus Christi Islands rising majestically from its depths.

But the big "Franklin" is bent on lowering the record of four hours and a half to the Springs, and we only get a glimpse of this pretty scene, when we are just hitting the high places in our descent into the Cajon Valley, with its wealth of orchards and vineyards. As we passed through this valley I recalled that 'twas here, at the old Miner ranch, that I first met that splendid sportsman and charming writer, T. S. Van Dyke, and the enjoyable duck hunt had in his company thirty-two years ago.

At the farther side of this valley rises abruptly a chain of mountains, 3700 feet in height, that looked to be a perfect barrier against further progress with an automobile. But there is a big country behind this range. Good country, too, with many fertile valleys filled with prosperous farmers, stock-raisers, and miners, and they must have ingress to the city. So winding hither and thither along the sides and through the cañons, and finally over the range is a good grade, steep, it is true, in places, but the big car had no difficulty in negotiating them, and we reached the summit in better than record time according to the announcement of our enthusiastic San Diego friend.

From this summit another view of more than ordinary beauty was spread before us: the Ramona valley. As I gazed upon it, Washington Irving's description of the valley of the Daro, as seen from the Alhambra, came at once to my mind, and the scene before me seemed to be the very picture that gifted

author had painted in such glowing words. 'Tis true, the City of Granada with its cathedral spires was not beneath our feet, but the little hamlet of Ramona was there, rose-tinted by the evening sun, nestling in its emerald setting of orchard and vineyard.

But all the beauty of the valley of the Daro, the famed Vega, "a blooming wilderness of grove and garden and teeming orchard," is here. Yonder the "Paso del Lope" in the distant range of mountains that divide this from the Santa Ysabel valley through which we shall soon pass. There is the rocky promontory "stretching into the bossom of the plains," and beyond this, rising like the sierras of Granada, high into etheral space, are the peaks of the Vulcan mountains; and yon pinnacle, now bathed by the declining sun in a blending of crimson and gold, I picture to be "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

There is more, much more to be admired here, but in our record run I have not time to single out all the points of interest until the huge car is climbing up my "Paso del Lope" and nearing still another summit, from which we look down onto a succession of small valleys and broken hills, whose scarred sides show from whence the calloused hands of toil extract the dainty tourmalines, kunzites and other brilliant gems that have made this section famous.

Passing through these valleys and hills, we finally crossed over another range of mountains, whose summit revealed to our eyes another large valley of low meadow land. This was the Santa Ysabel, once the home of the Pala Indians. Through this valley is a fine piece of road, and the six cylinder car fairly flew as the speedometer registered forty-five miles an hour. Crossing this we descended by a small cañon through which has been constructed a good, though very crooked grade, reaching into the big valley known as Warner's Ranch—a vast stock range. We crossed this valley in the gloaming to the Warner's Hot Springs, located at the foot of Palomar Mountain.

As the machine was brought to a stand at the Springs, our companion from San Diego leaped to the ground, pulled out his watch, and in a voice indicative of hilarious satisfaction proclaimed all records not only broken but actually pulverized, for we had made the run of seventy-two miles over two ranges of mountains, at one time reaching an altitude of 3700 feet, in the remarkable time of three hours and twenty-three minutes.

We were warmly greeted by the affable landlady in charge, for my companions were no strangers here. After being comfortably housed in one of the many cottages belonging to the establishment, we sat down to a well prepared dinner; which, it goes without saying, received its full share of attention from the keen appetites created by our ride through the invigorating mountain air.

At the Springs we found quail everywhere in abundance, and about six or seven miles down the valley were a number of small lakes covered with canvashacks, redheads, mallards, gadwalls, sprigs, and numbers of other smaller varieties of ducks. We spent a couple of days at the Springs shooting quail in the forenoon and ducks in the afternoon, the two giving us a full day of genuine sport.

While riding through this great valley, half buried in the cushions of an automobile, I recalled my first view of the place, and marveled at the mutations of time. It was here that I had my first view of California, as half-naked and half-starved I piloted a "prairie schooner" out of the sands of the Colorado desert—out, almost "of the jaws of death," to a realm of feed and water and plenty. To my eyes, long bleared by the barren wastes of an overland trip and lastly through the most desolate portions of Arizona, and finally across the burning sand of what is today the Salton Sea, the green trees, the luxuriant grasses and cool, sparkling waters of this valley were like a glimpse of heaven to a soul emerging from purgatory.

Time has not changed the face of this spot. It was a stock-range then and it is a stock range now. The hills and vales, if not desecrated by the pick or the plow, are eternal in the freshness of their youth. Man alone bows to the mutations of years, was the trend of my thoughts as I recalled the youth of forty-seven years ago, in contrast with the gray-haired man of today.

FRESH PASTURES

By "Montezuma"

PART II

HORTLY after getting into Verney Channel we were boarded by a stow-a-way in the person of a beautiful little Baird's sandpiper (*Actodromas bairdii*) who deliberately elected to steal his passage up the Gardner Inlet to the mud flats on the Kemano's mouth, nonchalantly pre-empting the sunniest place on the taffrail, from where he quizzically regarded us out of the corner of his eye as we commented on his cheek and took his photograph. When the wind freshened a bit he unconcernedly shifted his position into the shelter of some cracker boxes near the stern, where he pecked diffidently at the bits of food we threw him, finally settling his head down into the fluff of his shoulders and going to sleep with never a fear of us, not even moving when I shoved the camera within five feet of him and snapped him as he snoozed. His confidence was a particularly pleasing thing, and every man's eye glistened as we voted him "a brick" and adopted him as our mascot. He staid with us all day, leaving us only as we anchored at our final point of destination, with a whistle of thanks as he dropped into the bog near our camp.

The trip up Gardner's Inlet is one that I shall never forget. On every hand were towering mountains gemmed in their summit clefts with glaciers, each with its dashing stream and inseparable waterfalls. The day was wonderfully bright and warm and nowhere else, in a somewhat extended conversance with the beauties of God's footstool, have I ever encountered such a wealth of color as that which glorified this enchanted spot.

The dark blue water of the Inlet, many fathoms deep right up to where it abutted against the sheer sides of its precipitous shores, was as still as a millpond, for the tide was at its zenith. A little way above the water hung great fleecy billows of mist, beneath whose shadow the timber fringe on the shores was a royal purple. Above the mist were parti-colored slopes of quartz-seamed Archaen rocks, flecked here

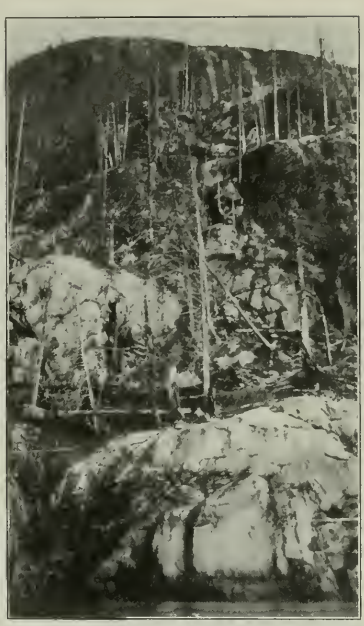
Our Mascot

and there with subdued greens and greys and browns of the sparse forest, grass and lichens; and above these in turn, the many hued glaciers with their glories of azure, aquamarine and ermine. Over all, the suffusing rose, crimson and orange of the September afterglow—God's exquisite palette set with divinely lavish Hand!

No wonder that we grew sentimental and, ascertaining from our large Admiralty chart, and from the skipper and crew of the "Donnie" that all of these peaks, glaciers and countless streams were as yet unnamed of man, proceeded to christen them after the wont of explorers the world over, "Mt. Betten," "Ned's Knob," the "Glory Hole" and "Sunset Peak" being duly recorded on the chart with a baptismal laving of good old Scotch.

On the left shore of the Inlet, going up, we noted in the early afternoon as rugged a bit of bad going as any hunter would care to encounter and we promptly dubbed it "The Goat Pasture," our friends of the "Donnie" assuring us that white goats were always seen here in numbers in the early spring. And then, a little farther along, we saw our first bear!

He was only a mid-sized black, and for the first ten minutes stood looking at us with mild wonder in his eyes and a cluster of high-bush cranberries in his mouth. At the cry of "Bear! Bear!" the skipper clutched the reversing lever and we all grabbed gun cases or cameras, whichever came first to hand. But he was too far away for the latter and—after the skipper's incredulous "Do you want *him!*"—too small for the former; so we just yelled a greeting at him and let him go. He leisurely retreated a few paces, took another look at the disturbers of his luncheon and calmly lay down in the brush. I got two snapshots at him but the distance was so great that he is hardly discernible in the plates. An hour later we passed the Indian village of Kemano, and half a mile further reached the limit of navigation for the "Donnie," which we dismissed here, our intention being to return to Hartly Bay by easy stages in our open boat. We made permanent camp at the mouth of an unnamed creek—now called Mayer's Creek in the log of our itinerary—and by nightfall had everything shipshape and snug. The only flock



Where We Saw Our First Bear

of geese that we saw on the trip were cackling and gobbling on a sandbar opposite our tent as the tide went down and the moon rose. Somewhere in the darkness a wolf howled; one of the trappers said "There's oodles of them here," and went on baking bannocks.

We were in camp in Utopia at last!

* * * * * *

The next day we spent in fishing, desultory explorations of the nearby vicinity, photographing, and bargaining with some Indians, who rowed over in their dugout from Kemano. They finally agreed to pole us up the Kemano River to the mouth of "Salmon River," where they claimed grizzlies were almost certain to be encountered. Betten went up Mayer Creek and on his return reported old grizzly tracks of good size plentiful, but no fresh tracks except of wolves and black bear. Half eaten salmon were everywhere in abundance, but

First Night in Camp

Our Camp on the Kemano

we figured that we were too close to the Indian settlement for bear. It was a disappointment to find a Siwash village at this place; had we known of it earlier we would have taken the other arm of the inlet and gone southeast to the Kitloebe country.

Mayer's Creek was swarming with salmon, "salmon-trout" and steelheads, and in the deep pools we had lots of sport with them. Every riffle was agleam with struggling half-covered fish striving obstinately to reach the dubious spawning grounds higher up. Thousands had perished in the trying and hundreds more were slowly dying under our eyes. It is a grewsome and saddening sight, this spectacle of tons of splendid food and game beating out its life in such a useless and inutile way. In many places the water was less than an inch in depth, and four-fifths of the fishes' bodies were exposed. I will remember long that horror of struggling, maimed, and in many cases sightless horde, covered with sores from which the leprous looking skin hung in waving shreds. We ate no fish for many days thereafter!

Our Indian conducted trip up the Kemano was set for the second day following, so on the morrow of the intervening day we did a bit of experimental poling, "tracking" and "lining" ourselves, making less than two and a half miles from camp in about twice that many hours. Leaving the boats at this point we very foolishly essayed the attempt to climb to the top of a rather easy looking mountain—the fool writer being encumbered with a heavy pair of treacherously smooth soled, rubber thigh boots with no hobnails in them. Of the horrible experience which ensued I prefer to think, rather than describe. Suffice it to say that we got about half way up (a matter of a scant 2000 feet or thereabouts) in something more than three hours, only to find that we could proceed no farther. Even a goat would have balked at the frightful prospect of unscalable cliffs, ice slippery polished slide rock and span-wide ledges that offered the only thoroughfare. Worse still, descent was a matter of grave uncertainty. A misstep meant calamity, a slip certain death. After an interminable time of sliding, crawling, inching our precarious course on the edge of dizzy chasms

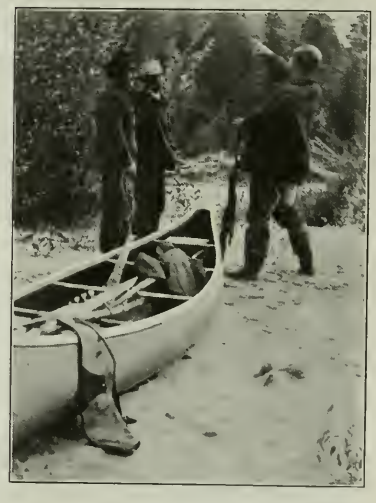
Heartbreak Hill

and over loose slide matter that momentarily threatened to precipitate us through a quarter mile of space we at last reached the river bottom, much the worse for wear but happier than I thought I could ever be.

I have climbed daily the air piercers of the Rockies from New Mexico to Banff as a matter of course in my professional avocation; scaled the heights of nearly every Mexican volcano of note; "run" the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in a flimsy batteau, and the cañons of the Yampah and Green Rivers in a home-made canvas canoe. I have mushed over the glaciers, muskegs and knife edges of interior Alaska; snowshoed it over the barrens of the northland desolation and negotiated many hundred miles of Colorado down timber and South American jungle. I have frozen in Montana, parched in Arizona, starved in Labrador and thirsted in Guiana; been shot, stabbed, half-drowned, fever racked and bronco bucked to a finish. But never in the whole aggregate have I experienced as much physical misery as was compressed into that short three hours of devil-clubbed inferno on the Kemano which we pathetically remember as "Heartbreak Hill."

To the fellow who is fat, asthmatic, office flabby and on the wrong side of fifty, I unhesitatingly recommend that climb up Heartbreak Hill. If he don't lose twenty pounds avoirdupois, half his clothes and all his conceit and patience, I will pay the freight. And if he be lucky enough to attain the height on that hill which we reached he will be compensated by as beautiful a panorama of glacier capped mountains, forbidding chasms, raging waters and wonderful mist and cloud effects as ever God in His kindness vouchsafed mortal man.

The "devil's club" mentioned in a previous paragraph deserves a special mention. It is a rather handsome and altogether innocent looking plant of vigorous growth and greater possibilities. It can induce more frequent and vigorous blasphemies on the part of the frequenter of its haunts than any created thing of my knowledge. Its



How It Happened

Mount Betten

broad leaves, branches, twigs, stem and even roots are so thickly beset with thorny bristles, each of which in turn is so bebristled with smaller hellets, that they are almost velvety in appearance. And the most infinitesimal "sticker" of them all is invested with racked hooks that, once they enter the flesh, urge the poisonous barb deeper and deeper until the festering tissue softens them. Touch a devil's club ever so cautiously and you'll be digging out thorns, squeezing out pus, and swearing for a week. And on the delectable slopes of Heartbreak Hill the devil's club grows thicker than hairs on a mamalute's back.

On this memorable trip we saw one deer

The Kemano River—White Water All the Way

spoor, many black bear tracks and one grouse; but not another living thing save fish. The absence of animal life, especially of birds and small game, is very noticeable. There are practically no deer on the coastal side of the mountains, the one doe track which I found being examined with great interest by the Indians who say "No *mowitch* here—plenty on islands." The only animals at all numerous are wolves, white goats and bear of three kinds, all of which abound. The wolves are of the grey variety; the trappers told me they

Poling Up the Kemano

had never seen a coyote within one hundred miles inland. They told us, however, as did the Siwashes also, that about forty miles inland, east of the coastal ranges, deer, moose, caribou, wapiti and sheep were plentiful.

On returning to camp we found there our Indian friends who had been up the Kemano netting salmon. They reported killing a black bear and having seen several goats. They said "one day up river plenty bear." We arranged to have them pole us up on the morrow and went to bed sore but expectant.

* * * * * *

With their characteristic indolence our Siwash boat crew delayed their appearance

The Glory Hole

the next morning until nearly nine o'clock. They were three in number: "Billy Wells"—high muck-a-muck of his village—and two whom we nicknamed "Fat" and "Sour" respectively from physical and phiz-ical reasons. We were to pay them each $2.50 per diem with an extra allowance of fifty cents per day for the use of their dugout. It is only fair to say that from a white man's standpoint they earned the money; in fact

Ned's Knob

I doubt if five white men of ordinary strength could negotiate the upward passage, in the white-watered Kemano, of that great clumsy hollowed-out log. As it was, our Siwashes took over seven hours to go nine miles, every foot of which had to be battled for with an endurance and adroitness that comes only from a life-long experience with such crafts and waters. Our two trapper friends—men of splendid brawn and health, long experienced in these wilds, too,—tried to get their featherweight Peterboro canoe upstream the same day, got about three miles from camp and concluded to hire Siwash help as we had done.

Our plan of campaign was as follows: The Siwashes would ferry us across those places not wadeable, and we hunted the shores and islands of the river ahead of the canoe. We took it very leisurely, and even then had to wait quite often for dugout portage. Although we quartered our ground like bird-dogs we could make five miles to the Indians' one. Bear tracks were everywhere, many of them fresh, with quite a few grizzly spoors among them, but of the animals themselves we caught not a sight. The "sign" all showed that the bears had come down from the almost inaccessible mountain sides at night, dined on the berries of the lowlands and the salmon of the riffles, and then returned before daybreak to their lairs. But the Siwashes assured us that on a stream about nine miles from camp, which they called "Salmon River" we would certainly find grizzlies. It was understood that in addition to their daily wage we were to give them a bonus of $5 for each black and $10 for each grizzly that we bagged.

At about four o'clock we reached the mouth of the creek designated and landed our duffle preparatory to a short look about before we made camp. The Siwashes here pointed out the place, on the opposite hillside, where the Dunsmoor party killed their biggest grizzly last year. It was agreed that Betten and I should select separate stations, and after a short reconnoissance, during which we found grizzly signs of such size and in such abundance that we shook hands in congratulation, we returned to make all snug for the night in camp as it was our purpose to watch until after dark, the Siwashes informing us that the bears would not come in much before sundown. Things looked very promising indeed, and we ate our lunch hurriedly and in silence, each man too occupied with his own thoughts and plans to do much talking. Rifles were carefully inspected and sights examined, and an extra clip or two of shells was added to the already generous store in our pockets. The Siwashes were very quiet. These Indians are arrant cowards so far as the grizzly is concerned. Of black bear they have no fear, and will attack them with even audacity, but *Ursus horribilus* is another kind of bird in their estimation.

"Gur-r-sly no good!" was all Billy Wells would vouchsafe in laconic reply to our queries. "No, we no shoot unless white huntsman get trouble. You shootem plenty much, shootem quick. Dam hard kill, them gur-r-sly!"

I saw Betten sniff a bit consciously as he fingered the trigger of his Remington Automatic .35, and as for my own Mannlicher 8 m/m—it had been to "gur-r-sly" seances before. All the trouble we feared was that maybe we wouldn't have an opportunity to mix up in some. As we finally rose to take stands, the old Siwash pointed out, on a bare slide on the opposite mountain, a white object which our glasses soon resolved into white goat. It was a big Billy and Betten waved him a dramatic adieu.

"See you later, old man," he said. Did I really intercept a wink between Billy Wells and "Sour?"

(To be continued.)

IN SIGHT OF LAND

LIGHTS agleam in the harbor
  Flashing athwart the gloom.
There is safety and love and home—
  Here is the breakers' boom.
Here is the thunderous crashing
  Of murderous rock and wave.
Ho! to the rescue! sleeping ones,
  There are precious lives to save.

So small a space divides us—
  Only the breadth of a span.
Only the fathomless river of death
  Ever athirst for man.
Only the flight of a swallow
  Across the summer wave;
But it means for wives a memory,
  And for us a sailor's grave.

Listen! the icy cordage
  Creaks in the shrieking blast.
Must we perish in sight of home
  Lashed to the bending mast?
Only a few worn seamen
  Striving to make the land,
But, oh! for the gleam of a friendly light
  And the clasp of a saving hand.

Yonder my Mary is waiting;
  Waiting, dear heart, for me,
Crooning a mother's cradle song
  To the baby upon her knee.
Hark! in the lull of the tempest
  I can hear it, sweet and low.
"For babies must sleep while over the deep
  Father is coming, you know."

But oh! for the dawn of morning
  And the pitiful cry of pain,
When the cruel sea with a demon's glee
  Shall give her her own again.
For the lips with their kiss of welcome
  Shall be sealed with an icy hand,
And the dumb dead eyes upturned to the skies
  Shall never understand.

—*Mary Marrison.*

WHEN THE QUAIL CALLED

By Tom Veitch

THE call came when the tall pink and white cosmos in the front gardens were faded and gone; when the field across the road was greening with new, lush, winter grass, and the facade of Banksia roses in front of the house had erratically become a mass of pearl and golden blossoms. At first could be heard only the distant, indistinct echo, and its meaning could not be distinguished. This continued for several days, and then one evening the call itself came.

I was sitting dreaming in the soft glow of the library lamp when surely but slowly a picture crept into my mind—a boy with a gun and dog standing in a little, open, grassy valley and gazing up at the slope toward a great thicket of red-trunked manzanita; and from that thicket came a call—*O!-Hei!-O!—O!-Hei!-O!* And then I knew what it was had been beating its way into my mind for days, the call of the quail and of the quail land. I lounged there and allowed the drowsy pictures one after another to creep into my brain—the foothill vineyards purpling with the ripening vintage, and here and there a great mass of the dying grape leaves flaming forth in gold and red; the rocky, willow fringed river bottoms with the water of the late fall low in the pools where the great fish lay; the manzanita covered hills, with the gray pines along the higher ridges, and there and here a smooth, red-barked madrone with great clusters of the crimson berries awaiting the wild pigeons. And the boy and his gun and the dog were ever present.

And then the pictures slowly faded and the soft yellow glow of the library lamp replaced the glisten of the early morning sunlight on the dewy grass—and the same boy who had been in all the pictures slowly rose with a mind decided and made his way dreamily up the stairway, to spend the night fancying quail as big as geese that always collapsed at unearthly distances every time the gun cracked.

Next afternoon, while the sun was perhaps an hour high, I sat in a northward-creeping railroad coach chafing at every little delay, and going out on the platform at every stop. Vineyards, the vines still bearing their luscious purple burdens, stretched on both sides of the track back to the rolling hills. Now and again a brush pile, a blackberry tangle or a manzanita patch gave promise of quail, and I felt a grand desire to leave the train and beat every cover. The fever was beginning to get the upper hand, and when a pack of some fifty birds sped away from the train across a broad vineyard I swallowed hard.

After ages and eons the train stopped at the only place I wanted it to, and I stepped briskly forth into the gloaming. A strong hand set my guncase and shells in the waiting rig, and as the last car disappeared around a bend ahead the same hand was squeezing mine to a pulp, and a great voice was asking me how I was and where I'd been keepin' my pesky self. I answered that I felt great just then and had been keeping myself in constant anticipation of this trip, and wanted to know all about the birds—how many there were, and where, and when we'd go after them.

"There're birds a-plenty," said Charlie, "and we'll get 'em."

And I went to bed that night and slept, perfectly assured that this was so, for I knew Charlie of old. Though he was not over thirty he knew the country thoroughly and the affairs of its wild inhabitants were his. He knew when and where to expect the wild pigeons, and what holes in the river were most likely to contain a teal or a mallard. He was quick on the trigger and seldom wasted a shell; and when he had led you directly to a thicket full of quail it was a joy to see him stop the whirring beauties that you had only caused to speed the faster, owing to lack of practice and general rusti-

"A Grove of Straight Yellow Pines"

ness—and excitement. And again, he was the friend of the countryside, and he who tramped and shot with Charlie over the hills and through the vineyards did so unmolested. All this caused me not to doubt that there were birds a-plenty, and that we'd get 'em; and so I slept the sleep of the unworried until the family cow climbed up the stairs, thumped down the hall and started to kick my door in. As I sat up blinking, the door open and a lantern, followed by a very Charlie-like face, made its appearance.

"Breakfast almost ready—maybe you're too confounded lazy to eat," and the lantern and face disappeared, and the cow, which I began to dimly understand really was not a cow at all, went thumping down the hall again.

I climbed into my togs and soon after got outside of a hearty breakfast, and we started, just as the dawn was breaking, on a five-mile drive to some vineyards noted more for their birds than their grapes. Charlie and myself, the old pointer, Poncho, our guns and shells, and a bountiful lunch composed the load.

We rode on in silence and finally turned from the broad valley back into the hills; then through gate after gate until we got away in among the hills where cultivation ended and the brush began; here we started to hunt. A little vineyard reached back up a small valley between the hills, and down this valley ran a small, laurel-bordered brook. We had not gone a hundred yards along this little stream when the first covey flushed almost at our feet. The greater part of the birds went directly up the creek over the laurels, affording us no opportunity for a shot, but two started straight across the vineyard, toward a great manzanita thicket that spread for acres up the hill. But they never reached its shelter—at the crack of the guns they both pitched, and we had two fine cocks as a start toward one of the best bags I have seen made in that section of late years.

We followed the birds that had gone ahead, and the dog located them again in the creek bottom some three hundred yards from where they had first flushed. This time they went out in ones and twos, and when the last bird had whirred his way from the thick blackberry tangle we had five more down, and as many shots missed.

We left the remainder of the birds, as they had gone to the brush along the hillsides, and went in search of others. These we found at the far end of the vineyard—indeed a pack. They flushed wild into the thick olive-green laurels, but then allowed us to walk up within range before they roared out over the vines toward the brush line a hundred yards away. How it happened I do not know, but they all reached that brush safely, and someone fired both barrels. I ran forward and started to make my way over the rail fence that divided the vineyard and the manzanita. When I was delicately balanced on the top rail a hen burst from the brush with a loud *whir-r-r* and started to make back across

the vineyard. A fiendish notion that I wanted that bird seized me, and I fired. Maybe that hen is flying yet. I know that I had to climb over a certain fence one and a half times in the same direction.

There were any number of birds in the brush and we worked many of them out, scoring about one out of three in the thick cover; but soon they made their way a greater ditance up the slope, where the tangle was impregnable and where we left them, making our way back to the team. On our way we got several shots at scattered birds, scoring two more that burst from a pile of dry brown cut brush and gave us clean straightaway shots. The birds here were extremely wild and we decided in favor of some lower vineyards which we had previously driven through.

Back through a series of gates we again went, and as I was opening the fifth I spied a covey far ahead running across the road. Down from under the front seat came the pointer and we were after them. The birds had run into a hillside vineyard, and here they scattered and lay well, being flushed one or two at a time and quartering away up or down the slope. The little gun was doing nobly, and as the team came jogging down the road below, the last bird whirred away, to be dropped exactly in the center of the highway with wings outstretched and head bent forth.

We rode on some distance further and then left the team for a long tramp through a vineyard in which the only thing we flushed was a jackrabbit, which went bounding away only to roll over and over at the double crack of the guns. We always made a point of killing these great, loping rabbits whenever we found them in the vineyards; for although they are practically worthless as food they do an appreciable amount of damage to the vines, and are of a deal more value when out of the way.

Carrying the jackrabbit as food for the hogs back on the home ranch, we again made our way back to the rig. Away from the flaming vineyards, up over a small ridge we went, between thick walls of stiff manzanita, and at the very summit through a grove of small, straight, yellow pines. Then down again, the road winding back and forth, until we were again amid the golds and deep reds, and rich browns, and fading greens of

In the Brushy Gulches

the vineyards. Here the grape-pickers were at work, and they directed us a half mile farther on where a little willowed stream made a green band through the vines, and where we were sure to discover birds. No sooner had we started along the line of willows than a bird rose on silent wings and pitched back into the leaves before we could shoot. And then half a dozen clods crashed into that cover and out shot whirring, speeding forms in every direction, in such abundance and with such noise that both guns in hesitation almost failed to score. With two down we gazed at each other in rueful surprise, when, with an unholy roar, a last lone cock broke cover almost directly in back of us. We both wheeled and fired. At the first shot the bird winced and at the report of the other gun wavered a moment and fell. We paced the distance, a full ninety yards, and then argued which gun was the cause.

We found many birds in the willows, and tramped and shot such a distance from the

"The Sometime Big River"

team that it was far past the lunch hour by appetite time, and a full hour by our watches, when we returned to it. We drove on to a little grass-rimmed spring and ate; and we found that we had thirty-eight birds on count, and compared notes on the morning while stretched out on our backs at full length. After a full hour's rest we started again and drove down to where the sometime big river wound through the broad valley, and where the willows stretched in long lines along the rocky bars.

Here we unhitched, and filling our shell pockets anew, prepared for the afternoon hunt. This shooting among the willows was quite different from that we had had in the morning, the birds, although plentiful, being wilder and making every use of the cover afforded by the thick foliage. I remember directly after we started how an entire covey whirred, a few at a time, from a line of willows, and that I obtained a glance of but a single bird. After this we hunted in company, on opposite sides of the trees, keeping abreast and only firing at the high flying birds.

By four o'clock we had a total of fifty birds, and made our way back to the team. We arrived home as darkness was settling, ready for the plentiful dinner that awaited us. One of us at least had a day to live over in memory in the future whenever the gunning fever should be upon him and circumstances such that he could not tramp the hills and bottoms in reality—a wealth of pictures in his mind: of the purpling vines, and the thick manzanita patches, and the green willows, and in them all the whirring forms of the little valley quail speeding toward safety.

THE HILLS

WHEN things is lookin' badly an' your liver's out o' gear,
An' the face uv care an' worry jest commences to appear;
I jings, I ain't no doctor, but jest this I wanter say,
I've got a small perscription that'll drive it all away:
Jest leave the town behind yer with its ferbelows an' frills,
An' tog up in yer ruff clos an' cum out among the hills

You'll fergit about the city, you'll fergit about its care,
In the peace an' in the beauty that's a-lingering everwhere.
In the sunlight an' the shadows, in the wood an' in the stream,
Why yer life will seem as purty an' as sweet as any dream.
An' yer heart will take unto it all the peace that somehow fills
A feller that's a-roamin' out here among the hills.

In the city's sordid pathways you're a toiler, you're a clod;
Out here with tree an' boulder you're a man, an' you're a god.
An' the the dewy grass will greet yer as yer loiter on the way,
While within the shaded woodland, the pipes of Pan at play.
They will soothe the weary spirit, they will banish all life's ills,
An' you'll bless the happy moment you came out among the hills.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

ENGLISH SPORT

By R. Clapham

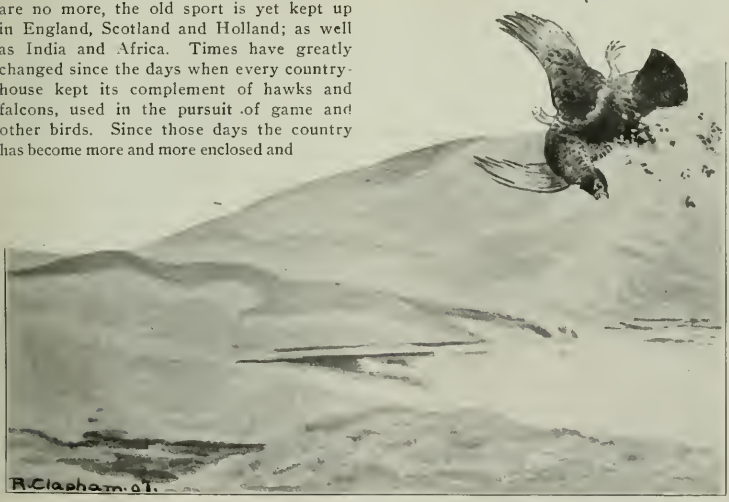
PART VII.—FALCONRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE pursuit of game-birds and other feathered fowl by the use of hawks and falcons, once the favorite amusement of the Lords and Ladies of older times, is without doubt a most fascinating sport. The falconer who wishes to be a successful participant in this old-time field-sport must possess in a marked degree three elements of temperment, i. e., gentleness, patience and skill, without which he will be sure to fail.

Although the palmy days of Falconry are no more, the old sport is yet kept up in England, Scotland and Holland; as well as India and Africa. Times have greatly changed since the days when every country-house kept its complement of hawks and falcons, used in the pursuit of game and other birds. Since those days the country has become more and more enclosed and civilization has crept in where once the free and open country stretched for miles.

The sport is not in evidence in public, but is kept going by a few enthusiasts who love to see the rapid "stoop" of a falcon, as it flashes down like a bolt from the blue upon the fast flying game, doing its level best to escape the pursuer.

An effort to revive the sport was made at the close of the eighteenth century, which resulted in the introduction of the "Dutch School" of Falconry. Professional falconers were imported from Valkenswaard, Eind-



A Stoop at Red Grouse

A Cast of Peregrines—Red Falcon and Blue Tiercal

hoven, Holland; under whose care and tuition the old sport again came into favor.

Love of falconry seems to have been transmitted from father to son, through many generations in some families, for in Scotland certain well-known men can trace a continuous line of falconers in their family, back so far as the time of King John. The Dukes of St. Albans still hold the title of hereditary Grand Falconer of England.

Limited space prevents me from entering into details of the history of falconry from its earliest days, but a short account of the hawks used, the methods employed and the capture of wild falcons may be of interest to those who have but heard of the sport as an old time amusement of the nobility, and who have no idea that in certain places it still flourishes at the present day.

The hawks employed in this ancient sport are divided into two classes, "short-winged" and "long-winged." The term "falconry" in reality means the employment of some one of the long-winged species, whereas "hawking" refers to the use in a similar manner of the short-winged kind.

There are many kinds of hawks and falcons used in the pursuit of game, but for all practical purposes three varieties of the great northern falcons, viz, the Greenland, Norwegian and Iceland gerfalcons, the hobby, merlin, and last but not least the Peregrine falcon, may be deemed sufficient for the present day falconers' use.

The Peregrine is above all others, *the* falcon for the pursuit of game. Gifted with beauty, strength, courage and skill in taking its quarry, this falcon well deserves to hold the premier honors in the world of falconry. The breeding places of the Peregrine are amongst the coastal as well as inland precipices of the British islands. The birds are at the present day much thinned in numbers, owing to the incessant warfare waged against them by gamekeepers and others, yet I am glad to say that I personally know more than one land-owner in the north of England who will not permit his keepers to destroy the peregrines which breed on their estates.

Should the Peregrine become extinct in England, then falconry would soon decline, and lovers of the old-time sport would have to fall back upon the less favored sport of hawking with the short-winged hawks.

In India, a variety of the Peregrine named *Shaheen* is used, as well as *sakers* and *lanner* falcons. For sport in an enclosed country, the goshawk and sparrow-hawk are usually employed. For the capture of ground-game, such as rabbits, hares, etc., the goshawk is the bird to use.

I wonder that the sport has never been taken up in the prairie-States, where rabbits and grouse could be flown at; for open country is what is required to see the sport at its best. The manner in which falcons and hawks are captured and trained for use, is as follows:

The hawks are in this case again divided into two kinds—"haggard-passage" or wild-caught hawks, and "eyesses," or nestlings taken by hand from the nest before they are able to fly. The former are preferred by the falconers, for obvious reasons.

The wild-caught hawk, reared in a natural state and trained by its parents to fly and "stoop" at game, is far superior to the nestling, which never gets that education in a thoroughly wild state. Such a hawk when caught and sufficiently tamed to undergo training, is by far the most competent to take, in the very best of style, any game at which it may be flown by the falconer.

The eyess, or nestling falcon on the other hand, cannot even use its wings to fly,

unless allowed to go loose for a month or more, which is called in hawking phraseology "flying at hack." Such a hawk or falcon, deprived of the teaching of its parents, is utterly ignorant of everything beyond the desire to eat the meat given by its feeder's hand. Eventually the desire to kill its own food comes to the nestling, which causes it to follow its natural instincts and use its wings, thus gradually perfecting itself in greater and stronger powers of flight.

A nestling never becomes so proficient as the wild-caught hawk, and the wild-caught falcon never comes up to the really wild bird, roaming at large, in the art of "stooping" at and killing game. To obtain wild-caught hawks is a difficult matter. Some few are taken in England by traps or other means, but are usually so much damaged that they are useless to use for sport. It is necessary therefore to look elsewhere for falcons, and the village of Valkenswaard in Holland is the place to turn toward.

As people would naturally infer, no peregrine or other falcon breeds in that level country, but a great yearly migration of birds of prey occurs there in the month

The Kestrel

of November. During that month a vast multitude of such birds appear, flying extremely high in the air, and it is from this supply that the Dutch falconers obtain their best haggard-passage falcons. An adult peregrine thus caught is called "haggard," and the young birds of the same year are named "red" or "passage"-hawks. The color of the yearlings is red, from which they take the name, whereas adult birds are a bluish color.

Merlins

The method of capturing these migrating birds of prey is a most interesting performance, only the general outline of which can be here given. The hawk-catcher digs a pit on the heath, and walls it round with sods and heather so as to make it as nearly as possible undistinguishable from the natural surroundings of the country. The man who occupies the hut uses as a helpmate the large butcher-bird or shrike, which bird is gifted with a remarkable power of sight. This bird is enclosed in a turf cage outside the pit. The moment that the shrike perceives a bird of prey, no matter at what distance, it begins to call and show signs of extreme terror, which at once attracts the hawk-catcher's attention. It is said that these birds can perceive objects far beyond the power of human vision, which undoubtedly fits them for the position of assistant hawk-catcher. Possibly it is that the shrike fears retributive justice upon itself by the approaching falcon, for of all cruel birds the butcher-

Black, and Red Kites

bird is the worst. It will capture and impale small birds upon the long thorns of trees or hang them between forked branches, to be kept as a food supply. The birds thus executed are usually dead before being transfixed, but the more unlucky insects which fall victims to this butcher, do, I am afraid, suffer a lingering death by impalement.

Close by the hawk-catcher's pit, is a long pole stuck in the ground, at the foot of which, in a little turf hut resides a pigeon. A cord reaching to the man's hand is attached to the top of the pole. Another pigeon is similarly lodged about a hundred yards from the hidden man, close to which is laid a concealed bow-net. The shrike warns the catcher of the approach of a hawk, species and other data unknown. When the falcon is considered near enough, the man pulls the string of the pole-pigeon and compels it to flutter out, though allowing it space to gain its shelter instantly if need be.

Usually this apparition is sufficient to attract the passing falcon, which "stoops" to the lure at once, for hawks thus migrating are usually hungry. In an instant the pigeon scrambles into its little sod retreat and the disappointed hawk wheels round. The man then promptly hauls the other miserable pigeon from its shelter and leaves it to the tender mercies of the falcon. The hawk comes down, kills and begins to eat the luckless lure. Usually this final scene takes place near the carefully prepared bow-net, but if not quite near enough, the hawk usually allows itself to be slowly drawn under the radius of the net's meshes, while holding to the dead pigeon. There, the line is fixed, and the man pulls the cord which throws the net, enclosing the falcon and its quarry. The hawk is removed from the net without ruffling a feather, which is an act requiring considerable skill. The falcon is then wrapped up with canvas and strings, much like a mummy, a hood is placed on its head and its legs fastened with soft cloth. When the day's catch is over, the birds are taken to the village, where a young peregrine brings its lucky captor about the sum of between sixteen and twenty dollars.

Following the capture, the falcons are arrayed in their "furniture" or necessary apparatus for training and handling them, consisting of the "hood" and "jesses" on their legs, attached to a swivel and leash, which is made fast to the pole on which they sit. The "jesses" are leather bands round each leg, to which is attached a bell. Usually the sharp points of the hawk's beak and talons are slightly blunted, to allow of less danger when handling them.

The first hood used is a large and roomy one, which allows the hawk to eat with it on her head. She wears it for a week without removal; and it allows her no sight of any light at all. The hawks sleep with the hoods on them at night during the week of confinement. The falcon is also carried about continually upon the gloved fist, and gently stroked with the hand or a feather, which soon quietens her down. The hood proper has then to be introduced to her; it is an article of apparel which every falcon hates. Unless great care is used at this period, the hawk is very apt to become "hood shy," thus endangering her future usefulness. Food is offered to her, by placing it near her feet, and she will soon eat with the hood on, but some hawks refuse food for a long time, especially the wilder ones.

After a time she will, when perched on the gloved fist of the falconer, eat meat when unhooded. It is first offered by candle light only, then in a room, and finally in the open air. Hunger conquers

most of us, and it is so with the captive peregrine, for she soon eats readily when unhooded in the open.

Having been fed plentifully and often, she is placed unhooded on a pole and tempted, by the offer of a piece of meat, to step from the pole to the gloved fist to receive the dainty morsel. After a time the falcon will fly the length of a room to the falconer's fist to receive her meat. The meat used is tough, and the exercise is long continued, which gradually tames the hawk more and more.

Finally the falcon is introduced to the "lure," an article used by the falconer to attract and bring to hand his hawk when flying loose. A lure may consist of any object upon which a hawk is accustomed to be fed. The body of a bird of the species at which the hawk will eventually be flown is of course the best, otherwise a weight, such as a horseshoe, leathered and tow-covered, with wings of a bird as above described attached to it, will do. To the lure is fastened a leash and swivel.

First the falcon is well fed on this lure upon the ground. Then, a line being attached to her, the falcon is induced to come to it from greater distances. When finally she will come to it and allow herself to be lifted up upon it without attempting to leave it, she is freed from the line and induced to come to it from long distances.

Should a dead bird of the species to be flown at be then offered her, and should she act equally well with it, nothing is then required but to introduce her to the live game itself, on the wing. The falcon is taught to "wait on" or circle high over the falconer's head while hunting for game with the dog, by offering the lure, and then hiding it under the coat out of her sight, which has the effect of making her circle round and round while looking for the lost lure.

When she will rise high enough and "wait on" long enough, which should be for about the time it takes a setter or pointer to range a good sized field, she can be taken out and introduced to the game to be flown at. When she makes her first two or three kills at wild game she should be well rewarded thereon, and in future she will kill for her master nearly any bird which flies.

(To be continued.)

Goshawk and Rabbit

OVER THE BACKBONE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

By F. M. Kelly

THE steamer was due to drop us at 2 a. m., and we had been up and dressed at least an hour before that time. We waited patiently, but I remember well it was 4 o'clock when our outfit was going over the vessel's side. That morning we breakfasted with the only white man at Friendly Cove, one of the most historic places in all the Northwest; for it was there on a memorable day in August, 1792, that Captain Vancouver, of His Britannic Majesty's Navy, met Captain Quadra, who held a commission in the navy of His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain.

We hadn't much time for history, however, and shortly after we had breakfasted we were bargaining with some Indians for a canoe. The Indian is never a cheap man where there is no competition, nor is he reasonable at that. We were obliged to pay ten dollars a day for the services of two natives and their canoe. It wasn't worth it, but "needs must when the devil drives," and that is just about what it meant; only there were two, and they drove their own bargain.

Lunching early, we got away from Friendly Cove about noon, bound for the headwaters of the Tahsis Canal and the interior of Vancouver Island. It was a mild spring day, and all afternoon little breezes kept dropping off the land, which the Indians took advantage of at every opportunity. With sail and paddle, we made the head of Narrow Island between six and seven o'clock, when we went ashore and soon had the kettle singing over a hot fire. We took to the canoe again immediately after washing-up. We were then fairly in the canal. This natural waterway pierces the land for some twenty odd miles, being at no place more than a mile in width.

It is a beautiful stretch of water, especially on a fine evening when all is quiet and the wooded mountains are reflected clearly in its depths. Such an evening it was when we passed silently by its shores. There camping places are few, the mountains rising steeply from the water. It was well after dark when we landed on a small flat where a little cascade came down a ravine and tumbled noisily into the

Woss Lake

canal. We pitched our tent in the light of a camp-fire, while the Indians rigged their sail over the canoe, shoved her away from the beach and anchored about ten yards off shore.

Shortly after daybreak next morning we were once more under way. Ten o'clock found us moving between the tide-flats at the head of the canal, a slight current against us. This was the flow of the Tahsis, an easy running river from its source. With a light canoe for portaging the many log jams, a couple of men could easily pole and drag an outfit up ten miles at least. There is not a rapid in that distance, which is just about the length of the river. About a mile and a half up was all we could pole the big dug-out we had, and our Indians didn't want to go that far. We wanted to get our outfit as far as we could by water, though, which would save packing, so we insisted. We made camp on the west bank. After giving them a feed and potlaching some grub for their back trip, we paid the Indians off, after making arrangements with them to return at a certain date. We figured we would spend about six weeks in the interior on the other side of the divide; but we didn't figure quite correctly at that time. Circumstances which we could not foresee threw us out somewhat. Our permanent camp we made where we landed. On the following day we spied out the land, and found the traveling good. Then we went to work—and it was work! Anyone who has been his own pack mule knows all about it. You've got to be that on Vancouver Island or you won't get far. Luckily, we had taken easy-riding pack straps with us; but even with them the drag was always a stiff one.

For days we labored through the brush and up the river-bed, where the traveling, though wet, was often preferable to the heavy growth of devil-club. I don't like that plant, and it is not inaptly named. It grows to a length of some six feet, has a cluster of large leaves at the top, the whole plant bristling with hard sharp thorns, which seem to get there, no matter how careful one may be. In the springtime, when dry, they are not so bad if removed quickly from the flesh; but during the summer and the early fall, when green,

In the Tahsis Valley

Southwest End of Woss Lake

Just After Leaving Cache

the thorns are very poisonous, and will cause no little inconvenience to one who is unfortunate enough to come in contact with them.

We got the bulk of our outfit to the head of the river, cached it there and made ready for the climb. If the packs were heavy on the level, they trebled in weight before we were up many hundred feet. The straps galled the shoulders, too; and the snow—well, I shall not soon forget that experience. By weeks, we were the first to attempt the trip. Could we have secured any information about the country we would not have attempted it so early. Excepting a small survey party, it is said that we were the first, so far as is known, to cross the divide at all. The surveyors, however, went over in August, a much better time of the year.

As everyone knows, the winter of 1906-07 was an exceptionally severe one along this coast, the fall of snow being quite heavy. We struck the edge of the "beautiful" about six hundred feet from our cache. It wasn't bad at first, lying in patches, which we would skirt when convenient, but by the time we got well up on the divide it was unbroken and about fifteen feet in depth. Soft, too, it was in places, especially where it immediately covered the tops of small trees, and where it had slightly melted. Having had some snow experience, I watched for these places, and cautioned my companion to also look out for them; but he would occasionally blunder into one, when he would go down almost out of sight. How I longed for snow-shoes, for we were knee-deep most of the time. With a pack, it made the going hard.

Between the head of the Tahsis and the interior, the divide lies between two grand peaks, one of them being the most splendid on Vancouver Island. In places we had to cross great ridges of snow, which had slid into the ravines off the sides of the mountains. It was fairly good going on these slides, as the snow was packed very solid. We also had the good fortune to witness a small slide, which surged into the ravine a few hundred yards behind us, carrying many loose stones with it, many of them being of considerable size.

When at length we reached a point on the divide where we could look along it and see hills in the distance, we felt better, for the descent was about to commence.

Nearing the Divide

That part of the trip, however, proved to be worse than all the rest of it. The ravine runs right down to the lake, the bottom being strewn with great boulders, and the snow was lying treacherous over and among them. From having a bad fall we had more than one narrow escape; and there was always the chance of a body of snow dropping down upon us.

When we reached Woss Lake, the snow was there on the level, plenty of it. As it was near dark, we could not be particular about a camping place. We had a light fly along, and after we managed to get a fire going we set it up, banking up one end with boughs interlaced after the fashion of Micmac Indian wigwams in Nova Scotia. It kept us warm too. Then we cut a pile of boughs and spread them on the snow, placing our rubber blankets over them. A change of clothes felt good after we had everything fixed for the night; and after we had made away with several cups of hot beef-tea, things didn't look so bad at all. I always take beef-tea into the woods; for there's nothing to equal it when one is wet and tired out.

The next morning we skirmished around and found a better location for camping. There seems to be a mystery attached to this particular spot. It had been the camp of an Indian family years ago. How many years it would be difficult to state. There is not much mystery attached to this fact; but rather because of what we found there. High and dry on the lake bank was a large family canoe, evidently very old. Its bottom was covered with several inches of spruce needles, while little shoots of the same kind of tree were growing there. The canoe was tied to a tree with a fair-sized rope, which fell in pieces when we touched it. All about were scattered camp effects, such as frying-pans, tea-pots and the like. There were remnants of clothing, several pairs of boots of different sizes, one pair being patent leather riding boots, such as worn by lady circus riders. The fishing-tackle was all there, too—spears, hooks and rotten lines.

Something evidently happened to this nomad family, for Indians do not generally leave their clothing and their camp effects so; certainly never their canoes. It is a story that will never likely be told, one

The Silent One
Indian Carving on Woss Lake

to be imagined only; but the wise-looking one carved in the spruce tree might know something; but like the sphinx it is surely uncommunicative. At all events, it seems to have proved a poor guardian of the camp.

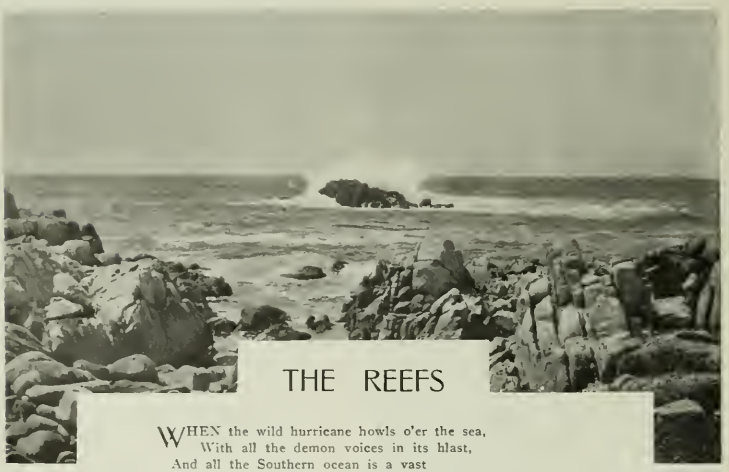
After making such an effort to get into the interior, we were not altogether charmed with our surroundings. Truly, Woss Lake is a magnificent sheet of water, but the mountains tower high on all sides and the sun hasn't much chance there in April. There was snow almost everywhere on the level, while the game was scarce. We saw very few deer tracks, and those of only one bear and one wapiti. There are plenty of trout in the lake; but at that time they were deep and when caught proved to be dark and flabby. We had enough of it by the time our grub was finished. This lasted us seven days, when we started back over the divide.

The return trip was but a repetition of the week before; and it is needless to state that we were not sorry when we reached our cache at the head of Tahsis River, on which we lingered for some time. This is really a beautiful valley, and the signs of game were numerous, deer being especially plentiful. Wapiti signs, too, were not infrequently met with, while we saw one

splendid bull. I did my best to get close enough to snap-shot it, but it was no use. In this valley I picked up an antler with seven points; and in October last a friend of mine shot a fourteen point in the same neighborhood. Probably the same bull. Wolf tracks seemed to be almost as numerous as those of deer, and we occasionally heard them howling in the night.

The river is snow-fed, is very clear and cold, and is not a trout haunt, except in the fall when the sea trout follow the spawning salmon into the river to feed on the saffron-colored eggs. In the pools there were a few steelheads, but we could not entice them to take a bait of any kind.

One thing most noticeable about the west coast country is the oppressive quiet of the woods. There are few birds, even the drumming of the blue grouse being rare. There is a little bird, however, that timbermen call the mountain robin. It has a shrill call, and must be very seclusive, for I have looked in vain for it day after day. One, therefore, never gets tired of the river's singing, for you feel that it is the best of company. Without the voice of the river, silence would be almost supreme.



THE REEFS

WHEN the wild hurricane howls o'er the sea,
With all the demon voices in its blast,
And all the Southern ocean is a vast
Arena for the gods' fierce revelry:
When on such scene creeps frail mortality,
Where e'en black Night no glance doth dare to cast,
With rudder gone, sprung hold, and shattered mast,
And all the dogs of Terror seem set free;
Then comes the sound that shakes the heart's last beams,
And through the storm, swift on the doomed ship's track,
The pack of long, gaunt sea-wolves madly race.
Dim through the blackness show uncertain gleams
Of cruel teeth. Hark! hear the oak ribs crack,
The snarls, the gnawing, o'er the froth-strewn space!

* * *

Men wake in other worlds from these weird dreams;
The Storm itself flies from such gruesome wrack;
Then calm appears mad Luna's smiling face.

—*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

MY FIRST MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNT

By Will Frakes

A NUMBER of years ago I was visiting at the house of a wealthy acquaintance of mine in the city of Los Angeles, who was very partial to Natural History specimens for decorating purposes and who was particularly anxious to obtain several mountain sheep heads, for which he was willing to pay a fancy price. I informed my friend that only a few months before, while prospecting in the Opal Mountains in Southern Nevada, I was told by the miners that there were quite a number of sheep in that locality, and that some of them had magnificent heads of horns. On hearing this he at once made me a very flattering proposition to return and try to secure for him the long coveted heads.

The hunting season was still open in Nevada, allowing each person to kill two buck sheep. Being fond of hunting, and with the prospect of making some money out of it besides—for I am a taxidermist and expected to buy some heads cheap from parties who had no use for them—the proposition appealed to me and so I cut my visit shorter than I intended, returning to my Nutria Farm at Elizabeth Lake to make preparations for the hunt. I soon had everything in readiness, and saddling my favorite horse, "Violet," started across the desert for Daggett. I arrived there the third day of my journey, and failing to find anyone going my way who could accompany me on that long stretch of desert sand from there to Nevada, I decided to start out at once alone, and take chances on striking in with some prospector on the road who might be going into that section of country. After riding down the Mojave River till late in the evening, I drew into what was the last house for a hundred miles or more to inquire if there were any prospectors or hunters around.

"Yes," said the man of whom I inquired, "there is an old trapper lives over there in the brush who will most likely go with you; you want to be careful with him, though, for he is an old terror, and if you did him a mean trick, he'd follow you from here to Utah to kill you."

I hurriedly assured my informant that I never did a mean trick in my life, and following his directions soon arrived at the trapper's camp. After due formalities I asked the Terror if he knew where there were any mountain sheep.

"Hoodles of 'em!" said he.

"How far is it?" I inquired.

"About forty miles, I guess."

"Will you go with me to the place?"

"I will," said he.

"When can we start?" I asked.

"Just as soon as I can get the harness on the horses; but it's nearly sun-down, and unless you're mighty hungry for mutton I think we'd better wait till morning."

I said that I thought I could stand it one more day, and at his hospitable invitation dismounted and unsaddled my horse.

The Terror was an oldish-like man, but strong and well, and possessed of that genial hospitable nature that is characteristic of so many frontiersmen. But in his dark-brown eye there was a sparkling twinkling that seemed to say: "Don't monkey with me!"—and I didn't.

The next morning we were up and off before daylight, and the trapper said that we'd have mutton for supper. "But," said I, "it's against the law to kill sheep in this State, and we might run onto a game warden out there some where."

"Well," said the Terror, "he wants to look out that I don't run onto him. Now I s'pose you're none of that kind of cattle?" he inquired, giving me a keen look. I made

haste to assure him that I was in no way connected with the game laws. Then he wanted to know if I knew anything about sheep.

"Oh, yes," said I, "I know that they always go to the very top of some high precipice to lie down, where they can see in all directions for many miles. And that when a man gets within about two miles of them, they jump over the precipice, and light several hundred feet below on their heads; and go bouncing off down the side of the mountain in a most graceful manner."

what he was talking about (and I have found out since that he did), and if he didn't I thought it would be a good idea to agree with him anyway. We arrived at our destination about dark, and the Terror said we'd have mutton for breakfast, sure.

"We've got to have it!" said I, "for I won't eat anything till I get mutton."

"That's good," said he, "now you stay with that."

I saw that I had made a horrible blunder, but it would not do to show any signs of weakness then; and I felt pretty sure the Terror would kill a sheep before I starved,

"That Long Stretch of Desert Sand"

"Yes, I know," said the Terror, "a sheep does that for city folks and book-men, but he don't cut up such didoes as that for just common scrub hunters like us, and it's very seldom he ever goes up on top of a bluff, or precipice, as you call it, unless he's scared up there; and then he don't jump off of it—and if he had to jump he wouldn't light on his head. And he's just about as apt to lay down in the shade of a rock, or in a ditch, as anywhere else."

I thought the Terror probably knew

and maybe I might kill one myself. So I grinned at him and said that I would.

The next morning we were away on the hunt before daylight without any breakfast. I walked and climbed around over the rocks till nearly noon, and was so weak and hungry by that time that I couldn't go any farther, and hadn't even seen a sheep track. So I returned to camp and found that the Terror had been there and cooked a pot of beans. I did not dare to touch them, however, but prayed that

the Terror would kill a sheep, for I was starving. I felt so weak that I drank a cup of coffee right quick, but it only made me hungrier.

It was now afternoon and no Terror yet; the bean-pot began to look like a sheep to me and by one o'clock it looked so much like a sheep that I grabbed a big spoon and went for it. When I finally let up it was probably one of the hollowest and most emaciated sheep that ever was seen on the Mohave Desert.

When the Terror got back he said the sheep had all left that part of the country, and that we might as well go to camp. But as we were about to start back, Sam Liar came along; and he said there were hundreds of sheep over at Paradise.

"That's where they've all gone," said the Terror, "I've killed lots of sheep there myself; it's only forty-seven miles and if we start now we can get in tomorrow in time to load the wagon." So we started at once, traveled till dark, and made a dry camp on the desert. We were going the next morning before day, and got in by sundown, very tired, hungry and dry. At least I was!

The next morning we looked around, but there were no sheep. There were some impressions in the ground at one place that the Terror said were sheep tracks; but they looked so old that I told him I thought the proper place to look for the sheep that made them would be to search for his fossil remains around there in some clay bank.

"Why I've killed sheep right here," said he.

"But when?" I inquired.

"Well it don't make any difference when it was, I've killed 'em and that's enough."

I didn't know then, but I know now that when once a man has been out hunting mountain sheep it is not good form to ask him when he comes back *when* he killed a sheep. He don't like it! As there were no sheep, nor any grass for our horses, we decided to return at once. My horse, "Violet," had begun to look like a faded flower, and I felt like the last rose of summer.

When we got back to camp, Tom Allie was there. Why, if you want to kill mountain sheep," said he, "you want to go out here to Quail Springs; there's thousands of them there."

"Don't turn your horse loose," said the Terror, "we'll start as soon as it gets a little cooler; it's only sixty-five miles, and if we go part of the way tonight, we can make it in by tomorrow night. I knew them sheep was around somewhere!"

I meekly said: "That I'd like to rest one day; my horse was about give out, the heat was terrible, and I did not care about going out there no way."

"Oh it will never do to wait a day," said he, "the sheep might change their range; they shift around a good deal."

"But I'm sleepy," said I.

"Come now," said he, "no growling around; you town chaps don't seem to have much backbone. Hurry up and get ready; we've got to be going in half an hour." And we were!

I shall not tire you with a description of the long weary trip to Quail Springs, I only hope that you may never be as tired as I was when we arrived there in the night. I turned my horse loose, took a big drink of water, dropped down on the sand exhausted, and was asleep almost at once. It did not seem to me that I had been asleep but a few minutes when the Terror awoke me and said it would soon be day.

"Don't make any noise," said he; "the sheep come in to water about daylight sometimes; get your gun ready and keep still."

I got my gun and was still enough, for I was asleep again inside of three minutes. When he awoke me the next time, the sun was two hours high.

"Come, get your horse and saddle up; there's no sheep here and we'll have to be moving."

"Hadn't we better get something to eat first?" I asked humbly.

"Not now," said he, "we'll stop at that little patch of grass that we passed yesterday about twenty miles back and let the horses pick around a little; your old plug has begun to look a good deal like a steel-trap; he seems to be about as little account as you are."

There was no help for it, so I saddled up, and after various hardships we got back to camp once more. But we had only

been there a few minutes when up rode "Old Man Lie" himself.

"Why," said he, "Sheep Springs is the place for mountain sheep, there's millions of them there."

"Do you hear that?" said the Terror to me. "We'll get 'em this time."

"I can't go," said I, "I'm sick."

"It don't make any difference if you are," said he, "the trip will do you good—it always does! You'll get used to it after a while and like it."

"My God!" thinks I, "will the physical laws of nature never make themselves felt on this tireless old man and his phantom horses?" If the wagon would only break down I might get a little rest while he was fixing it; but he had it tied up with baling-wire till it couldn't break.

"How far is it?" I feebly asked.

"Oh it's not far; it's over there the other side of them hills," said he, pointing to a range of blue mountains that could be seen dimly in the distance.

"But," I growled, "my horse is entirely give out."

"Oh I think he'll make one more trip; there's some grass out that way. Hurry around now, we want to be moving."

Previous to this I had always thought that taxidermists asked an exorbitant price for sheep heads; but I now saw distinctly that they were selling them dirt cheap.

After two days of weary wandering we camped at a brackish water-hole. The water wasn't fit to drink; but there were but two courses: Drink it, or die. The Terror didn't know exactly where Sheep Springs was and put in one day hunting it. That proved to be my salvation, for I got to sleep and rest one whole day. When he came in he said he couldn't find it, and that there were no sheep around here anyway; we might as well start back.

"All right," said I, "I'm willing; I'll help."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said he, "It's the first time I ever saw you willing to do anything, except to eat and sleep."

After another long hard trip we got back to camp once more. I made up my mind to start for home next morning but the Terror said: "That as I seemed to be so puny and sickly, we'd rest one day, and then start for the Colorado River. I think there's some out that way."

"But I don't want any sheep now," said I.

"Well I do," said he, "and you will when you see 'em. Now you want to take a big sleep and a big eat; for tomorrow by this time we want to be forty miles from here."

There was but two ways to get out of it: run away, or commit suicide. I chose the former. That night, after I was sure that he was sound asleep, I quietly saddled my horse, picked up my rifle, bid farewell to the Terror's camp forever, and rode away in the dark.

* * * * * *

My views on sheep and sheep hunting have changed considerably since that time. But I thought then that instead of a fine of $500 being put on any one that killed a sheep, the government should give any man a reward of $500 that could find one, and $1000 if he killed it.

EVENTIDE

THE sun hath gone beyond the hills,
And slowly fades the after-gold;
While gathered at the pasture bars,
The kine are lowing for the fold.

A lonely rook is winging home
To roost in some tall forest tree;
And all about the sedgy pond
Frogs gather for a croaking bee.

A little wind stirs in the grass
And passes with the dying light;
While in the eastern sky, all clear,
A star gleams forth—and it is night.

—*F. M. Kelly.*

SEA-FOWLING ON THE DEMERARA COAST

By F. W. Reid.

RAW mornings with a red sun blinking through a chilly mist, cold winds that search the bones, numbed fingers and blue noses—all these things generally check the ardor of the man who goes duck hunting in January, even in the genial climate of California. But here in Demerara it is vastly different.

We are off for a day's shooting along shore and up the creeks. The time is sun-up on a January morning, but we are clad in the lightest of clothing; for the calm air is warm, and the level sun-rays feel like arrows of fire. By and by a comforting breeze will spring up, the regular off-shore wind that tempers the heat to the shorn and white-clothed lambs that pasture on this tropical coast.

We are a long way south of California, you may guess; fifteen hundred miles or more straight across the Gulf from New Orleans; in Demerara, where the sugar-cane grows, and too near the equator to be comfortable in the sun without a wide-brimmed hat. Ducks we do not expect to see, unless of the local breed, for this country is beyond the range of the migratory bands from the arctic regions. But there are many strange and interesting sea-fowl that haunt the coast, and a day's outing in pursuit of them is a relief to the humdrum monotony of colonial city life.

Jogging out of Georgetown on the morning train, we look from the upper deck of the two-storied car over a flat country, protected from the inroads of the sea by a low wall. It is all intersected by dykes and canals, the waterways of the sugar-estates. The tall chimneys of their engine-houses and the avenues of equally tall "royal" palms, with their coronets of bronze-green plumes, alone relieve the dead level of the rich alluvial land, all canefields and pastures. A tropical Holland, the globe-trotter would think. And he would not be far out, for this country was preserved from the sea by the Dutch who were its original owners, as such estates' names as "Good Hope" and "Amelia's Waard" still testify.

At "Three Brothers'" plantation we alight amid a crowd of negroes, gathered to watch the arrival of the morning train. The scene might be laid in Alabama or Mississippi. There are the familiar wooden cabins and the swarms of woolly-headed, merry-faced urchins; the same leisurely, shiftless, more or less out-at-elbows devotees of the simple and indolent life; the "mammies" who wash for the white "buccra." Only here the lady of color is usually entitled "sistah," if young. But as we drive through the fields to the estate-house, we lose touch with "down South." The hoe-

wielders and cane-cutters are limber-built men with clean-cut faces, coolies imported all the way from British India to do the work that the enfranchised negro turned his back upon.

Mud, malaria, and mosquitoes are the leading features of the sugar country. That is why "Three Brothers" house, a two-storied white building perforated with "jalousies," or slat-shutters to let the breeze in, and embowered in white and pink oleander bushes, stands on sturdy brick pillars. Here we are invited to breakfast. Early hours are not the rule for coast gunning in these latitudes; it is best to wait till the diurnal sea-breeze sets in, which it generally does between nine and ten in the forenoon. Sometimes it breaks up the stagnant heat with a boisterous rush that sends every loose paper on your table whirling, for with the jalousies open the house is as pervious to the outside air as a birdcage. When it arrives, the dead leaves that hang down, one under the crown of each "royal" palm, flutter out like signal flags.

On this hint we closed a leisurely discussion of pine-apples and avocado pears, and moved on to the sea-wall, where the boats were waiting. Our party of three was then taken in charge by Obadiah, "Obe" for short, an elderly colored man of amphibious habits. He was attached to the estate by the tie of custom, although he did not work on it. But he kept the manager supplied with crabs and fish, receiving in return rum, molasses, and as much of the sweet products of the factory as his soul craved. He sailed his own boat in the swift tide-rip of the Demerara, and kept as close tab on the flights of sea birds as the men stationed on the lightship did of the movements of the coastwise traffic. We could not have found a better guide for a day's sport along the shore.

Down on the salty mud fringe of the land, where the comical *Gelasimus* crabs were sidestepping like boxers, and "leading" with their very long left nippers, lay the "Snapper." Obe was mopping the ancient fish-like smell out of his craft in anticipation of our coming, and the reek of the bilge was stronger than the brine in the wind. "Yes, sah," replied the fisherman to the usual query as to sporting prospects, "curry-curry come dis side fo' true; t'ink we nyam (get) some." Everything being ready for a start, I shipped with Obe in the "Snapper," while the others took passage in a broad-beamed, home-made tub pulled by the long arms of a muscular young darkey called Johnny Crow, Obe's understrapper and boy of all work. He was to row them out and make an offing of a mile, while the old man would have the easier task of paddling inshore.

Waiting is the portion of the gunner who goes after sea-fowl. Like the prophet in Israel who searched the sky for a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," our eyes watched intently for the rise of a bird cloud on the horizon. The sea, muddy with the scourings of the continent, broke in little drab-colored waves against the weather side of the boat. Out of a clear blue sky came the tepid trade wind. The gentle rocking motion conspired with the increasing heat of the day to dull my attention, but it was roused again by the appearance of a brown smudge against the horizon. It was a long way ahead and undulated from a point of land, like a huge column of birds in flight. But before I had got my telescope trained on that quarter, Obe's local knowledge had settled the question. It was only the smoke of the Berbice steamer; this was her regular day; and sure enough the boat herself next came into view. My wish had been father to the thought of a flight of fowl.

Meanwhile the current and Obe's paddles had been carrying the boat towards a long sandy point that jutted seawards. We were close enough to see that it was thickly covered with cocoanut palms; their slender stems, leaning as usual towards the ocean in defiance of the sea-winds, formed a kind of palisade on the shore. The grove marked the boundary of the "Three Brothers" estate and beyond it lay, as I knew, some lagoons. Why not go ashore and try them out. But the unmistakable "pop pop" of guns sounding from that quarter, warned me that the field had been pre-empted. But when the dovecotes of the marshes are fluttered, the best of the sport often falls to the outsiders. And they had been fluttered to some purpose.

It was no steamer smoke this time, but a swarm of birds that smutted the clear sky, inland there of the coco-nut grove. Up it rose like a balloon; then it burst, like a rocket, into small bands and sagging strings of fowl in flight. The lagoon I reckoned was about two miles inshore of our position; the birds might be over us at any moment; a string of them was moving now just above the level of the coco-palms and heading seaward. As they dipped below the line of the trees they were

lost to sight, and a whir of wings close at hand drove them out of mind.

As often happens when one shoots from a boat, the birds came up from the quarter least expected. We had, of course, taken to cover, as far as was practicable; and the boat drifted with Obe's woolly pate projecting from the bows, like a figurehead of ebony, and in the stern, an extemporized "blind"—the sail thrown over a pair of sculls, under which I lay ensconced. But it is not easy to catch sea-fowl napping, even when scared. Almost within range, the column swerved right across the bows, and I let them have both barrels of the number 10 gauge gun. It was a shot into the brown; and one can usually trust a No. 10 to kill at a little over forty yards with a good charge. Two birds dropped. Obe paddled the boat up and retrieved a winged "long-bill," (a sort of curlew), with a hand-net. He was going for the other, which was dead and floating feet uppermost, when it was drawn under suddenly and that was the last we saw of it. A hungry fish had taken the free lunch offered.

But there was "something doing" out beyond the point, where our friends' boat had arrived apparently in the nick of time. We could hear the discharges plainly: reports close together like volley firing at a review. They seemed to have struck the largest flight; it was raining birds out there in a tropical shower, thick and heavy. Some drops of it would surely fall down our way, as the boats were now not much more than a mile apart.

For the big cloud-like flight had burst and the birds scattered in all directions. The strong whirr of many wings came nearer and nearer, sounding a lower note than the staccato chatter of the waves against the boat. Wisps and streaks of water-fowl flashed by out of range. Then Obe gasped out, "Lookee day-ah, suh," pointing to the sky. Right overhead a string of "curry-curry" were slowly climbing by invisible stairs into the upper air, flying like storks, with their long legs outstretched and their red bodies presenting a showy target against the blue. But high; how high there was no time to calculate; both barrels of my gun banged, and one bird fell. Down he came plump into Obe's outstretched arms, and the old man cackled with glee as he held the catch.

It was the first specimen I had procured of this notable and handsome bird, better known as the Scarlet Ibis. It is almost identical with the sacred fowl of old Egypt. Imagine a bird nearly as large as a muscovy duck, with a curved bill and a head and neck bald as a coot's; add to this large wings of a bright scarlet with black tips, and you have a sketch of the prize.

And that was all we captured! But hoisting the sail and running alongside of our friends in the "Cockleshell," we found them literally in high feather. In the well of their boat was a heap of red and white,—the carcases of the ibises and snowy egrets they had bagged. So well pleased were they with the sport that they decided to remain out in the open sea. I had a mind to explore the creeks and canals inshore in quest of ducks and small game; and consulting Obe found, somewhat to my surprise, he was not opposed to the three miles pull to the mouth of the Mahaca. If the old chap with his local knowledge thought it worth while, I would risk the mosquitoes, which as our friends hinted, we should be sure to find there.

The tide was low when we made the entrance of the creek. Little fish flipped themselves back into the water from the selvedge of mud: queer-looking fish, having the eye-pigment separated into halves by a band. Hence the name—"four-eyes"—of these common objects of the shore. Here it was all mangrove swamp. Owing to the color of their leaves these trees at a distance remind one of willows. But their stems are supported by an open network of long above-ground roots, as if they grew out of great overturned baskets. And under this fibrous shelter live all sorts of crabs; oysters cling to it; and shovel-billed birds resort there to pry shell-fish out of the fetid sour-smelling ooze. A horrible place to be cast ashore in from a wreck is a mangrove swamp; a foul, impenetrable, fever-breeding thicket fencing the good, sound land.

Fortunately the fringe was not very deep at this spot, and we soon emerged into the sweeter neighborhood of the canefields. A boat-bill heron, over-absorbed in watching for frogs, fell to my gun here—a bird remarkable for having, instead of the bayonet-like beak of his kind, a convex upper mandible with a ridge on it, like the model of a canoe turned keel upwards. The cane was "in arrow:" that is to say, it was flowering; and the plants were topped with silvery spires of blossom, like that of our field-grass, very much magnified.

It is pleasant enough to lie in the bow of a boat, with a gun handy or only a good field-glass, and to speculate as to what kind of birds may be lurking round the next bend. Bitterns, or *crabiers?* A flamingo? Obe called all his gods to witness—and by reputation he was versed in the mysteries of *obeah*, which is a nature-worship and magic akin to *voodoo*—that he had seen "bush" duck in these waters. A little *wicissi*, which is something like a teal, did indeed flash its green and white wing across my line of sight,—but with complete impunity. How can a man take aim when a mosquito is drilling into his eyelid? That was the fly in the ointment of our pleasure.

We had got into the still water: that was the trouble. The good sea-breeze, that keeps the air of Demerara salt and wholesome, also keeps the mosquitoes at bay. But the thickly-growing cane-plants formed a screen impervious to the wind, and the gallinippers came out from their hiding-places in swarms. Now there are mosquitoes,—and mosquitoes. The California kind at its worst is but a mild nuisance. Milton had only knowledge of the Italian breed, or he would never have made his shepherd mark his nooning by,

"What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn."

No: the horn of the gallinipper is a little too sultry for that. It can bore, so runs the legend, through a sugar-boiler, which is a huge iron oven, to get at the man who has taken refuge within. In sober fact, the Indians down on the Pomeroon cake their necks over with mud when they work in the swamps, and all on account of the venomous insects. As for us, it was slap, slap, on neck and brow, on every exposed inch of skin; a continuous sound, like the prolonged applause that greets a theatrical hit.

This would never do. We were "stung," with a vengeance. It was piping hot, too, on the water now that the sun had just crossed the meridian. "Obe, we must get out of this —one-time!" which he understood for "right away." The old man, who knew every water alley, found an opening which led into a narrow canal, and getting to windward of the mass of cane-growth we found some surcease from the torment. It was grass land around here, and I landed on the dam to enjoy the current of air.

But it was high time for a nooning, a siesta: one does not shoot and fight mosquitoes all day long in the tropics. Did Obe know any suitable spot not too far away? Of course, he did, the old sinner. His own home, it appeared, was on this canal; and that was why he had shown no reluctance to pulling round from the point to Mahaca. What is the good of being an obeah-man if you can't steer the white "buckra" the way you wish yourself to go? And Obe did not mind mosquitoes.

A negro hut, even of the superior kind in which the Truelove family housed, is stuffy and redolent of salt fish and other things. I had Obe bring out a new silk-grass hammock and sling it under a tamarind tree, which on account of its fine and dense foliage casts the coolest of shadows. He served me a lunch to my taste: a pineapple, a bunch of bananas, and granadilla pulp beaten up with a liquor Obe called sherry wine, but which smelled like rum. Then we retired to the family kitchen, whence issued the unctuously attractive smell of "strongback" soup, which is made from the okra plant and credited with restorative powers.

Languor soon overpowers the man who lies in a hammock in unbuttoned ease, after a sultry morning out in the open air. One perspires a great deal in a damp climate with little muscular exertion; then comes the reaction. The bright light reflected from multitudes of shiny leaves and flashed from the twinkling palm-crowns; the hum of insects on the wing; the whirr of humming birds; and the subtle influence of the varied odors of flower and fruit—all these conduce to slumber. I lay, idly gazing at Obe's truck garden with its blood-red hibiscus flowers, the papaw-tree with its necklace of fruit under the huge leaf-circle, the weird zoological collection strung to the *pingwin* fence,—owl's feathers, the skull of a snake stuffed with mummified spiders, a fin of the "ravined salt-sea shark." West African fetish all this, handed down by the old-time transported slaves, and as potent to check marauding negroes from trespassing in the garden as the thorny hedge to keep out stray cattle.

Out of a dreamless nap I woke to find Obe squatted on the grass near my hammock, amusing himself with allowing the big *marabunta* hornets to crawl up his bare arms. From this weird diversion I recalled the "conjure" man to his duties as guide and henchman. There were two cooling hours before sunset, and these I proposed to put in by a

stroll over the grassy flats. No more mosquito-ridden canals for me.

These pastures were cris-crossed with ditches, and indented by bayous and small ponds overgrown with water lilies. On the broad, shield-shaped leaves of these plants the spur-winged plover were strutting and probing the stems with their bills for food. The birds were plentiful, and taking post under a thick clump of gourd bushes, I sent Obe on to scare them up. As they rose and flew back and forth, uttering their complaining cry, I got some pretty shooting at the plump pheasant-colored birds. A few fell in the morass and these were past retrieving, for a man would be sucked into the ooze as by a quicksand, and no country-bred dog would venture out on the lily-pads on account of the young alligators. It was their hatching-ground and nursery. But a wily sparrow-hawk, who watched me out of range, stooped and carried off a bird that had fallen on a great leaf, and the caymen would gobble up those that sank in the water.

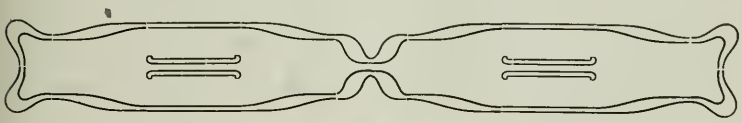
Later in the year flocks of migratory pigeon alight on these pastures, coming from the islands to the northward. For their enticement the gunner sets out decoys; bird images rudely hacked out of wood and painted in the crude style of the Noah's ark toy. This "lay-out" has a wonderful attractive power, and as the immigrant pigeons wheel in to join the congregation of dummies, the guns pot them from cover. But at this season there were no game-birds in the meadows, only rice-birds, red-breasts, the "seven sisters" who flock together and build big ramshackle community nests—a kind of bird socialists: of more interest these to the zöoligist than the sportsman.

So with a small bag of plover to my credit, I returned to Obe's cottage. It was high time to quit, and the shortest way back to the estate house was by the canal. But the old man was tired and I had no mind to linger on the way among the mosquitoes. At the sunset hour, when the breeze slackens, they are out in swarms. There was a light canoe tied to the bank, however, and Obe's oldest boy, stimulated by the expectation of a shilling, put such power into his strokes as to create draft enough to leave the winged pests lagging in the rear. The red of sunset mingled with the shadows of the palms in the still water when we reached "Three Brothers'" landing.

Up at the house there had been a tennis gathering, and white dresses gleamed in the dusky porch, where our friends were displaying their trophies to an interested crowd. To the egrets and ibises they had added some long-bills and a curious fowl as large as a goose, with a horn drooping from his crested head in the way that the plume of the California quail hangs down. Dickson, the manager, pronounced it to be a specimen of the "horned screamer." It was the biggest item in the very mixed bag of specimens that our united labors had filled.

We had to catch the evening train; but first we must take part in the rite that closes the Demerara day. It was "swizzle-time" and the colored butler brought in a tray, with a jug and some small tumblers. Over this our host presided, with the air of a pontiff, and the glasses were filled with a red frothy liquid diffusing a grateful aroma as they were rapidly emptied, due phrases were muttered,—"Here's luck, Prosit, to you"—and the circle of communicants broke up, appetized and inwardly warmed.

The "swizzle," I may add, is the cocktail of New York, locally modified. A "short" combination of cracked ice, sugar and Angostura bitters with the spirituous element of Holland gin, it receives the tropical topical touch from the swizzle-stick with which it is beaten to a froth. In this rod of aromatic wood with the three short spokes projecting from one end, there resides, as old tipplers believe, an anti-febrile, appetizing virtue, relaxing the fiery effect of the spirit. To that end it was shaped, they think, and appointed to grow in the forest. The mixture, indeed, is something between a drink and a dose; the powerful bitter it contains gives it a medicinal odor. However, the swizzle "route" is as dangerous as the cocktail route. The man who makes of it a beaten path soon gets out of trim for honest work and sport.



SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "Stillhunter"

No. XII.—THE REST OF THE SHOREBIRDS

IT HAS required more space than I anticipated to tell the story of the waders and omit none of them. But California, especially south of the Tehachapi, is so filled with shorebirds, albeit they are little shot, that the whole tribe should be of interest to every sportsman. Winter or summer, spring or autumn, there are always shorebirds of some sort to be found here. In selected localities some few of them rear their young, so that no knowledge of the avifauna of the State can satisfy the bird student unless it embraces at least a speaking acquaintance with the waders.

It should be borne in mind by both old and young students of California birds that one dead wader or one well prepared skin will teach you more about that bird in five minutes than you will learn in five hours hid behind a sandhill with a glass and a notebook watching that same bird. So many of the shorebirds are so nearly alike that records of their comings and goings are entirely unreliable unless the birds themselves are secured.

On the part of sportsmen, shore-bird shooting is becoming more and more popular with each recurring season. Not alone is this true of the Jack snipe on marshy club lands, but of the great tribe of the curlew as well as the hordes of other and smaller waders that frequent the beach. Time was, not twenty years ago, when the hunter could drive a few miles out of Los Angeles and kill a couple of dozen mountain plover without leaving his rig. Nowadays this can be done from Santa Ana, by driving down over the hills toward El Toro, but nowhere else that I know of.

But we quit the shorebirds in our last paper at the long billed curlew, leaving the Hudsonian sickle-bill for this article. All the curlew are prime game birds when they are not feeding entirely on dead clams, crabs, sand worms and other sea life. And they furnish good sport when they can be found, as the writer has seen them many a day, darkening the ground over a whole township of flat, low-lying land.

There they had been feeding for more than a week, living on earth worms and odds and ends of vegetable growth which they found in the mud floors of the shallow wet-weather pools. Curlew such as these are infinitely to be preferred to the average duck, unless it be a fat mallard. As far as size goes, too, the curlew hunter loses nothing to the duck epicure, for the long-billed curlew, at least, is larger than most of the small ducks and fully as "meaty" as any of the larger webfeet.

The Hudsonian curlew comes to Southern California in fall on its way south to the wilds of Patagonia, and again in spring on its way north to the tundra of the Circle. Probably, could a curlew census be taken, the long-billed, which is the larger bird, would also be found to be the more numerous. In the East, according to Elliot, the Hudsonian is not at all common, and when seen is usually in the company of the willets and godwits, both large waders.

This species is also known as the "Jack" curlew and is a familiar sight to travelers in the far north where it nests almost up against the Pole itself. The nest is merely a saucer-shaped depression in the ground, usually near water, and lined with leaves or the feathers of some other bird. In this nest three or four eggs, pyriform in shape and creamy in ground color with blotches of darker brown, are laid. These eggs are as large as those of a domestic hen and are much sought by the natives, to whom the eggs of the larger game birds furnish food for many months. The natives fail

to kill or snare many of the curlew, but they undoubtedly get away with thousands of the eggs each season.

Here in Southern California the habits of the two species of curlew are in all respects alike, and the hunting of one a repetition of the killing of the other. The smaller Eskimo curlew has not, so far as I know, been taken on the Southwest Coast.

Around the mouths of sloughs, along ponds which are held from the sea by the wall of the sandhills, and on long, slowly sloping beaches where each retreating tide lays bare a wide stretch of sand, will be found in fall and spring one of the most strikingly marked of all the shorebirds—the black-bellied plover. Never so plentiful here as in the northern part of California, this migrant is seldom seen in the full glory of his breeding-season dress.

In spring the snowy white back, barred and spotted with black, stands out in sharp contrast to the coal black breast and belly. By the time the plover has reached Southern California the upper parts have become dark brown, mottled with white, and the once black belly a pure white. Here this is not much of a game bird, but farther north and in some of the Eastern States, where it penetrates inland and feeds on berries and insects, it assumes a delectable flavor and is much sought after.

This is one of the shore birds that decoy readily and no more beautiful sight can thrill the gunner's heart than that of a large flock of these birds, snowy in winter plumage or black and white in spring, settling down like a cloud of butterflies among the decoys. The black-bellied plover, also, nests in high northern latitudes, where, in common with most of the waders, it lays three or four eggs in a depression in the ground lined with grass and leaves.

Recently—that is, within the past two or three years—the American golden plover has been added to the list of South Coast shorebirds. By far the greater number of migrants of this species going to and from their breeding grounds in the north, fly far out at sea, beyond the sight of land. Golden plovers frequently are driven in off the Atlantic by stress of fierce storms, but no such elemental disturbances as this force them to seek shelter on the Pacific mainland. Probably not one a year of these green-backs is killed in Southern California, and even that one goes unhonored into the skillet along with the other and more common shorebirds in whose company it happened to be caught.

And now we come to the best known of all the shorebirds in North America—the killdeer. Over mountain meadow, along lowland stream, on the plowed fields and across the rolling, grass-covered mesa its wailing cry goes ringing all the year round. It is an abundant resident especially on wet meadows and nests practically wherever found. About fresh water ponds, no matter how small, along little creeks that go back into the hills, occasional pairs are to be found every summer, while on the broad unreclaimed acres of the lowlands bordering the sea and in the beet fields, hundreds of pairs breed each year.

Not in any sense a game bird, and seldom shot by other than the amateur with the scattergun, the little killdeer is one of the best friends the lowland rancher has among the birds. Gathering in immense flocks at the end of the breeding season, these plover settle in clouds on alfalfa fields and potato patches, ridding them speedily and effectively of army worms and other noxious creatures. To the killdeers many a seaside farmer owes the very life of his valuable alfalfa field in seasons when the army worms in myriads threatened it.

The nest of the killdeer, hard to find as it is, is made in perfectly open ground, occasionally at the foot of some tussock of grass, in a cow's or horse's footprint or in a little circle of stones on the pebbly beach, the nest proper consists of nothing but the ground, often of a basin of little stones, carefully laid by the parent birds. The nesting time begins with the middle of March and ordinarily ends about the last of May, though seasonal changes make differences in each year's dates.

The eggs are three or four in number, usually four, creamy-gray as to ground color, lined and marked with black. They, like the eggs of all the shore birds, are laid with the small ends together in the nest and are most pronouncedly pyriform. The mother killdeer has the most exaggerated habit of feigning injury to save her nest of any bird save possibly the

mourning dove. Young killdeers, too, are able to take care of themselves almost as soon as hatched, hiding if cover be near, and, if not, so merging themselves with the mottled grays and browns of their surroundings that they are practically invisible. With all the safeguards nature has thrown about them and including the friendship of man, it seems remarkable that these cheery little plovers have not increased to far greater numbers than they now can boast.

The semi-palmated plover is only a migrant on the South Coast and is not shot to any great extent by those who know the shorebirds common to local beaches. It is found mostly on mud-flats and on beaches which are pure sand or mud, with no rocks. I have seen a flock literally containing thousands of these birds at Long Beach, and then traveled south for five or six miles along the edge of the sea without seeing one.

Usually, however, this bird is met with in small parties of less than a dozen at most, and often comes to the coast as a solitary individual in company with other shorebirds of about the same size. It is a very quiet bird and has a habit of running off among the sandhills instead of flying when disturbed. The species is also found in the interior of the United States during the migrations, generally along the banks of rivers and the margins of ponds and lakes.

The breeding place of the semi-palmated plover is in the Arctic region, its range extending all the way across the northern end of the continent from the Atlantic to Bering's Strait. It is also reported from Asia and is met with in South America during the migrations, so that, without much doubt, its range during the migrations may be put down as world wide.

The eggs are about the size of those of the killdeer, a trifle more than an inch long and about one-thirty-second of an inch narrower than it is long. Like all the shorebirds the eggs are beautifully spotted and blotched on their cream ground and are four in number, laid in an open nest in a little hollow in the ground.

The little ring plover seems to have been included in the list of California birds more by wild guess than by anything else. According to Daniel Giraud Elliot, it is a European species, doubtfully included in North American fauna. From all I can learn, however, it is an interesting little bird—as what shorebird is not? But that is the extent of its connection with these papers.

And now we come to one of the few resident plovers with which the coast of Southern California is blessed. This is the snowy plover, common during all seasons of the year. In the winter, and, in fact, during all the months except the breeding season, it is seen in small companies of from six to fifty along the sandy beaches. When spring comes, however, the snowies scatter out into the sandhills, around the edge of some sandhill lagoon or even on the very rim of the sea, just above where the breakers end in white line of surf, and there make their nests.

The full complement of eggs to the nest appears to be three, but very frequently the female is found covering only two eggs in an advanced stage of incubation. Near Newport Beach and up the coast at old Anaheim Landing, as well as San Pedro and Ballona before it became Plaza del Rey, there were one time breeding grounds of these birds. I was at that time collecting specimens for an Eastern museum and I frequently visited these colonies, though I at that time had no means of photographing their hordes. I am told now that the birds are reduced to a mere handful of the tribes that once inhabited these beaches, and I expect within a few years they will have quite vanished from the scene.

The snowy is especially and essentially a Western bird and is found from the Great Salt Lake country to the Pacific. In California it has many of the habits of the piping plover and has a note, uttered only at times of fright, much like that of the latter. It is not at all a common bird east of the Rockies, and in the mind of the writer should not be classed with the game birds any more than should the mourning dove, the robin or the meadow lark; for the man who will shoot the one will shoot the other if he be given a chance where he thinks the scourge of public opinion cannot reach.

Wilson's plover, a migrant on the South

Coast, bears a very strong resemblance to the semi-palmated, and is much more abundant on the South Atlantic seaboard than it is here. It is distinctively a beach bird, following each little inshore wave out as far as it can, seizing from the sand some minute crustacean even in the face of what seems to be a certain wetting. Like the semi-palmated, too, I suppose it can swim to some extent and this no doubt gives it the courage to play more closely to the great sea than it would otherwise dare to do.

This species has a bill which seems almost as much out of proportion to the size of the bird as does that of the turnstone, and armed with this it can do effective work in unearthing minute mollusca from the sand. By this bill, too, it can be identified from almost all of the other plover along the beaches which it inhabits.

Of the plover but one remains, but that one is possibly the most important of all the shorebirds found on the South Coast. This is the mountain plover, a dweller on the uplands, far away from water, sometimes even found on the sage-brush plains of the California desert. In fact, the writer, traveling through the northern part of the desert, while camped due south of Death Valley, on the edge of the big salt basin, saw a band of at least a dozen of these brids, scattered over the sandy flat.

Though a large bird, and one which formerly was commonly sold in the markets of Los Angeles and other South Coast cities, this plover has the same habit of turning in the air as it flies as do some of the sandpipers, showing alternate flashes of white and black. By this means the birds can be spotted fully half a mile away by the watchful hunter who afterward can drive to within shooting distance of them on the mesa.

The flight is often low, however, and the birds in some sections of the country have a habit of running and squatting down to hide; this, I suppose is induced by some animal which hunts them at night or on cloudy days, for they do not escape the watchful hunter to any extent in this manner. The food of the mountain plover is practically all insects, and it is reasonable to suppose that it does a great work in ridding the hills and mesas of a horde of insect enemies.

The birds breed in the northern tier of States, and do not, so far as I have been able to learn, wander much north of the northern boundary of the United States, so that the mountain plover may be said to be a genuinely representative American bird.

Hundreds and thousands of them once inhabited this valley, though I doubt if they bred there, and I do not suppose there is one flock in the whole valley now. One thing is certain, and that is that the mountain plover is getting mighty scarce on the South Coast.

A list of the shorebirds of the South Coast would be incomplete without mention of the surf bird, one of the turnstones, which, while common further north on the coast, is but seldom met with down this way. Very little is known about the bird at any stage of the game, and I believe that its nesting place and eggs are as yet unknown. On the Alaskan coast it may be said to be an abundant bird, but it ranges in the winter migration clear down the Pacific Coast of both Americas, numbers of this turnstone having been reported from the southermost countries of South America.

Another turnstone, the black, is found along the South Coast, though not abundantly, and, in fact, about as little is known about this species as about the last, though its breeding place has been found and some little of its life history written down by naturalists. Black turnstones are occasionally seen at Catalina and on the rocks around San Pedro and old Point Dume, up beyond Santa Monica, but other than this they are not at all common. It nests on the coast of Alaska and on the islands of Bering sea. It is in no sense a game bird and should be protected by law for the touch of life it adds to an otherwise empty winter beach.

The oyster catcher, a peculiar bird with a bill fitted for tearing the shells of oysters or other univalves from the rocks, is common in Lower California and occasionally wanders up as far as the central part of California. The beak alone will identify this bird, and no one who ever kills a specimen will kill another, for they are inoffensive birds, merely an ornament to the edge of the sea.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

NO RELIEF NEEDED

THE fish hatchery maintained at its own expense by the county of Santa Cruz has, under the able management of Superintendent Shebley, been conducted so successfully, and at such a small cost comparatively, that it has come to be regarded as a model institution of its kind.

The taxpayers of Santa Cruz County are to a man highly pleased with its operations, and as to the sportsmen they are an unit in unqualified praise of its capable superintendent and his most excellent work. It is the consensus of opinion throughout the county that the hatchery should be maintained indefinitely under its present status, preserving its own individuality apart from any State control.

But for a long time the eyes of the State Board of Fish Commissioners have been cast longingly, if not enviously, upon this county institution—a natural enough desire to acquire the best hatchery in the State, and one altogether commendable in them. It would surely be a great acquisition and reflects very favorably upon the judgment of the State officials, whose effective facilities for the proper hatching and rearing of fish with which to perpetuate the common supply would be thereby about virtually doubled. The State Board urges that it is ready to relieve the county—and incidentally the Southern Pacific railroad company, who is a generous contributor to the institution, as well—of all expense and trouble in the matter; but the people of Santa Cruz County cannot see it in that light.

The hatchery is one of their most cherished possessions and they take a world of local pride in its sustenance; they are willing, even eager, to pay the small tax per capita imposed, to be able to say: "this is *our* hatchery, the best on the Pacific Coast and the only one of its kind in existence!" And they declare vehemently that they are neither in need, nor are they desirous of any "relief" of the kind mentioned.

Santa Cruz is unique in its possession of a county maintained fish hatchery that is on a full par with its county maintained game warden, Mr. Walter R. Welch. It is to be congratulated on the possession of both and we sincerely hope that it will retain as its own individual possession both the hatchery and the warden that have made Santa Cruz the envy of the whole State. If the State Board needs another hatchery let it build one; the more facilities in this line the better for the whole State. But we mistake the temper and the progressiveness of the Santa Cruzians if they will ever agree to give up their two most valuable adjuncts to the perpetuation and conservation of the game and fish that have made Santa Cruz the banner county in this respect.

* * *

FISHING LICENSES

THE question of imposing a special license tax upon those who fish for sport only is just now being agitated throughout the State. There are many men who do not hunt but are passionately devoted to fishing, and those who hunt but do not fish claim that the rod and line should be taxed the same as the gun and rifle. And in nearly every instance the pure fisherman is agreeable to that view. But the men who both hunt and fish take a vigorous exception, not to the amount of the double tax, but to the principle

involved. They say—and this class of sportsmen is in the large majority—"make the license tax two or even five dollars if necessary, but let the one license embrace both hunting and fishing privileges."

This seems to be the general consensus of opinion and theoretically we agree to it. But there are several obstacles to such a plan. Under our present statutes all licenses paid for fishing, together with all revenues accruing from fines for violations of the fish laws, must be paid into the State treasury and placed to the credit of the "Fish Commission Fund" and expended only in the interests of the fish resources of the State. In a like manner the law provides that all hunting licenses, fines for violation of hunting laws, etc., shall be paid into the State treasury and placed to the credit of the "Game Preservation Fund," and expended only in the interests of the game. Thus there are two separate funds for fish and game, and under the blanket license plan it would be impossible to correctly segregate the respective amounts paid by fishermen and hunters.

And yet, as we said before, we theoretically agree with the one license plan and think that it could be satisfactorily adopted were a few much to be desired changes made in the law. With this end in view we respectfully submit the following suggestions for the consideration of our sportsmen and legislative friends:

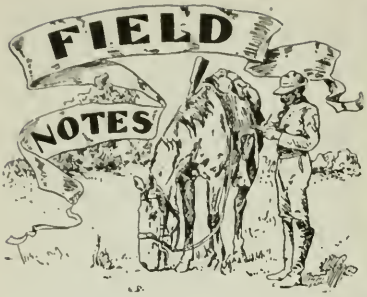
Abolish the State Board of Fish Commissioners and in its stead appoint one General Game and Fish Commissioner (to serve without emolument), who in turn shall appoint one salaried Chief Deputy Fish Commissioner and one salaried Chief Deputy Game Commissioner, who shall respectively head their departments, which departments shall be kept entirely separate and distinct. Each of these chief deputies to appoint his requisite deputies in turn.

Make a blanket license, covering both hunting and fishing privileges for all except those who engage in these pursuits commercially. This license to be not less than one and not more than two dollars, the resulting revenue accruing therefrom being equally distributed between the fish and the game departments for their respective uses. This to apply as at present only to citizen residents of the State, non-residents and aliens to pay a much larger tax in proportion. For all those who engage in hunting and fishing commercially—for those who kill game and catch fish for sale, whether such sale be of but only one trout or duck or tons of these game species—make a flat commercial license of not less than $25. This to apply as well to all those who resell such game and game fish. In this way the sportsman will be sharply defined from the market hunter and fisher. According to statements made the writer by officials of the State Board of Fish Commissions there have already been issued over 112,000 licenses in this State for the current game season alone. This means that at least $120,000 per year will accrue to the funds mentioned above. By increasing the present ridiculously low fisherman's tax to $25, taxing market shooters and fishers an equal sum, together with the fines resulting from convictions for violations of the law, the entire revenue so resulting can be safely set down at $150,000 per year—a sum certainly sufficient for all purposes. Should the blanket tax be two dollars instead of one as at present, it would mean that at least $250,000 per year would be available. This would give us ideal conditions if the money were wisely and economically expended.

One more word in this connection: We firmly advocate that the fines collected for violations of the laws should be paid directly into the treasuries of the counties wherein the violations were perpetrated and the convictions secured. It is only fair that those counties should be so reimbursed for the cost and trouble incurred in the prosecution. Besides, it would be a great incentive to the county officials to enforce the laws more rigorously, the results obviously accruing to their individual benefit.

* * *

OUR cover design this month was originally intended to be used in illustrating the article "From Santa Cruz to Monterey," which appears in this issue, but was deemed so appropriate for a cover illustration that it was so utilized. The article is from the pen and the illustrations from the brush of Mrs. Eloise J. Roorbach, whose proficiency in the use of both is fully exemplified herein. It is of very rare occurrence that so much talent is combined in one personage, and we are quite sure that our readers will fully appreciate Mrs. Roorbach's charming versatility.



TELL IT TO TEDDY

IS THE Louisiana bear more tenacious of life than his kind in Oregon, or why does it need several hunters and double as many dogs to dispose of one there, while the Oregon bear can be secured with one small dog and a single barrel breech-loading pistol less than eight inches in length and shooting a .22-calibre ball?

C. E. Shepherd, a timber cruiser, and J. C. Pope, his companion, accompanied by a small dog—a dog of no heralded breed or stock, just common dog who answered to the name of "Bob"—started one morning to go about four miles to examine some timber and return. It being an easy day's work, nothing was provided for camping or for a lunch except a bite to be eaten cold at noon.

Late in the afternoon the men's attention was attracted by the fierce barking of the dog, and upon examination they discovered he had found a bear in the hollow butt of a tree. The dog appeared to be enjoying life by barking at the bear, while now and again Mr. Bear came out after him like a small cyclone. Bob had evidently met such enemies before, and avoided with dexterity his mad rushes; encouraged by the approach of Mr. Shepherd, he made a savage assault on the fortification, to be followed by a counter charge from Mr. Bear, who, being unaware of the new ally, charged him a little farther than usual and on returning was surprised by receiving a shot in the vicinity of the ear. After cuffing his ear a time or two and growling fiercely, he again sought shelter in the tree.

By this time the dog had entered fully into the spirit of the game and stormed the fort to the point of entering. His visit was of short duration—we doubt if he left his card, but came out followed much closer than a judicious dog would have allowed by Mr. Bruin, who was met this time with a bullet in his face; he again returned to his hole with Bob a mighty close second.

It was now apparent to the men that there was not room in the tree for both bear and dog—that only one could occupy it and that the bear claimed it by right of possession. Another rush and a shot followed in quick succession, which was the cause of a retreat by Mr. Bear while Bob hung upon his flank as tenacious as a battalion of Japs ever hung on a Russian rear guard on retreat. Charge and counter charge was the order of the fight, each successive charge by the bear secured for him a .22 in the vicinity of the head, until seven bullets were discharged into his cranium. He then for the first time appeared to notice Bob's ally and started for him in a way that really looked like business; but like Roderick Dhu in one of Scott's poems, the advantage came too late. The little bullets appeared to have done their duty, and after receiving a couple more in the body he gave up the ghost and fell over dead.

The Man, the Gun, and the Dog

Bob now became frantic, believing no doubt that he had accomplished the death of the bear, and prepared to take possession of it; the man behind the gun not counting in his story of the battle. The cruiser thought different and claimed Mr. Bear's hide as a trophy.

The skinning of the prize with a couple of jack knives consumed more time than our friends expected and when done they noticed for the first time that it was dark; they were from two to three miles from the trail in brush timber, with no possible chance of finding it before daylight. Rain which had been falling during most of the day turned to snow; no tent, no blankets and no supper were the conditions which confronted them.

Accepting the situation with the philosophy of your true woodsman, a fire was made under the drooping branches of a spruce. A steak of their late antagonist was prepared and roasted, and Mr.

Pope and the dog appeared to relish the meal. Not so our hunter who had never before condescended to eat bear and now could not; he cut off a small piece that looked all right, placed a bite in his mouth and started in; but it appeared to grow, and in a very short time he considered it about the "size and taste of a saddle blanket," was obliged to give it up and go hungry and supperless. He brought the bear skin home the next morning and now enjoys a siesta on it before the fire.

C. P. MAGINNIS.

* * *

BOUNTIES ON VERMIN

Editor Western Field:

IN THE last issue of Western Field I notice that the California Game and Fish Protective Association, at their last meeting passed resolutions regarding better game protection by employing at least one active deputy in each county; a move that I approve of.

Now, I do not wish to butt in, but I'm going to state a few facts. I've spent quite a few years hunting and fishing; and having been in the woods at all seasons of the year, I should know a little about game and its enemies, as I've watched them whenever the opportunity afforded, and I know something of their habits.

The war of extermination in the animal kingdom is of lifelong duration, and is waged regardless of season. In these timber and brush-covered hills, the deer, even with his good eye, quick ear and keen scent, falls an easy victim to a hungry cougar; judging by the fragments of deer carcases that I've found killed by the cats, I think they kill more deer than the sportsmen that pursue them so relentlessly in the short season.

A few years ago I came across a place where a fight had taken place between a cougar and buck; it was an open space between two logs. I could see from where the cat had sprung, and the deer must at first have dodged him; for had the cougar landed on him the deer would not have been able to fight the way he did. They had torn up considerable ground, deer hair was scattered all about, and little tufts of the cougar's warm coat gave evidence that the buck had landed a good many cracks with his sharp hoofs (it being winter time after the bucks lose their horns). The buck was no match for this nimble cat—and deer can move pretty quick themselves—so he had to go the way of many others. The cougar, after eating a small portion, covered the rest of the body with leaves and grass, in the place where I found it next day.

After looking over the ground I came home after my bear-trap, and setting it in a likely place, covered it up so that everything looked the same as before; next day I went down to look at it, but nothing had disturbed it, so I started back. After going about half a mile up the gulch, my dog commenced working out a cold track so I let him go; after some time he treed on the side of the spur I came down in the morning. Before I could get to him, he was running again, but I went on up to try if I could see any signs that would tell me what it was. I found the tree, and the scratches showed that they were made by a cougar. As I was looking up the tree I stepped back and as my foot came down it struck something that made me look down suddenly, for I knew it was flesh of some kind. There was a doe's head which was still warm, a small piece of liver, and a leg bone from the knee down; I could find nothing else of that whole deer, so there must have been more than one cougar at that feast, as a single animal could not eat all that meat.

I could see where the deer had been carried down the hill, for wherever there was a log or limb there was deer hair on it. I followed the trail back about eighty yards to where the cougar had sprang upon the doe; there were no signs of a struggle, except where the cougar had borne her to the ground. By this time my dog had treed again, so far away that I could hardly hear him, and before I could reach the place he was off again. I followed for about three hours, but finally gave up, knowing that it was no use.

I watched that trap for a couple of weeks, but no cougar ever greeted me, and I'm sure that none came back to the buck, for if so my dog would have struck their tracks somewhere.

Another enemy that the doe has to protect her fawns from, is the so-called "bob-cat" or wild-cat, that is ever watching for a chance to carry little "spots" off to feed its own young ones, waiting in some hollow stump or log. Some folks say that a wild-cat cannot carry a fawn, or that it is just chance when they kill one; but let them get out and hunt these animals awhile, with a good dog or two, and if they don't find out a few things about beasts of prey that they would never know if they hunted without the dogs, then I don't know a thing about it.

I think that if a bounty were put upon such animals so that it would be profitable to trap them, there would be a good deal more game throughout this part of the country. There are a few animals that need no bounty, as the fur alone would be sufficient for anyone to go out of their way to get them, animals such as fishers, otters, minks and a few others. Otters, minks, 'coons, kingfishers and cranes are all expert fishermen, while wild-cats, foxes, skunks and hawks catch more quail every year than all the hunters, put together, kill with their shot guns.

Were a bounty put on such animals and birds, there would likely be a good many dollars paid out; but it would not amount to much after a year or two, and I'm sure the game would be more plentiful. And if there is any part of the country that needs less of these animals it is around here; as, while the brush protects the game more from hunters than in most places, it also protects these animals and makes it easier for them to catch game. If people bringing in skins for bounty were to take an oath to live up to and help enforce the game laws, it would help out considerable, as they most all have a conscience of some kind or other.

H. W. DOCKER.

Comptche, Mendocino Co. California.

GOOD WORK

THE annual report of Walter R. Welch, Fish, Game and Fire Warden of Santa Cruz county, reflects much credit upon that very efficient and conscientious officer, and we regret that lack of space prevents our presenting it here in its entirety.

A brief resumé of the report shows that during 1907 Mr. Welch made twenty-two arrests for violation of the game and fish laws, *securing a conviction in each case*, the total sum of $282.50 being imposed and paid in fines. Over 1500 warning notices were posted throughout the country, and about 2000 "abstracts" of the game laws, printed in English and foreign languages, were distributed.

Mr. Welch reports about 50 deer being killed in the county, but says that there are plenty left. In general, the game, especially quail and other small species, seems in as good supply as in former years, while trout, salmon and bass are notably on the increase, owing largely to the advantage of having a magnificently equipped and admirably conducted fish hatchery in the county.

We congratulate Mr. Welch upon his excellent work, and still more do we congratulate the officials of Santa Cruz county, and particularly its genial resident sportsmen, in being so fortunate as to have secured the services of so able and efficient a warden as Walter R. Welch.

Mr. Welch, a keen and enthusiastic sportsman himself, is a most earnest and strenuous advocate of game preservation, and is an adept in everything, legal and technical, that goes for the making of good laws and their enforcement, as well as having the game interests, not only of his own county, but of the state at large, at heart. Here's wishing him a long tenure in office! We have all too great a need in this state of more officer-sportsmen like him. Would that every county in the state would emulate the example of Santa Cruz, and appoint a game warden who not only has the nerve to conscientiously perform his duties, but who is by inclination and practice a genuine sportsman and a friend of game protection.

LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO HAVE SHOT OVER THE TRAPS DURING 1907

Compiled and presented by Mrs. E. B. Belknap, Wyoming, New York, January 1, 1908

Massachusetts—Mrs. J. N. Damon (Nomad), Watertown; Miss Taber, Boston.

New Jersey—Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank E. Butler), The Rosedale, Newark; Miss A. Horneck, Edgewater.

Pennsylvania—Mrs. Will K. Park, Gun Editor, Sporting Life, Philadelphia; Mrs. Ed Hatfield (May), West Fairview; Mrs. F. Galagher, Turtle, Creek; Mrs. Edward Adams, Bradford; Mrs. Herbert Straight, Bradford; Mrs. L. E. Malloroy, Bradford; Miss A. Rieker, 604 W. King street, Lancaster.

New York—Mrs. E. B. Belknap, Wyoming; Mrs. Harry Harrison, 113 State street, Rochester; Mrs. Geo. W. Butler, 870 River street, Troy; Miss Ruth, Troy; Mrs. Tuttle, Utica; Miss A. Willi, Ossining.

Ohio—Miss Frances Altherr, 967 McMillan street, Cincinnati; Mrs. Fred Ketter, 816 Chillicote street, Portsmouth; Mrs. Terry Davenport, 13 E. Front street, Portsmouth; Miss Alice Kosht, Norwalk.

Indiana—Miss Hazel Lenoir, 114 West St. Clair street, Indianapolis.

Wisconsin—Mrs. Horn, Halls Corners.

Illinois—Mrs. C. W. Carson, Hyde Park Hotel, Chicago.

Kentucky—Mrs. C. B. Woodbury, 215 Sixth avenue, Dayton; Mrs. Gould, Dayton; Mrs. A. Donaldson, Fort Thomas.

Tennessee—Miss Terrill, Ewells.

Georgia—Miss Jessie Williams, Macon.

Missouri—Miss Dorris Overton, 7349 Nottingham avenue, Sbrewsbury Park; Mrs. J. T. White, 3320 Park avenue, St. Louis; Mrs. C. C. Crossman, Clayton; Mrs. John Cabanne, St. Louis; Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne, St. Louis.

Iowa—Mrs. J. W. Hughawout, Fort Dodge; Mrs. R. R. Barber, Paulina; Mrs. Geo. Hughes, Fonda.

Minnesota—Mrs. S. S. Johnson, Minneapolis.

Texas—Mrs. Adolph Topperwein, San Antonio; Miss Schultz, San Antonio; Mrs. S. A. Witchell, San Antonio; Mrs. O. Connell, San Antonio; Mrs. H. R. Bosley, Dallas; Mrs. H. A. Murrelle, Witchita Falls.

Kansas—Mrs. A. W. Butler, Chanute.

Nebraska—Mrs. W. A. Austin, Creston.

Colorado—Mrs. H. Bardsley, Telleride.

Montana—Mrs. Sitherwod, Livingston.

Washington—Mrs. E. R. Young, Seattle.

RIFLE SMOKE

NEW U. S. RIFLE RANGE ON COAST

THE departure of the fleet for the Pacific has stimulated interest in the project for a rifle range on the Pacific Coast on the order of that at Guantanamo, Cuba. President Roosevelt believes that sailors and marines should keep up their rifle practice no matter in what part of the world they may be and it is not improbable that before the arrival of the fleet arrangements will have been made for the summer practice at some point on the Pacific Coast. At the great range at Guantanamo the Government has provided ranges for boat guns, three-inch field guns and small arms and has established adjacent to the ranges a "fleet camp." There are two artillery ranges, one of 1,000 yards and one of 1,200 yards. The firing on the artillery range in on way interferes with small arms practice. The rifle range really consists of two distinct ranges, the expert range and the main range. The former has a 1,000 yard butt with five targets and a 600 yard butt with 15 targets. The lines of fire are at such an angle that there is no interference. The expert range is staked off for all ranges from 200 to 1,000 yards including 15, 25 and 50 yards, so that when desirable it can be used for target practice. The main firing line on the main range is 2,200 feet long and gives 110 targets at 300 yards and 60 targets at 200 yards. This range is also staked off at 15, 25 and 50 yards for pistol practice. At 1,000 yards only about half of the 110 target butt is available. In addition there is a 60 target butt available up to 600 yards. There are also pistol ranges which may be used simultaneously with the rifle ranges. The range is fitted with a complete water system, numerous docks for landing purposes, houses for the station range keeper and barracks for the small technical force of enlisted men as care takers.

Some years ago Congress had before it the subject of permanent military camp grounds and in 1904 the Committee on Military Affairs of the House recommended the purchase of the Rancho Del Encinal in San Luis Obispo county, California. This is one of the properties spoken of as the possible site of a range on the Pacific Coast and a bill has been introduced this session authorizing the Secretary of War to purchase it as a price of not more than $500,000. It is thought unlikely that any such sum would be expended in the mere purchase of ground for a rifle range, but a combination of the War and Navy Departments with the State of California might be effected so that all or a part of this property or some other in this vicinity could be purchased for a rifle range, and possibly a camp ground. An Army Board in January, 1904, investigated the Nacimiento, Santa Margareta and James H. Henry ranches, to decide upon their availability from a sanitary standpoint for the maneuvering and assemblage of large bodies of troops. The J. H. Henry property (Rancho Del Encinal), which was afterward favored by the Military Committee, was reported as having an area of 23,113 acres. It is on the coast line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, about 225 miles south of San Francisco, the northwest corner of the tract being about five miles from the port of Cayucos on the Pacific Ocean and connected therewith by a wagon road. At that time about 7,500 acres were under cultivation and there was abundance of timber. On the rolling lands there are many large, beautiful white oak trees, many of them being over seven feet through. The property is described as having abundance of pure water in streams and numerous springs and wells. The Board advised against the Nacimiento and Santa Margareta ranches and recommended the J. H. Henry ranch. Some of the reasons favoring the latter were because it was not subjected to long continued periods of dense foggy weather; the summer temperatures are not excessive and because of the fine groves of oak trees on the rolling lands and thick groves on the mountains and hillsides. The report of the Military Committee says that the Southern Pacific extends along the easterly side of this range for seven miles and it is midway between the harbors of Port Los Angeles and San Francisco on the north and within five miles of the deep-water harbor of Cayucos on the Pacific Ocean on the west of the range. "Troops can embark at any port on the Pacific Coast and disembark within an easy march of the range," says the report, "and most of that distance over land already owned by the U. S. Government, which can be reserved and added to the range. In addition to the benefit derived from cheap transportation on water the troops will have the advantage of instruction in embarking and disembarking as well as of joint maneuvers of naval and land forces."

* * *

As an indication of the extent of indoor and short range practice with the .22 caliber rifle, a report showing the operations of the Springfield Armory, recently transmitted to the Senate by Acting Secretary of War Oliver, says that during the last year 341 gallery practice rifles, model of 1898 and 3,002 gallery practice rifles, model of 1903, both .22 caliber, were manufactured at that armory. In addition 6,470 holders, caliber .22, model of 1903, were manu-

factured. Of magazine rifles, caliber .30, model 1903, with model of 1905 sights, for 1903 ammunition, there were 38,875 manufactured; 40,140 magazine rifles, model of 1903, without rear sights and chambered for 1906 ammunition, and 25,087 rifles, model of 1903, without front or rear sights for 1906 ammunition were also manufactured at the Springfield Armory. At Rock Island, Ill., there were manufactured 33,465 U. S. magazine rifles, model of 1903, adapted for model 1906 ammunition, complete except rear sights, for which no graduations had then been received from Springfield.

Brig. Gen. William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, expects to be able to report at the annual meeting of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice in Washington, on January 8th, whether it will be possible to issue the new Springfields to the National Guard in time for spring rifle practice.

ON THE SUBJECT OF REPEATING RIFLES

ALTHOUGH hundreds of sportsmen have exploited their prowess afield, through the medium of Western Field, they seem to be singularly backward when it comes to a discussion of the merits and deficiencies of modern firearms and accessories.

The esteemed editor of Western Field informs me that it will be his aim to stimulate an interest in the discussion of subjects relating to the rifle, shotgun and revolver, and with this end in view will devote a special section of the magazine to matters concerning firearms, wherein the veriest novice can air his hastily-formed views, or exude wisdom that does not always develop with increased years and experience; opinionated parties (like the writer) will be afforded opportunities to express opinions that do not always jibe with those of the other fellow; the visionary and inventor may exploit schemes and devices which occasionally may prove of great benefit to sportsmen; and lastly expert riflemen who are thoroughly versed in ballistics, trajectories and the intricacies of firearm mechanism and manufacture, can give us the results of their experiments and experience, thus correcting false impressions which often arise through want of contradiction.

My own experience, especially along the line of scientific research, has not been so extended that I can lay claim to expert knowledge; neither would my marksmanship at the butts excite admiration or envy. However, like hundreds of others I take a keen interest in all that pertains to the hunting rifle.

The first repeating rifle that came into my possession was a .38-40 model 1873 Winchester, with which I did considerable shooting but very little killing. My indifferent execution was due to my inexperience and not to any faults in the rifle, for in other hands it made an enviable record for itself, both in the field and at target and turkey shoots. This rifle when I secured it (at second hand) was fitted with an exaggerated buckhorn rear sight, while a large slice of silver coin served as front sight —and if a worse combination (outside of the standard factory sights) ever was put on an arm I would like to have a glimpse at it. I soon remedied this, however, by filing the rear sight down to a flat bar with a small notch, and replaced the front sight with a copper bead sight of my own manufacture. If my marksmanship was not improved thereby it was not the fault of the sights. This rifle and a .22 Winchester Single Shot served me until the model 1886 Winchester came into general use. By this time I had become quite expert in the handling of rifles and never neglected an opportunity to inspect and shoot such arms as I could lay my hands on.

My first chance to make an acquaintance with the 1886 model Winchester came when my friend, Captain Fred Nelson (the Flying Dutchman) fitted out the old sealing schooner "San Diego," for a cruise to northern grounds. Fred and his associates did not have much money, and the old San Diego wasn't much to look at; but for three seasons she broke all records for pelagic sealing. This I believe was due not alone to Nelson's phenomenal luck but also to the fact that the San Diego was outfitted with thoroughly tested and accurate rifles. Three calibres of rifles were selected: the 40-65-260 and .38-56-255 model '86 Winchesters and the .38-55-255 Marlin. Captain Nelson and the writer put in about a week testing them for accuracy, and when the San Diego put to sea there was not one rifle aboard that would not throw its bullets inside of a 3½-inch ring at 100 yards, which was about the limit of accuracy obtainable by us with open sights and a muzzle rest. However, I managed to make a much better showing with one of the .40-65 Winchesters, to which, no doubt, I can trace my partiality for that particular cartridge. Doubtless in the hands of an expert shot every one of the rifles would have confined its shots to a much smaller circle. Nelson also tried out a .32-40 Marlin which was very accurate but considered too light for seal and otter hunting.

The model 1886 Winchester possesses the strongest action ever placed on a lever functioned repeating rifle; and, until the development and exploitation of high power smokeless powders for sporting rifles, the list of black powder cartridges to which the model '86 was adapted constituted the most powerful and accurate big game loads ever developed for magazine rifles.

There were three groups of these cartridges, of which the .40-82-260, the .38-70-255, the .45-90-300 and .50-110-300 represented, in a modified way, the express type. These used a comparatively light bullet in comparison to the powder charge and de-

veloped a corresponding high velocity and flat trajectory. Probably the most popular of those mentioned was the .45-90. Chambers cut for this load also took the .45-85-350, the .45-85-300 hollow point, and the .45-82-405 cartridges; so that the cranky rifleman who possessed a .45-90 had no kick coming as to a scarcity of loads adapted to his weapon.

The standard twist or rifling for the .45-90-300 Winchester was one turn in 32 inches, which would make it seem that while the heavier bullets might be shot from the same rifle with fair results a quicker twist would be required to bring out their best qualities. However, there is so much variation between the twists used by different makers for the same cartridges that it is hard to say just what does constitute the proper twist for any particular load. As an example: the Marlin people cut their .45-90 with a 20-inch twist the same as they do the barrel for the regular .45-70-405, and yet there is a tremendous variation between these loads, to say nothing of the variation between the .45-90-300 and 45-70-500.

For those who preferred the semi-express cartridge but objected to the unpleasant recoil of the .45-90, the .40-82 and the .38-70-255 offered excellent combinations of powder and lead and the former had quite a vogue. The .50-110-300 was too powerful for ordinary hunting purposes: it was suitable only for use on large or dangerous game. I knew a party once who owned such a rifle, and the possibility that he might be called upon to shoot it seemed to worry him more than the prospect that he would not see anything to shoot at. Of course there are exceptional individuals who prefer such a weapon and can shoot accurately with it, but the average shooter would do well to keep its bullets within a 6-inch circle at 50 yards, shooting offhand.

A second group of cartridges consisted of the .40-70-330, the .45-70 with its assortment of loads, and the .50-100-450. These were all extremely powerful cartridges but the .45-70 was by far the most popular and its prestige was equal to that of the .45-90. This group carried a heavier bullet in proportion to the powder charge than the semi-express type, with a consequent higher trajectory and loss in velocity, but the .45-70 especially was a game killer and the man who carried one could take chances with anything that wore hair.

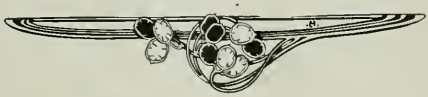
I have never had an opportunity to try either the .40-70-330 or the .50-100, but the former combination impresses me as being an excellent one for large game. The .50-100-450, like the .50-110, is too powerful for consideration except as a grizzly gun.

Of the third group was the .38-56-255 and the .40-65-260 cartridges. Both were splendid loads for deer and game of like or even larger size. I preferred the .40-65 because of the fact that it had a straight taper shell which was better adapted to reloading. There was no question as to the accuracy of either of these rifles and I would be pleased if I could duplicate some of the shooting I have done with the .40-65. However, most of the cartridges above mentioned have been superseded by the small-calibred high-pressure arms; and although it is now possible to secure high velocity, low pressure ammunition for many of them, they will never regain the place they once held in the hearts of American riflemen.

There is, however, one cartridge that will prevent the model 1886 Winchester from becoming a back number: I refer to the .33 Winchester high pressure cartridge. For all around big game shooting it is my humble opinion that the .33 Winchester is the best rifle manufactured. As I have said before, I believe that the '86 action is the strongest and surest ever placed on a magazine rifle, whether lever or bolt functioned. Instead of presenting you with two inches of useless steel the Winchester Company has cut the length of the barrel down to 24 inches and the result is that the rifle balances like a shotgun and yet is not muzzle light. The bullet is .338 in diameter, is flat ended and weighs 200 grains. With a charge of about 35 grains of high power smokeless powder it develops a velocity of 2000 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 1868 foot pounds. Its flat point causes it to expand readily on animal tissue, while at the same time it has length enough to hold together and deliver a goodly proportion of its metal in the vitals even when shot through bullet deforming obstructions, such as tough hide, gristle and small bones. In comparison with the .35 calibre cartridge for the Remington automatic, the .33 Winchester cartridge appears rather clumsy and ill proportioned, but this extreme taper from head to mouth of shell was necessary in order to make it comply with the standard base measurement of all shells adapted to the '86 frame.

Really the only complaint which might be made against the .33 Winchester is that, as in all other tubular magazine rifles, the tips of the bullets are liable to become slightly battered or deformed. Just how much these slight deformities might influence the flight of the projectiles I don't know, but so far as I have been able to determine through tests with my own rifle, they shot just as accurately at ordinary hunting ranges, say up to 200 yards, as the perfect bullets. It remains for some expert shot, who is accustomed to cutting hairs at such ranges, to tell us just how many hundredths of an inch variation such battering is responsible for in any deviation from the dead center.

"LYCURGUS."



THE ART OF SHOOTING

By An Old Devotee

Foreword: The following wad of papers on the art of burning gunpowder is fired directly at the Pure Amateur, in the hope that it may hit him in a tender place and therefore sink deeply in. Should any old expert happen to blunder into range, and inadventently happen to catch a portion of the pattern, to his material advantage, there won't be any extra charge. If any scientific ballistic sharp expects to find in these writings any hook to hang an argument on he is going to be disappointed and might as well skip these pages. And that fortunate class of fellows who know it all will only waste time in reading the vagaries of an old chap who hasn't, in nearly a half century of monkeying with all kinds of shooting irons, learned why it is that formless space has such an aggravating attraction for the leaden pellets that logically ought to invariably go dead straight to the centre of the mark, but oftentimes don't. If I can help the amateur to dissipate, even though but partially, the mystery of his misses, I will be content to let the other fellow write the history of his hits.

PART I.—THE SHOT GUN

IT WOULD be very interesting, had I the time and necessary erudition, to give an extended historical review of all kinds of firearms and the explosives used in connection therewith. But other and abler pens than mine have been worn to a frazzle in such attempts, and I figure that the amateur is more concerned presently with the problem of how to get the best out of the guns and explosives now at hand, than in the settling of the dispute as to whether it was a Chinaman who first blew himself up with "villianous petre" or a Dutchman who first hurled iron Edams at his foe from out of a fire tube. And as these writings are intended for modern amateurs, only modern weapons, explosives and methods will be discussed herein. Divested of all hair-splitting technology, modern shot guns are referable to only two types: the single and the double barreled guns.

The matter of their being hammer, hammerless, single or double triggered, one shot or repeating, self-ejecting or not, and in the first named type, "automatic" or non-automatic in operation, is simply one of type variation. And as this is not to be a discussion of the comparative merits of the two types, I will dismiss the "type" feature now once and for all by stating concisely the most salient features of each of the two, hereafter confining my observations to the use of the shot gun pure and simple, my deductions applying equally to any and all of them.

Any single-barreled gun, properly bored and proportioned—be it single shot, "pump" or of the "automatic" order—will make a better circle pattern with a higher penetration, than any double barreled gun of same boring, proportions, *weight* and *charge*. This is because the single barrel expands evenly in all directions, while the double barrels must expand away from their joining rib, thus delivering a slightly elliptical instead of circular pattern. The lines of resistance are direct in the single barrel, hence its increased penetration over the double barrels, whose resistance lines at the breech take a deflected angle to the center of the butt.

Any double barreled gun, if properly fitted to the shooter, will aim and handle more accurately and quickly than a single barrel, the eye instantly and automatically aligning itself along the slight groove between the barrels, over the matted rib, whereas it takes an appreciable visual effort to "line up" the single barrel. It also has the advantage of two shots at instant command. Of course in the "automatic" pattern single barrels, and in the "repeating" forms, this advantage of rapid fire reverts back again in favor of the single tube—and there you are! You pays your money and you takes your choice. Any and all of them are better than they should be, if the interests of the game itself is taken into consideration.

And now to the actual work with them: Having decided as to what type and variation thereof best suits your personal taste, convenience and purse, see to it at the outset that your gun is as carefully fitted to your physique as is your finest dress suit. It must fit close in every particular—as close as the skin on a sausage! For nothing is more detrimental to accuracy, speed and personal comfort than an illy balanced, sloppy fitting gun.

Bear in mind that a crane-necked man needs a greater "drop" of stock than does he whose eartips brush his shoulders; and a long armed man needs a longer stock than does the man of shorter reach. The best practical test of a good fit is to stand before a *perfectly perpendicular* mirror (avoid one which leans outward from the perpendicular line, either from or towards you); then, dressed in the shooting clothes you habitually wear, assume the position in which you ordinarily shoot—this differs in most men, and this precaution is vital—throw up the gun steadily but smartly to your shoulder, glance along the rib, and if the front sight cuts the reflected image of your eyes in the mirror the gun is properly fitted.

The place where your free hand grasps the forearm or the barrel is not material, being altogether a matter of individual habits; but it should *never be less,* at the extreme, than a full foot ahead of the trigger guard. A fairly well extended arm gives greater command in the swing of the barrels and does not induce cramping of the muscles. My own individual preference is to clasp the barrels about four inches ahead of the forearm tip when using a double gun. Get the gun in a length, weight and gauge best suited to your physical and game requirements. If you are a featherweight get a featherweight gun. If you are of more robust build, pack around all the weight you can ing with comfort—if you want to. Right here let me say that the tendency of the age is towards lighter weights, shorter barrels, and smaller gauges. Men are beginning to find out from bitter experience what practical gunmakers have urged for years: that the penetrative advantage of long heavy barrels of big bore is more than offset by the ease, quickness and certainty with which the lighter, shorter, smaller bored guns can be swung onto game. Any honest manufacturer will tell you today that a 28 inch barrel will make as good pattern, range and penetration, as a 32 inch. And that a properly bored 16 gauge is as deadly as a 10 gauge, using correctly proportioned charges for each gauge. Of course there is a golden mean in all things and extremes should be avoided. My personal choice—I weigh close to 200—is a 16 gauge, 6 pound, 26 inch, full choked, double, hammerless, ejector, with single trigger for goose, duck, trap and other rough heavy work. For quail, snipe, etc., I use a 20 gauge, 5 pound, 25 inch, modified cylinder right, modified choke left. I prefer the pistol hand grip, because it makes the gun "hang" better and cramps my hand less. Fitted with Silver's recoil pads these guns are as near perfection as I hope to attain for my personal use.

Some men will find it necessary to have their stocks "cast off" a trifle. The gun man who fits you will decide this.

Finally, bear these things in mind: Any barrel that will *totally burn all the powder* in your shells is long enough for that shell. A short barrel is quickest in use. Too straight a stock will make a gun overshoot; too crooked a stock will make it undershoot. A light gun can be carried all day without tiring, and properly charged can be shot all day without physical discomfort.

In my opinion the best all around gun for the one-gun amateur is a 16 gauge, 6½ pound, 28 inch, double gun, *modified choke right* and *left.* It will shoot plenty hard enough and close enough for anything from grasshoppers to geese, and your danger zone will be about a half greater than if you use one of the fashionably extreme choked guns that is useless in any but super-expert hands.

As I said before, all modern guns are already too good! The results of their use depend altogether on the man behind them. It is the object of these papers to lay before the amateur the results of the writer's conclusions as how best to hit the object shot at, and our next papers will show in detail and by illustrations and diagrams, just how to "hold" for each kind of shot that will offer itself in the actual experience afield, the proper charges to be employed, and a few little reminders of the commonly accepted ethics and etiquette of field sports. The care of the gun will be also dealt with at length.

It is not expected that my ideas will be accepted as finality. There will arise many little differences of opinion between my readers and myself, and I earnestly invite any and every one interested to freely criticise in these columns any assertion that does not seem to be in accordance with their views. The courteous editor of Western Field has obligingly placed at my disposal a reasonable number of pages of his valuable space, wherein to discuss these matters between us, and I hope to see the opportunity quickly grasped by both the profession and the laity.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Conducted by AUGUST WOLF

FIFTY miles of picturesque islets and scraggy, precipitous rocks on the west coast of Washington, known as the Quillayute Needles and Flattery Rocks reservations, have just been withdrawn from the list of government lands, subject to entry, by authority of President Roosevelt, the purpose being to make them secure as preserves and breeding grounds for native birds and animals. The Audubon Society of Washington, of which H. W. Rief, game warden of King county, is secretary, was instrumental in bringing about this order, and, as a result, thousands of feathered things have been made secure in their nesting places.

Students of bird life have found the scores of jagged rocks and islets skirting the Washington shore, from Tatoosh Light south to a point beyond Destruction island, a veritable wonderland, in which their activities have been richly rewarded. The islets and peaks swarm with myriads of birds, including white-crested cormorants, California murres, petrels, pigeon, guillemots, black oyster catchers and a dozen other species, with strange names and interesting habits. The oyster catchers are as large as a domestic fowl, with sooty plumage, stout feet and legs of a pale flesh color and bright, vermilion-colored beak. The colony of feathered curios constitutes an attraction for nature lovers and for students of bird life that will be more appreciated as the years roll by and the country is better known.

James Wickersham, erstwhile federal judge at Fairbanks, Alaska, walked a hundred miles or more along the coast, including a trip to the Neah Bay country years ago, for the purpose of studying bird life and the habits of aborigines. He wrote an interesting summary of his trip and since then scientists and ornithologists have become enthusiastic over the possibilities of bird study on these rocky isles, which are now made a reservation and on which the power of the federal government is now supreme as against the vandal and the man who kills for the desire of slaughter.

The young gull chickens, which are plentiful along the expanse of shore, have been looked upon for centuries by the Coast Indians as a fine article of diet and one of the results of President Roosevelt's order may be to lessen the annual slaughter of the fuzzy innocents. Some of the larger species of sea fowl, tumbling hastily into the water after a visit by a student of bird life, conduct comical maneuvers and seek by various devices to delude the searcher into following them, in the evident hope that the nest of young fowl will be overlooked. In some instances the nests are found hanging to the bare wall of a cliff in imminent danger of toppling one hundred feet into the sea.

This is what William Leon Dawson, an authority on the subject, said recently regarding the bird life on these rocks:

"In character the occupied bird rocks vary from slender pinnacles which not even a sea otter might scale, to rambling edifices with porch and roof slopes, chambers, ridges and towers, where any variety of sea fowl may choose the exact environment which suits it best. Nothing is held suitable for occupancy over which the waters may break in time of storm; hence, no islands which rise less than forty feet above high tide are used for nesting purposes; in fact, it may be said that 125 feet would be near the average height, and one of the best ones is 250 feet high. Of course, no one but a professional ornithologist would care to make the trip for the sake of the birds alone, but there are few laymen nowadays but will confess to at least a momentary interest in bird life."

The rocks and islets set aside on the Quillayute Needles reserve are Hand Rock, Carroll Islets, Bald Island, Jagged Islet, Cake Rock, James Island, Huntington Rock, Quillayute Needles, Rounded Islet, Alexander Island, Pekins Reef, North Rock, Middle Rock, South Rock and Abbey Island, while those on Flattery Rock reserve are: Spike Rock, Father and Son, Bodieleth Islets, Flattery Rocks, Ozette Island and White Rock.

* * *

Jim Holt, who owns a ranch at the upper part of the Bella Coola (B. C.) valley, had a narrow escape from two large grizzly bears within the last few days. He saw them on his land and went after them with his rifle. He shot one and as he was reloading, the cartridge stuck in the breech. The bear made for him and caught him by the leg, making a bad wound. His dog, however, went for the bear, and Mr. Holt had time to get his gun in order to shoot the animal. No doubt he would have lost his life but for the dog.

* * *

Washington State College, 0, 11; University of St. Louis, 0, 0.

The foregoing figures represent the score in the two halves of a terrific contest between the exponents of the new football, played by the Missourians, champions of the middle west, and the old style game, by the team of the Evergreen State, champions of the Pacific Northwest, at Natatorium park, Spokane, on Christmas Day, when 5,000 enthusiasts from various parts of eastern Washington, northern

Idaho, northeastern Oregon, western Montana and southeastern British Columbia filled the grand stand and bleachers, and cheered themselves hoarse. Not a point was lost, the visitors being encouraged by every play they made, and at times the cheers of the 150 college men, rooting for the W. S. C., were drowned by the "bravos" for the St. Louis boys. The game was played in a veritable sea of mud, in which the superior condition and the fighting spirit of the Washingtonians triumphed over the Missourians. The college men scored two touchdowns in the last half, the first by Wexler, right guard, in three minutes after the whistle for play was sounded and the last by Rader, fullback, in the final minute. Halm, left guard for Washington, kicked one goal.

In the first half the St. Louis eleven outplayed the westerners at every turn, and the failure to score when within the shadow of the goal posts was because of their inability to break through the defense, which was probably the best planned ever seen on a field west of the Rocky mountains. The attack of the visitors lacked nothing in concentration, in teamwork, in bewildering formations, or speed and in smoothness, but they exhausted their resources and could not score. That they were not so fortunate in the luck of the game is nobody's fault. It's the game. However, it must be admitted that on a dry field the result might have shown figures in the Missourians' column.

The St. Louis team made wonderful use of the forward pass, on-side kick and of the possibilities of the new, open game and has practically built its whole system of team work on open play. Naturally, the men were handicapped, for with slush for a footing and with a wet, slippery ball and the rain beating in faces and eyes, they could not execute clean, fast passes. A feature of the game which did not show up for the benefit of the crowd, but which was the pluckiest thing ever seen on a gridiron in the Northwest, was the refusal of Jack Kinney, big St. Louis guard, to leave the game after his ankle had been broken. He did not know that the bone was fractured, although he suffered excruciating pain and groaned with agony as a physician rubbed and worked it on the field. He refused to have it examined and went back into the game. After the game he was carried to his hotel in a carriage, afterward returning to St. Louis, instead of making the trip to Portland with the team.

Passing over the details of the play this is what happened during the game:

Washington carried the ball on straight football 163 yards; St. Louis, 151 yards.

Washington returned kicks 95 yards; St. Louis, 59 yards.

Washington used the forward pass once for a gain of 17 yards; St. Louis, four times for gains of 23 yards.

Washington's total yardage, 275; St. Louis' total yardage, 233.

Washington punted six times for 227 yards, averaging 38 yards; St. Louis, five times for 168 yards, averaging 34 yards.

Washington was penalized three times for 40 yards; St. Louis once for 15 yards.

Washington tried at goal from placement twice, both failures; St. Louis, by drop kick once, failed.

Washington lost the ball on a fumble twice; St. Louis, three times. St. Louis twice recovered the ball after its own kick.

Net yardage—Washington, 577; St. Louis, 421.

These are the players and their positions in the game:

ST. LOUIS.		WASHINGTON.
Captain Kenney	Right End—Left.	Miner Hardy
Lamb	Right Tackle—Left.	Miller
Hughes	Right Guard—Left.	Halm
Orr	Center.	Cherry
Kinney	Left Guard—Right.	Wexler
Brennan, Depew	Left Tackle—Right.	Hartsuck
Roche	Left End—Right.	Goldsworthy
Murphy, Clancy	Quarter.	Bryan
Acker	Right Half—Left.	Captain Nissen
Robinson	Left Half—Right.	Cave
Schneider	Fullback.	Rader

Touchdowns—Rader, Wexler. Goal—Halm. Score—Washington, 11; St. Louis, 0. Referee—R. N. Hockenberry, Portland. Umpire—T. C. Cook, Co. H., N. G. W., Spokane. Field judge—F. G. Kennedy, Spokane High School. Head linesman—Dr. F. J. Whittaker, Palouse. Coaches—Edward B. Cochems, University of Wisconsin, St. Louis; Johnny R. Bender, University of Nebraska, Washington. Average weight—St. Louis, 178½ pounds; Washington, 185 pounds.

After the game the management of the Washington State college entertained the teams at a dinner which was followed by a box party at the Spokane theatre, where "The Man of the Hour" was presented by Lionel Adams and company. The boxes and proscenium were decorated with the teams' pennants, and Ruby Bridges, leading woman, wore the victors' colors. Before the team started for the Coast Bender promised to send his team to St. Louis next year for a post season game.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING RULE AND ITS ADOPTION BY THE NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION

F. M. Kelly

IN 1906, a very few of the youngest members of four clubs belonging to the Northwest International Yacht Racing Association thought it would be advisable to adopt the new international rating rules as figured out by the convention of yachtsmen which met in London during January of the same year. The boys were very enthusiastic over the rules, and undoubtedly considered that northwest yachtsmen of the future would hand them bouquets because of their action in adopting them. It would seem now that they did not reckon so well as they figured, for a number of yacht owners are already prone to consider that the rules adopted are non-workable. Whether this is absolutely correct or not, it may probably be a little too soon to state; but in a year or two more the rules should be thoroughly tested. In the meantime, the enthusiasts who are responsible for the adoption of the cumbersome volume of rules governing yacht racing deserve great credit for giving them at least a test. It is a nice thing to prove for the satisfaction of everyone whether the rules are essential to good racing, whether they are merely useful as food for debate in mathematical conclaves, or whether it is not a fact that the rules were adopted in London with the hope that the New York Yacht Club might be secretly yearning for some set of rules which might enable it to eventually get rid of a certain cup, now held for some little time.

To govern an international yacht race, where but two boats are competing, the new rules should be workable enough, provided the highest possible human attainment in naval architecture is not a consideration. Where superiority in design and in construction are the considerations, however, (and they always should be, for ambition is being curbed when restrictions are placed upon men's work), such rules can only be injurious. Why a combination of well-meaning people might just as well make the endeavor to curtail the speed of the great ocean greyhounds by placing restrictions upon the model of the vessel or the size of her engines. Such an endeavor, however, would probably be as fruitless as the effort to hamper the yacht designer will eventually prove.

All that the advocates of the international rules want, so they state, is a stable type of boat. They do not consider that there are a number of yachtsmen of different degrees of fortune who like to have their boats racing when there is a chance to win, but who cannot afford to build to a hard-and-fast set of rules. Under the new rules the greater number of miscellaneous yachts are more heavily handicapped than under any other system. For instance, let us suppose that a wealthy yachtsman has a boat built to the maximum limit of a certain class, same to be designed by an able architect and constructed according to the best of practice, all standing and running gear of the best and lightest material possible, and winged with silk. This boat is a cruiser. Now what chance will the ordinary cruising boat belonging to the ordinary cruising man, and which comes in the same class, have against her? None whatever; it would not be possible for her to win a race. On the other hand, in certain conditions of weather, I have seen able cruising boats trim racing freaks, which some are now seeking to debar from racing altogether. Of course it is not good for racing craft and cruisers to compete together; and some will no doubt state that owners of racing craft were up against much the same thing as owners of cruisers are now so far as handicapping is concerned. Not by any means. The racer was built for one object only—to race. Every man who raced knew that; whereas cruisers were built for cruising alone, and when a number of boats were matched an interesting race was the outcome. Speed should be a secondary consideration in a cruiser; for when you must combine speed with comfort, you will find that the latter must be sacrificed to the former, the boat will prove a very expensive proposition; in fact much more so than an out-and-out racer of the same size. No matter what you think, you cannot make a cruiser a racer; and cruiser-racing is only interesting when the contests are for great distances on big stretches of open water. The freaks cannot go there, but that is no reason why they should be banished from the water altogether. These boats make great racing, make great yachtsmen. Since

cruiser-racing has become the principal event of a great many meets, interest in yachting has waned considerably. Class all boats as closely as possible, but let all kinds of boats race. Then yachting will take a new lease of life.

Strict class racing is not possible under any other set of rules, so the advocates of the international assert. Absurd. The old association rule of load water line plus square root of sail area divided by two, with time allowance, and which was the measurement rule, if I am not mistaken, of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association, worked fairly well, and strict class racing could have been carried on under this rule if properly regulated, just as well as under the international rules. However, the international rules were adopted by the N. W. I. Y. R. A., and they have been partly tested. Prior to the first series of races, certain members of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, so I have been informed, waited upon the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and requested him to donate a trophy to be raced for. Governor Dunsmuir, who is seldom appealed to in vain, kindly presented the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club with a cup. Then things got warm. The Seattle Club immediately challenged for the trophy and of course Vancouver prepared to defend it. But why the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club did such an unprecedented thing as it did many people are at a loss to understand. It was a sporty thing to do, but hardly reasonable. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club decided to make a Seattle holiday, to race for the trophy in Seattle water, to go there and defend it. For to build a worthy defender, a syndicate was formed in Vancouver, and no less a person than Fife, of Fairlie, was entrusted with the designing. Alexandra was the result. Seattle ever having faith in her own, backed a young yachtsman named Geary. As things chanced (and there is a strong element of chance even in a yacht race), the Seattle folk were not at fault; for Geary designed, constructed and sailed Spirit, winning the Lieutenant-Governor's Cup. It was then discovered that the new rules were faulty; at least that is what several members of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club discovered, the very members, too, who had so thoroughly looked into the rules before they were adopted. Immediately an agitation was started for scantling restrictions, for assuredly the Seattle boat had been constructed too light. Scantling restrictions will make a splendid addition to the international rules; for if restrictions are to be the order in northwest yachting, why not go the limit. Soon we will witness some fine marine pictures hereabouts—see splendid boats modeled on the lines of graceful Dutch galiots contesting for the annual trophies. Then our cup of happiness will be full; everything will run smoothly; the boys will be sailing on an even keel, with no chance-taking; and there will be a good supply of recruits for the yacht club piazzas.

From what I can gather of the Alexandra and the Spirit, the race and the conditions existing immediately prior to the meet, I think the yachtsmen of Vancouver are unnecessarily alarmed and were easily stampeded. I believe, in spite of the excellent rules adopted, that Alexandra is a better boat than Spirit; and when I state a better boat, I mean a boat that will win on an average two out of three races. Did the Vancouver boys consider the fact that their boat was not in the water until some ten days before the race, that in that time she could not possibly be tuned up, that her rigging had been hurried and proved faulty, else why should her spar carry away, that her sails, of more importance than all else, would not set at all properly, that at the time of the race the planks had not "taken up," which forced Skipper Graveley to keep a man by the pump throughout each race, when, as everyone knows who has done any racing, there should be as little movement as possible on board a boat, and that last, but not least, the boat was raced in strange water. Under the circumstances, I think Alexandra did remarkably well; for in two out of the three races there was not a boat's length between Alexandra and Spirit when the line was crossed. Mr. Geary is a clever young man, he undoubtedly did some excellent work on Spirit, and had her well-ready when the first race started; but that he is able to design a faster yacht than the veteran Fife, I do not for a moment consider; and if the two boats could race again next year, even with the same crews to man them, I venture to state the results would be different. If mistaken, I would then like to see Victoria once more in the game with a challenge, for I am certain that Victoria has a yachtsman, in the person of Mr. W. S. Gore, who can design a boat capable of winning the Dunsmuir Trophy under conditions which he so thoroughly understands.

Let us have more racing, less restrictions. The restrictions which are necessary, let them be simple. Above all things, do not try to confine racing to cruising craft. The game will lose by it. Youth wants the heeling craft buried to the coaming of the cockpit, when he has to put his weight along the weather rail; he glories in the jibe at the buoy, where the water is boiling under his yacht's bows and the great sail threatens to tear the mast out as it swings over. It is also a mistake to presume that all men are yearning for cruising craft. Might as well presume that all men are yearning for beefsteak and nothing else. You all know Thomas Fleming Day; have heard of him at least. Mr. Day is a yachtsman whom all the boys admire. He is one of the big-souled skippers, and can change his mind if necessary. All yachtsmen are aware that Mr. Day was for many years a strong advocate of the cruiser. Is yet, and so are all yachtsmen. We can no more do without the cruiser in the game than we can do without the racer. Mr. Day never let an opportunity of condemning the freak go by, and a good many yachtsmen came to look at the game from his standpoint. Very good. But the tendency to cut out the racing craft had its results. What? The membership of a great many clubs fell off, and there were no new members to take the places of the old ones. A yacht club cannot exist without racing; it is the very soul of the organization; and in this racing the speediest boat that a member can build should be permitted to race. I have always contended that too much rule would hurt yachting. Now I am going to quote from Mr. Day, who knows far more about it than I do. Here is what the gentleman states in the October Rudder:

"Yacht racing is in a bad way. Despite the fact that in some spots it is kept up, it has lost its old-time vim. Why is this? One man will tell you

that it is the power-boat; another the automobile. The former I don't think has hurt yacht racing, as the majority of power-boat owners are new men who never have raced and never will, or those who keep a power-boat simply as a convenience. The auto has hurt the sport. I know of several men who got out of yachting to take up the new craze. What has hurt yacht racing is the rule business. Too much rule. The life is all restricted out of the sport. Nothing can, will or ever has flourished that is tied hands and feet with a lot of more or less useless laws and restrictions. The present measurement rule is enough to scare any new man from entering the racing. Not one in three understands it, consequently will have nothing to do with the game. It is incomprehensible how men of sense could be hocused into accepting such a ridiculous system of rating. Clear off half of your restrictions. Put into action a simple rule of measurement and classification, and you will get such racing as we once had, in which every man delighted to join. It is all very well to say, as one man did, that racing is not all of yachting, and that there are thousands in the sport who never race or care anything about it. We will admit that without calling on the referee. But racing is the mainstay of the whole rig just the same. Why? For this reason: One of the strongest instincts implanted in the human breast is the desire for individuality. To be separated and distinguished from the herd. This sometimes is called fame and sometimes notoriety. It is what makes women run after murderers and actors. It is one of the principal reasons why you buy and ride around in an automobile, and why you will sell yours when they are common and cheap. A man comes into yachting and he wants to be known. He wants to be pointed out and have the girls on the piazza say, 'There is Mr. Helmsmart.' He wants to have his name in the papers; he wants to be distinguished from the bunch. Now you can own a boat, and wear a cap, cruise all over the seas for years, and nobody except your near friends and creditors will ever hear a word of you; but just once go out and win a race and you are a marked man. After that even your opinion is asked, and your advice listened to. Same with a club. Who would ever hear of a club if it never gave races? Cut racing out of the sport and yachting would go out of sight like slipping a sheet."

Conducted By H. T. Payne

FIELD TRIAL STATISTICS OF 1907

IT IS interesting to watch the field trial development of the several breeds of bird dogs, and note the changes in their relative standing in popularity and merit as field trial performers. The result of the trials of the last few years shows one of two things. The pointer is either becoming a better field-trial performer or else the system of breeding pursued by the English setter field trial men is working a deterioration in that breed.

During 1907 field trials were held in the United States and Canada by twenty-seven clubs. Of the three trials held on the Pacific Coast one was in California, one in Washington, and one in British Columbia. In the sixty-nine stakes run off there were started 506 English setters, 277 pointers and 12 Irish setters. Of the pointers 50 were run in the trials only of the two pointer clubs, and of the 12 Irish setters ten of them were run only in the Irish setter club's trials. So, therefore, in competition open to all breeds there were started 506 English setters, 227 pointers and two Irish setters.

The English setters won or divided in the derbies 15 firsts, 17 seconds, 21 thirds and 9 fourths. In the all-age stakes: 16 firsts, 16 seconds, 14 thirds and 11 fourths. In the members' stakes: 7 firsts, 8 seconds, 8 thirds and 5 fourths, and in the champion stakes one first. The pointers won in the derbies: 7 firsts, 7 seconds, and 9 thirds. In the all-age stakes: 6 firsts, 5 seconds, 6 thirds and one fourth. In the members' stakes: 3 firsts, 4 seconds, 3 thirds and 2 fourths, and in the champion stakes: 3 firsts.

The Irish setters won one first in one members' stake, where the competition was open to all breeds.

In the derby, all-age and champion stakes, where the competition was open to all, there were started 450 English setters and 203 pointers. The English setters therefore were 69 per cent of the whole and the pointers 31 per cent. Of the setters started in these stakes, 26.6 per cent were placed, and of the pointers 19.7 per cent were in the money. Of the whole number of places, excluding the few fourths and including all cases where seconds and thirds were divided between two or more dogs, the setters won 70 per cent and the pointers 30; the percentage of places won being practically the same as the percentage of starters of the two breeds. But the percentage of firsts won the setters fell down to 66.7, while that of the pointers was increased to 33.3. The setters reached their highest percentage in the seconds, which was 73.3, while that of the pointers in seconds was only 26.7. In thirds the percentage was 70 for the setters and 30 for the pointers.

While the popularity of the two breeds has changed but little in the last twenty years, the average percentage of the starters during the five years between 15 and 20 years ago being 69.7 per cent setters as against 69 per cent last year. In winnings —especially in firsts, the pointers have been making a steady gain. During the five years mentioned, the pointers only succeeded in winning 21.6 per cent of the whole places, and only 17.8 per cent of the firsts. While in the last three years with the percentage of starters within a fraction of the same, they have raised their percentage of the whole winnings to 31.9, and of the firsts to 32.3, with last year their banner year with 33.3 per cent of the firsts. I make no mention of the three out of four champion stakes won by the pointers as of any significance, for the reason that champion stakes at small trials with the entries confined to local dogs is nothing more than a travesty on the title.

An increase of 50 per cent in the whole winnings, and of 53.4 per cent in their winning of firsts by the short-hairs, should be sufficient to make the setter men begin to sit up and take notice, and will possibly convince them that 90 per cent legs and 10 per cent bird sense is not the right way to compound the material necessary for the making of a field dog. While I am free to admit that a large portion of this showing of increased merit in the pointer is due to the better development of the breed, the back-sliding of the setter is by far the cause of the major portion of the change in position, and this is caused by the breeding for legs and so-called "class."

Twenty years ago the English setter, with sufficient length of body to allow him to gallop with long, easy strides, instead of bobbing up and down as now, with body too short and legs too long, and with his shapely, roomy head full of bird-sense, was invincible as a field trial performer. From the showing made by the pointers during the last three years, it is plain that were they entered in equal numbers with the setters they would carry away the major portion of the money, for if 31 per cent of the starters can win 32.3 per cent of the firsts, if their number were increased to 50 per cent, they would win a little more than 52 per cent of the places, giving them the premier position as a breed of field trial performers. The present system of judging—putting unsteady, hare-brained purposeless ranters over the field to the front—and breeding to super-nervous dogs, unless soon checked will surely ruin the breed. The mild, though keen working, long-gaited, all-day worker, always staunch and heady setter, common twenty years ago, is now almost a thing of the past. When it is too late to retrieve those splendid qualities that gave the English setter his popularity, and made him pre-eminently the ideal hunting companion, the "class crazed" judges who have done so much to ruin him, and the equally culpable faddists who have upheld their awards, will see the folly of their ways and regret the part they have played in breeding out the very qualities that first won their admiration for the breed.

* * *

FIELD TRIAL WINNERS IN 1907

THE following are the winning dogs and the places won in the trials of 1907:

ABBOTT'S JOCK, pointer—1st all-age, British Columbia. 1st Champion, British Columbia.

ANTONETTE'S NANCY, setter—3d all-age, Connecticut.

ATALANTA, setter—2d all-age, International.

ALICE TINKER, pointer—4th members, Ohio.

Baron Dan Thiers, setter—2d derby, Oklahoma.
Brandy, setter—3d derby, Georgia.
Blossom Fly, setter—2d derby, New England.
Belle's Harowick, setter—3d all-age, Independent.
Brace G., pointer—2d all-age, Maryland and District of Columbia.
Bare Danstone, setter—2d derby, International.
Belle Foulaine, setter—1st members, Pacific Coast.
Bon Ton Belle, setter—1st members, British Columbia.
Clipper Okay, setter—2d all-age, Oklahoma. 1st all-age, North Texas.
Cree, setter—1st derby, United States.
Count Whitestone II, setter—2d all-age, Independent. 3d all-age, Continental.
Colton, pointer—3d derby, Pacific Coast.
Crowley's Pride, setter—1st derby, Georgia.
Count Whitestone, setter—1st all-age, Georgia.
Count Ceyx, setter—3d derby, Manitoba. 2d derby, American Field Futurity. 1st derby, Independent.
Count Whitestone's Pearl, setter—2d all-age, Kentucky. 2d all-age, Continental.
Comet, setter—2d all-age, Michigan.
Crown Prince, setter—1st derby, Virginia and Carolina.
Currer Lad, Irish setter—2d all-age, Irish setter Club's trials.
Count Gladstone's Count, setter—4th members, all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Dan Webster, setter—3d derby, Lone Star.
Doctor, pointer—3d derby, Western Canada.
Daisy Lemon, setter—1st derby, North Dakota. 2d derby, Northern Texas.
Danfield, setter—1st all-age, North Dakota.
Dan Ranger, setter—3d all-age, New England.
Dan's Ruby, setter—3d derby, Connecticut.
Dora Danstone, setter—1st derby, Ohio. 2d all-age, Ohio. 2d members, Ohio. 1st members, Kentucky.
Daisy Gladstone, setter—4th all-age, Kentucky. 2d members, Independent.
Dr. Rowe, setter—3d derby, Independent.
Doc. P., pointer—2d derby, Continental. 2d derby, Virginia and Carolina.
Dunraven, pointer—3d all-age, Dayton Pointer Club.
Dave of Kent, pointer—3d members, Independent.
Dash B., pointer—3d members, Ohio.
El Beso, setter—3d derby, Oklahoma. 2d all-age, Manitoba.
Flying Jib, pointer—1st derby, Western Canada.
Fleet's Rush, setter—2d derby, North Dakota.
Fly's Nick, setter—4th derby, New England.
Furlough Hobo, pointer—1st members, Pointer Club of America.
Green River Kate, setter—2d all-age, United States.
Golden Ruby, setter—1st derby, Connecticut.
Georgia Rose, setter—2d derby, Georgia.
Gaston's Romeo, setter—2d all-age, Georgia.
Gerry L., pointer—2d all-age, Western Canada.
Glee Boy, pointer—3d all-age, Pacific Northwest.
Glen Rodstone, setter—4th derby, Kentucky.
Grit, setter—2d members, Connecticut.
High Fly, setter—4th all-age, Lone Star.
Hazel's Pearl, pointer—2d derby, Lone Star.
Hope Onward, setter—2d all-age, New England. 2d all-age, Connecticut. 3d members, Connecticut.
Hope's Daisy, setter—4th derby, Independent.
Hinoes Hope, setter—3d derby, Maryland and District of Columbia.
Hastings Girl, setter—1st all-age, Michigan.
Hundley's Lady Whitestone, setter—1st members, Virginia and Carolina.
Happy Day, setter—4th derby, Independent.
Ivanhoe, pointer—1st derby, Oklahoma. 3d all-age, North Texas.
Jill of St. Cloud, pointer—1st derby, Lone Star.
James Fly, setter—3d derby, Lone Star.
Jack Johnson, pointer—3d all-age, Western Canada.
John's Kate, pointer—3d all-age, Ohio.
Jewell's Jay, pointer—4th all-age, Michigan.
Judge M.'s Quail, pointer—3d members, Dayton Pointer Club.
King Woolton, pointer—1st all-age, Oklahoma. 1st all-age, Lone Star. Champion, Lone Star.
Keepsake, setter—2d all-age, Pacific Coast.
Kilgarif's Linda, setter—2d derby, Manitoba. 2d derby, British Columbia.
Kruger, setter—3d members, British Columbia.
Kennelworth, setter—2d members, International.
Lanark Lad, setter—1st all-age, United States.
Lingfield Bragg's Maid, setter—4th derby, Lone Star.
Lou, setter—3d derby, Western Canada.
Livermore's Chloe, setter—3d all-age, Bob White Club.
Lady Gale, setter—2d derby, Connecticut.
Lady's Daisy, pointer—1st nursery, Ohio. 1st members, Dayton Pointer Club.
Lady Pearl, pointer—2d nursery, Ohio. 3d members, Dayton Pointer Club.
Lady Fly Stone, setter—1st derby, Michigan.
Lady's Jo Jo, setter—4th all-age, Kentucky.
Lady M., pointer—2d nursery, Dayton Pointer Club.
Lala Rooke, pointer—2d members, Continental.
Lion's Jingo's Sam, pointer—2d members, Oklahoma.
Lad's Dot, pointer—1st members all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Lady, setter—2d members, Pacific Coast.
Lemon's Rodsfield, setter—1st members, Connecticut.
Lady's Whitestone, setter—2d members, Kentucky.
Lew Cornell, setter—3d members, Kentucky.
Lakefield Peggy, setter—4th members, Continental.
Mary J., setter—2d derby, United States.
Masterpiece, pointer—3d derby, United States. 3d all-age, Kentucky.
Manitoba May, setter—3d American Field Futurity. 2d derby, Kentucky.
McCloud Boy, setter—3d all-age, Pacific Coast. 1st all-age, Pacific Northwest.
Marie's Lady, setter—3d all-age, Georgia.
Marie's Sport's Monk, setter—3d all-age, Georgia.
Minto, pointer—1st all-age, Western Canada.
Milton, setter—3d all-age, North Dakota. 1st all-age, Maryland and District of Columbia. 4th members all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Milton's Vic, setter—2d derby, Independent.
Mazuma, pointer—2d derby, Maryland and District of Columbia.
Manitoba Rip Rap, pointer—3d derby, Independent. 3d derby, Continental. 3d derby and 1st all-age, Pointer Club of America.
Mae May, setter—2d derby, Michigan.
Mrs. Rowe, setter—1st derby, International.
Mark Hanna II, pointer—1st derby and 1st all-age, Dayton Pointer Club.
Michigan Billy, pointer—3d members, Pointer Club of America.

Nellie's Marie's Rod, setter—4th all-age, Lone Star. 2d all-age, North Texas. 3d members, Oklahoma.
Nipper, pointer—2d derby, Western Canada.
New England Rose, setter—1st derby, New England.
Nicholas R., pointer—1st all-age, Ohio. 1st all-age, Dayton Pointer Club. 1st members, Ohio.
Nightingale, setter—4th all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Nabob of Orange, pointer—2d all-age, Dayton Pointer Club.
Natches, setter—3d derby, Georgia.
Oakley Verona, setter—3d all-age, Oklahoma. 2d all-age, Lone Star.
Odessa, setter—1st all-age, Kentucky.
Oakley Hills King, setter—1st derby, Continental.
Ohio Snowstorm, pointer—3d derby, Dayton Pointer Club.
Outram, pointer—3d all-age, Pointer Club of America.
Petronella, pointer—1st all-age, Pacific Coast.
Prince Whitestone, setter—1st National Championship Association.
Paticy Boy, setter—3d derby, British Columbia.
Prince Rooney's Count, setter—1st American Field Futurity.
Prince, setter—4th all-age, New England.
Petrel's Pride's Boy, setter—3d derby, Michigan.
Peadita, setter—1st derby, International.
Pawn Brakes, setter—1st all-age, International. 1st members, International.
Point, pointer—2d members, British Columbia.
Prince Regent, setter—4th members, Independent.
Pinehurst Wiwona, pointer—1st members, Continental.
Prince Chesterfield, setter—2d members, Virginia and Carolina.
Queenie, pointer—3d all-age, British Columbia.
Queen's Lil, pointer—3d all-age, Maryland and District of Columbia.
Ramona, setter—3d all-age, Pacific Coast.
Ruby's Lad, setter—4th all-age, New England.
Ruby's Sport, setter—2d derby, Bob White. 1st all-age, Bob White. 1st all-age, New England.
Ruby's Juno, setter—3d all-age, New England. 3d all-age, Connecticut.
Rocksand, setter—3d all-age, Independent.
Relltem Whitestone, setter—4th nursery, Ohio.
Rustic, pointer—4th all-age, Maryland and District of Columbia.
Rodney Fairland, setter—3d derby, North Texas.
Rob Rollo, Irish setter—1st derby, Irish Setter Club. 1st all-age, Irish Setter Club.
Red, Irish setter—3d all-age, Irish Setter Club. 1st members, Oklahoma.
Sport's Count Whitestone, setter—2d American Field Futurity.
Snowflake, setter—3d derby, United States. 3d all-age, Manitoba.
Silver Lining, setter—2d derby, Pacific Northwest.
Sport's Rip Rap, pointer—2d all-age, Pacific Northwest.
Shasta Daisy, setter—2d derby, Pacific Coast.
Sir Royal, pointer—Champion, Manitoba.
St. Ives, setter—1st derby, British Columbia. 3d derby, Pacific Northwest.
Smith's Rod, setter—1st derby, Maryland and District of Columbia. 4th all-age, Maryland and District of Columbia. 3d members, Virginia and Carolina.
Sport's Gath Diamond, setter—3d derby, Bob White. 3d all-age, Bob White.
Shiawasse, setter—3d derby, International.
Selkirk Brenna, setter—4th derby, International.
St. Cluud's Inniscarra, Irish setter—2d derby, Irish Setter Club.
Shad Fly, setter—3d members, Oklahoma.
Sport's Lady Marie, setter—3d members, Continental. 3d all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Sport's Gath's Mark, setter—1st all-age, Connecticut.
Sir Knight, pointer—2d members, Pointer Club of America.
Tiburon, setter—1st derby, Pacific Coast. 3d derby, British Columbia. 1st derby, Pacific Northwest.
Tonopaugh, setter—1st all-age, Manitoba. 1st all-age, Independent. 3d all-age, Continental.
Tony's Sport, setter—2d all-age, British Columbia.
Tedoy S., pointer—2d derby, Ohio.
Teddy's Lady, pointer—3d derby, Ohio.
Tony Mooring, pointer—1st derby, North Texas. 2d derby and 2d all-age, Pointer Club of America.
Theodore H. II, pointer—2d derby, Dayton Pointer Club.
Tommy Atkins, setter—1st members, Independent.
Tony Whitestone, setter—4th members, Virginia and Carolina.
The Virginian, pointer—2d members, Pointer Club of America.
Uncle Jack, setter—2d all-age, North Dakota.
Ventura, setter—3d derby, Pacific Coast.
Valkys, pointer—1st derby, Manitoba. 3d derby, North Dakota. 1st derby, Kentucky. 1st derby, Continental. 1st derby, Pointer Club of America.
Virginia Trinket, setter—3d all-age, Virginia and Carolina. 2d members' all-age, Virginia and Carolina.
Wedderburn Imp, setter—1st derby, Bob White.
White Loogc Lucky, pointer—4th members, Continental.
Young Tom Trinket, pointer—3d nursery, Ohio.
Young Jingo's Dot, pointer—3d all-age, Michigan.
Zean, setter—3d derby, Kentucky, 4th derby, Continental.

* * *

SHORT BARKS

AMONG the Eastern fanciers the toy spaniels—Blenheims, Rubys, Prince Charles, King Charles, and Japanese—are rapidly growing in favor. Mr. Ranson Caygill, for a long time a prominent St. Bernard breeder, has taken up these breeds by the purchase of a number of the best to be had both in England and America, and is now pushing them to the front. A strong kennel with plenty of money behind it, and plenty of push in showing them, is giving the little fellows a new prominence in the minds of the fancy. Well, it's about time for another change in the fashions of pet dogs.

* * *

THE fact that Michael E. Coleman of Marshfield, Mass., the originator of the Boston terrier, has recently been compelled to take the Poor Debtors' Oath, is rather a hard commentary on the now fashionable "Boston." Thousands—possibly millions of dollars are now invested in these dogs and yet the man responsible for their evolution is unable, after all their popularity, to pay a debt of $27.50!

THE DEL MONTE SHOW

THE first annual dog show of the Del Monte Kennel Club held on the golf links of the famous hostelry Saturday, January 4th, will go down in Coast dogdum annals as a red letter day. So pleasing to the management of the palatial hotel was the recognition, by society people and fanciers, of the doggy addition to the schedule of outdoor sports and attractions that another open air dog show in August next has been decided upon.

The entries of dogs numbered 155 with a total of 252 entries. The class and quality of the show was worthy the support and enthusiasm of a large attendance of fanciers, visitors and sojourning society leaders. Although Del Monte is some little distance from San Francisco, special railroad and hotel rates more than offset the extra time necessary for full indulgence in a pleasant outing trip with a jolly dog show on the lawn of the picturesque golf links as the principal attraction.

Home talent had been invited to do the judging, which with but few exceptions received the satisfied approval of exhibitors and spectators alike. Mr. John J. Gleason of San Francisco judged bull terriers.

Mr. Phil M. Wand of San Francisco judged Italian greyhounds, Irish water spaniels, field spaniels, Airedale terriers and the variety brace class.

Mr. Irving C. Ackerman judged poodles, French bulldogs, Boston terriers, Yorkshire terriers, Pekinese spaniels, poms, toy terriers and the variety team class.

Mr. W. E. Chute of San Francisco judged all other breeds and classes.

Chas. Gilbert of San Francicso was superintendent and Dr. K. O. Steers was the club vet.

Mr. H. R. Warner, chairman; Chas. S. Aiken and Emmet Husted composed the bench show committee.

The cups and specials were numerous and valuable, all of handsome design. In the evening Hon. Carroll Cook presented the trophies to the respective winners, which function took place in the spacious and brilliantly lighted foyer of the hotel. A large assemblage of guests, visitors and exhibitors were present. A brief review of breeds follow:

English setters were a pleasing lot. Mallwyd Beau (a Ch. Mallwyd Bob puppy), a good type and clean finished one was placed over Tiverton, the latter was a bit ragged from work on quail this season. Beau will be in the ribbons at any show. Three dog puppies were very nice ones. Lady Dorrie M, a litter sister of Beau, easily won the special and first winners. The Santa Barbara entry, Ch. Sue Gladstone, was absent.

Gordoos were three ordinary familiars at our shows.

Irish setters brought out St. Lambert Phyllis, a recent arrival from the East to the Stockton kennels. Phyllis is an even neat furnished bitch and should prove a valuable brood matron. Phil Law, first winners dogs, was a bit out of condition. Ch. Halvern Jerry is for exhibition only.

Cockers were an all round good lot, sixteen were shown. First honnrs in blacks went to Ch. Searchlight; shown in fine condiiton. Sir Saxon first puppies and reserve winners is a more than promising puppy. Ch. Cressella Nancy and Cricket came together again in black bitches, the former winning by a small margin, both are good ones. Lady Saxon (a litter sister of Sir Saxon) and Creole Sue, one two in puppies, were placed right. Ch. Gypsy Chief was alone in parti-colors. In reds, Ch. Redlight being absent, gave Patience the special and first winners—Brownland Babbie was placed second to Patience, which latter won over her at Stockton.

Irish water spaniels were represented by two excellent specimens—Frisco Dot, winner of special for best, is a very workmanlike bitch and a new one here. Our Chance ,Jr., looked better than heretofore.

Inchkeith Billy, the single field spaniel, brought in the ring, is far better than usually benched at Coast shows. This breed is useful here and should be encouraged.

Dachshunds then shown and familiar benchers were very acceptable specimens. One Dalmatian, owned by the Arroyo Kennels, and a good bitch, too, should prove valuable in improving the breed down south, where type and class are sadly lacking for this breed. The curly poodle, black, had no competition to show up his quality.

American foxhounds turned up six good dogs, a bit better than has been the vogue at recent shows. Ch. Ned won out for special for best. Dante is a puppy that looks capable of doing work when he matures.

Collies were pleasing in quality with an entry of thirteen. Dictator was placed over Valverde Watch on a better coat showing. Wishow Leader was absent. Old Hall Sandy put down in nice condition came in for several deserved ribbons. Valverde Venus, in bitches, went over Presidio Paleface on general conformation and coat.

Bulldogs had the respectable entry of ten and were an even bunch of dogs, a bit better than

Ch. Endcliffe Tortora

has been the rule at recent shows. Walsingham Roy, Saint Queenie and Freedom were the newcomers. Roy, a gray brindle, won out in dogs, taking the special for best. He is a well sized, strongly built one, with wide skull, good face and layback and heavy chops. He has a wide front, good spring of ribs and is nicely tucked in loins. Endcliffe Baron, Judge, Bull Durham and Margo's Mowgli were placed right. Saint Queenie and Freedom, both red brindles, had a close race for the tri-color. Queenie won out on body and legs, Freedom is too low sationed in front.

Three Airedales were shown, Motor Dace, the winner, has the size and weight desirable in this breed. In general type, jacket and quality he is very pleasing.

Bull terriers had an assembly of thirteen. The main race was between Silkwood Ben Ali and Brooklyn Patsy, rivals for a year past, and with the younger dog, Ali, improving rapidly. Ali had been at previous shows a close second to Patsy; here in the open on the grass it was the judge's decision that Ali had enough superiority in head, muzzle, lips, neck and shoulders to pass Patsy. Ali, was shown in splendid fettle and handled by his breeder John Sparrow. Patsy has developed a suspicion of loaded shoulders and cheekiness; whilst he is a wonderfully clever poser in the ring he has a faulty tail action when taken around the ring. Patsy was withdrawn from further competition after the limit class was judged. Wonderland Jim Woods, reserve winners is a showy youngster that will improve. Silkwood Brassie, a very well turned bitch, first winners, Lady Hazel, reserve, went over Ch. Edgewood Jean II. The lot shown were a fine representation of the breed.

Four French bulldogs were the kind that one likes to see. General De La Mare and Loulou won out as usual. Brackenside, Count Desjardins and D' Anglemont Fleurette are new comers and excellent in type.

Bostons were the banner entry, eighteen all told. Honors for both sexes went by merit to Wonderland Kennels' Ch. Dick Dazzler and Ch. Endcliffe Tortora, the latter also won the specials for best of any breed in the show, best Boston shown and best in largest breed classes. Friscó Cinders, reserve winners dogs, was placed right. Rainier Dick was in better shape than at Stockton last October. Clancy III, reserve winners bitches, has redeemed the promise of a winning puppy debut. Eldorn Necco was lucky in novice bitches, whilst she is a rather pleasing one she is too low in front and could have a more filled out muzzle. Vixen III seemed to have escaped the judge's eye, for a v. h. c. in that class was rather hard lines for a very good bitch.

Fox terriers, both smooths and wires, were a

Ch. Dick Dazzler

clean cut snappy showing, with the competition principally between Tallac and Humberstone Kennels. In smooths, Sabine Rasper, an even furnished young dog, won over Tallac Marlin, reserve winners. In bitches the Tallac entires, T. Sunbeam and T. Seabreeze, won out. In wires Humberstone Penance was placed over Humberstone Jack on general quality. Penance was reserve to Torton for best of any breed shown. Jack is a neat dog a bit on the small size. Ch. Endcliffe Precise easily won first winners over H. Nellie, who is far too light.

The small breeds were not numerous nor of over ordinary merit with the exception of two Italian greyhounds, Ch. Dude and Ch. Duke II.

Miss Jennie A. Crocker's entry, Ch. Dick Dazzler, and Ch. Endcliffe Tortora won the variety brace cup over the American foxhounds Judge and Ch. Ned and the Collies Valverde Veto and Valverde Venus.

Judge Carroll Cook's team of American foxhounds, Judge, Ch. Ned, Prince Louis and Queen won the variety team class cup over the Tallac entry of fox terriers.

There were eight entries in the ladies variety class, placed as follows: 1, Miss Jennie A. Crocker's Ch. Dick Dazzler (Boston terrier). 2, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Ch. General De La Mare (French bulldog). 3, Mrs. Geo. Flexnor's Lady Hazel (bull terrier). 4, Miss Kempf's Commodore Carrotts (cocker). 5, Mrs. L. M. Seeley's Old Hall Sandy (collie). Brooklyn Patsy withdrawn.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of W. & J. Sloane & Company has expired by limitation.

The business has been taken over by W. & J. Sloane a (corporation) of New York City, who will conduct the same as heretofore. Mr. George D. Cooper will be the resident Director.

* * *

SOME PETERS PERFORMANCES

THE Peters Cartridge Company claims that, notwithstanding any claim to the contrary, the performance of Capt. A. H. Hardy at Lincoln, November 13-18, during which he hit without a miss 13,066 flying targets 2¼ inches in diameter, is the world's record, and the most notable feat of this kind ever accomplished. In the first place, the objects shot at were 2¼ inches in diameter, and thrown twenty feet into the air by a man standing fifteen feet from the shooter. In the second place, this entire run was made without any misses intervening; and in the third place; Capt. Hardy used but one rifle, which was not cleaned from start to finish. Letters received from expert riflemen in all sections of the country indicate very clearly that they consider Capt. Hardy's record the most marvelous exhibition of marksmanship which has yet been given, and the most conclusive test of ammunition. Capt. Hardy himself, in spite of his confidence, does not believe that he could do as well with any other than Peters cartridges, and certainly he would have to clean his rifle at frequent intervals if he did not use Semi-Smokeless powder.

* * *

The 1908 calendar issued by The Peters Cartridge Company has been very enthusiastically received by the trade and sportsmen generally. Thousands of letters received by this company proclaim the calendar the most artistic of the year. One jobber says "We thought your 1907 calendar had reached the height of calendar beauty, but we believe the 1908 product has surpassed the other, "if such a thing is possible." The calendar is mailed to any address upon receipt of ten cents in coin, and free to any dealer or hotel keeper.

* * *

The year 1907 has witnessed a number of record-breaking trap-shooting events, and among them none is more conspicuous than the marvelous score made by five amateurs at Wilmington, Ohio, November 11th. On the occasion referred to Messrs. Stephens, Lewis, Sabin, Sayers and Dr. Gaston shot a team race with five men representing a St. Louis, Mo., club, each man shooting at 100 targets 16 yards rise. The Wilmington team won by a score of 484 out of 500, which is 96.8 per cent, the best amateur team score ever recorded. Every man on the team used Peters factory loaded shells, which they claim to be the best load ever offered the shooting fraternity.

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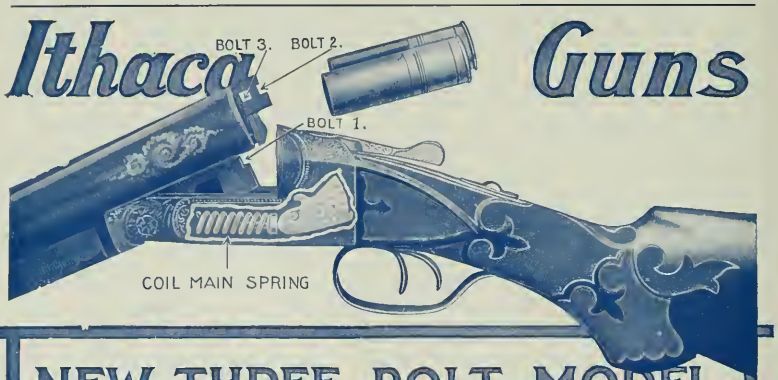

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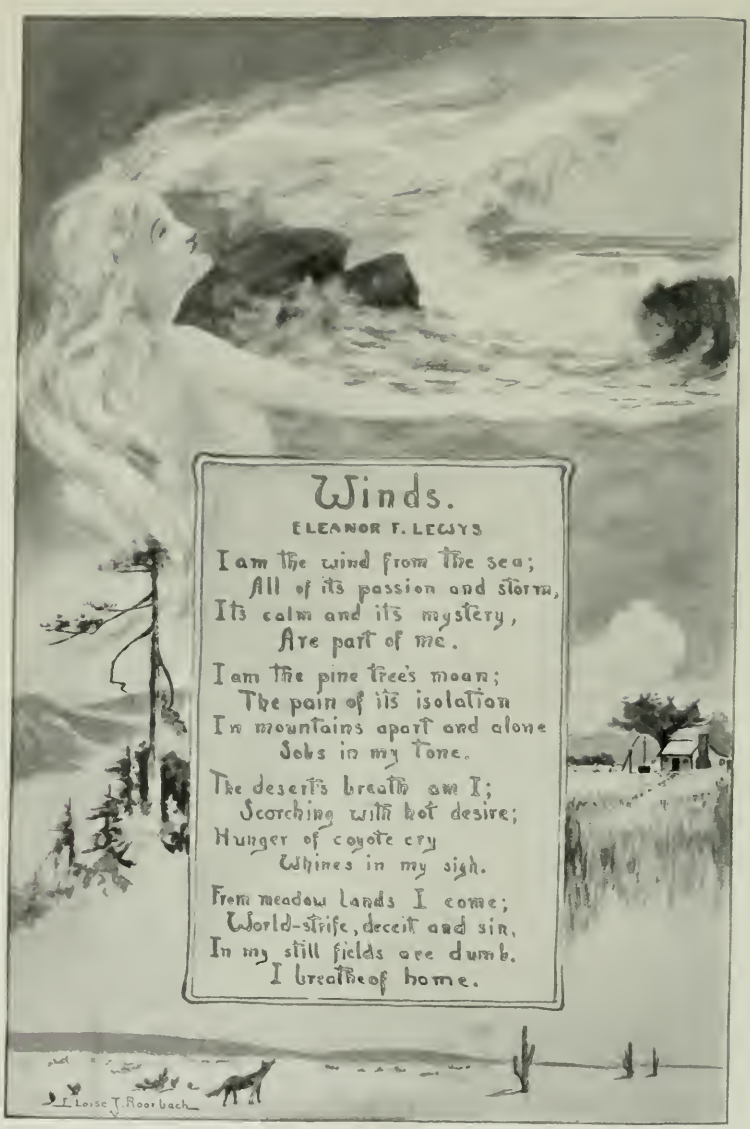
Winds.
ELEANOR F. LEWYS
I am the wind from the sea;
All of its passion and storm,
Its calm and its mystery,
Are part of me.
I am the pine tree's moan;
The pain of its isolation
In mountains apart and alone
Sobs in my tone.
The desert's breath am I;
Scorching with hot desire;
Hunger of coyote cry
Whines in my sigh.
From meadow lands I come;
World-strife, deceit and sin,
In my still fields are dumb.
I breathe of home.
L. Loise T. Roorbach

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

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COMMUNION

WHERE there are those who listen to the wind,
And hear the strain of music in the trees;
To whom the rust'ling leaves bring peace of mind,
Who hearken to the hum of homing bees;
Who scent the flowers fragrance from afar,
And worship at the temple of the sun—
I pray, give me a corner of their star,
That we may fraternize, when life is done.

These homespun hearts that God has given caste,
Who love the beauty of the climbing rose;
These souls, that reverence from first to last
His works, in action or in sweet repose;
Whose music creed is but the song of birds,
Whose mirror is the laughing mountain stream,
Who can interpret best the nature words,
And give the lessons just for what they seem,

I'd like the right to choose my comrades there.
I'd like to have these homespun souls with me,
So when I said my prayers they'd know just where
This simple heart of mine would always be;
How earnestly I'd pray for all the things
That just appealed to us when we were here!
There's sweetness in the very thought that brings
To me the faith that He will make this clear.

—*Marion N. Baker.*

THE JOY OF FISHING

By R. Blatchford.

AM constructed so as in many ways to resemble the Italian lazzaroni man. There are days when I fatigue myself of duty; there are days when the climate does not bless me, and I cannot love fools. It is my humor on foggy and wet days to hump myself up against the dreary window and paint summer skies and summer seas, with a soft sunny haze upon them.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

"But," says my practical friend ,"why do you bother to paint skies when you don't know how to paint skies?" And I answered him in an enigmatical Hibernian manner by remarking: "Ah! my friend, I perceive you are no true fisherman."

If I could paint like Edward Bent Walker I should probably want to play the 'cello like young John Snowden—but does not every true fisherman understand that the joy of fishing lies in its mystery? There is the glassy, inscrutable river; there is the tiny float —a little buoy of hope. Somewhere under that gliding mirror, where fairy clouds and trees are reflected in a grotesque and goblin manner, somewhere under the dimpled and gurgling water there is a beautiful, large-eyed, jewelled fish.

And you never know the moment of his appearing. So you sit and drowse, and dream, and watch the lazy float for hours: happy hours. Ah! Those feasts of hope. How I wish it were not cruel to catch fish. If one could catch them without hurting them, and then could say, "Go, brother, and swim like a sunbeam; down the chuckling current, up the thundering weir, past the lilied pool to the sun-kissed sandy shallows——" If I could do all that, I'd fish as hard as ever. But, as I was saying, one paints skies because one loves skies, and because it is always difficult, and never successful; and one hopes and hopes, and dreams of the sparkling silver fish that is never caught. So I go on painting skies.

ON QUATSINO SOUND

By F. M. Kelly

ONE becomes enamored of Quatsino, has no alternative. Outside of British Columbia, how many people have heard of it? But few. Of provincial residents, how many have visited it? Less than the few. Off the beaten track it is, yet only twelve dollars worth of distance from Victoria. True, it takes three days to get there, but from the captain down the officials of the "Tees" are splendid folk, and do their very best to make the trip enjoyable. For natural beauties the route is unexcelled, there being an ever-changing panorama from dawn till dark. Why, as the vessel emerges from Kyuquot Sound on a clear summer evening, it is alone worth the money to see the sun drop into the great ocean to the westward of Cape Cook, which looms lazily, a mass of soft blending colors, thirty miles away.

Early next morning you will wake up in Quatsino Sound, very likely at Winter Harbor. As the boat leaves her floating dock there, you will if wise get up, for the Settlement is twenty miles away, and you are about to be borne along a waterway, destined at some future time to be a great factor in the commerce of the world. Just now you will see no evidence of any move being made to make it so, but it will appeal to you as a great possibility nevertheless, and you will ask yourself why it has been so long neglected. The navies of the world could, in truth, float on this vast sheltered Sound, and yet you will not anywhere see the dirty white sail of a fishing boat, not even the rough-cut wing of a native canoe. The picture is as it was centuries ago, and so it is good to look upon.

On Quatsino Sound there are no awe-inspiring mountains covered with perpetual snow and ice; the hills are timbered from water's edge to their very summits, but you know that through the valleys between them wind silvery rivers, and that there must be almost virgin lakes behind them. These are where the trout have not as yet been wooed with an artificial lure, where the angler can pass a little time and be supremely happy. And as you stand there on the bridge of the steamer, with the wine of the morning air working through your veins, if you have but the smallest germs of the wild in your blood, they must gather strength and multiply rapidly, and you will crave for nothing else than to be miles away in the heart of the great woods. But the blood of the hunter, he who remembers many days spent where the wild things roam, how does it leap as his eyes take in the vista of the rolling hills? How will his heart beat when the black-tail goes crashing away from before him on the morrow, when the gaunt timber wolf lifts its voice to the black night, when he meets bruin front to front in the berry swamp or a little later by the salmon pool? And how, oh, how will that same heart of his jump when he comes on the wapiti bull, superb in its bearing, the most magnificent of our wild creatures, the monarch of our island forests!

Along the wooded ways we let our thoughts wander as the vessel plowed along. My friend and I grew to forget that a commercialism existed, and which would eventually reach out and change the work of nature. We almost wished that it could not be so, that the vast woods would be always for the people and that the denizens of the wild would ever have a sanctuary there. Our dreams were shattered when the siren shrieked its greeting to the folk of the settlement and bade us prepare to disembark.

Situated near the Narrows, on the northern shore of the sound, is the settlement, about twenty families. Near by, in the Hecate Cove, is an Indian village, a remnant of a once strong tribe, now fast succumbing to the civilization of the white man. Possibly a hundred souls, white and red, dwell on the shores of Quatsino Sound, which, with its three arms, West, Rupert and Southeast, follows the broken line of the land for more than a hundred and thirty miles.

Southeast Arm of Quatsino Sound

We followed this shore line by easy stages in a dug-out. When we grew tired of paddling we would make camp; when we grew tired of the big water we would take several day excursions through the timber, often exploring some little river to its source, which would generally be a beautiful mountain lake, sparkling in a rich setting of many greens.

We found that the waters, salt and fresh, teemed with fish; that the forests sheltered much game. Often we beheld deer swimming in the water, and one day I counted no less than eighty of the pretty creatures on the south shore of the West Arm as we paddled by. It was no sport to shoot them, the killing was too easy, and we had plenty of provisions. Here is another incident, illustrating how numerous the deer are. We camped one night in a small deserted cabin on Limestone Island. It had been raining part of the day,

Quatsino Narrows from the North

and we were glad to reach such good shelter about four in the afternoon. We made a big fire, and by dusk were pretty well dried out. As we had been making considerable noise, splitting wood and so on, I did not expect to see anything out of the ordinary when I stepped outside the cabin door to see what the sky promised for the following day. To my surprise, however, I counted six deer within fifteen yards of where I stood. They looked at me, did not appear at all surprised to see me, and did not make a move until I started toward them. Then they bolted and from the crashes in the brush I knew that there had been quite a few more in the immediate neighborhood. Plentiful as the deer were, though, it was no easy matter to get within camera range. Many times I tried it, and failed. When at length I succeeded in getting the animals close enough to snap the shutter, the results were not so good as I wished for. Such is the fortune of hunting with a camera, however.

Occasionally, while in the timber, we would for a brief moment only catch sight of a lithe gray-colored beast slinking away. Nothing else but a timber wolf, the destroyer of countless deer. Everywhere we beheld their tracks and it would be hard to compute the damage they yearly do. Bear are very numerous and we saw much elk sign, but only on two occasions did we get in contact with a herd. Patient as I then tried to be, it was impossible for me to get close enough to shoot them with the camera, but felt amply repaid for the privilege of observing them for a short period at close range.

From what I could gather while in Quatsino district, the elk are getting very scarce. The settlers attribute the depletion of the herds to the Indians, who, so they state, will lie in wait for the herds to come down on the beaches, and then shoot as long as any remain in range. One Indian, so they informed me, was particularly active in this practice. They named him, too, and stated he openly boasted of having slaughtered six fine elk only last spring. He made no use of them whatever, they were left to rot where they fell. So the game vanishes, and so the country gets no return from what could be made a most valuable asset.

A ride through Quatsino Narrows on the tide is an exciting experience. A great body of water pours between the limestone walls,

A Quatsino Fawn

and when running strong there are many whirlpools to watch. Many other things of interest there were, too. We learned the Indian story of the natural arch. Close by this arch is the site of an old village, which was wiped out in years past by a marauding tribe from the east Coast. As the story of the arch goes, however, it seems that ages ago an attack by a hostile band was planned against the village. Having overheard the plottings of the would-be destroyers, a good spirit decided to warn the people of the

Doe and Spotted Fawn
Quatsino Sound

village to be on the alert. From the mountains behind the head of the West Arm it flew, and rushing down with the wind did not stop to circle around the projecting stone, but went right through it, so great was its zeal to deliver the warning. Just in time, too, for shortly after the hostile warriors were seen approaching, but finding that their plans were known they abandoned the premeditated assault and paddled back from whence they came.

Natural Arch, Western Arm of Quatsino Sound

THE MOUNTAINS

GAZING across the level of the plain,
A stranger little dreams that any call
To march against that purple mountain wall
Could yield him aught of pleasure or of gain;
Yet these same mountains never will disdain,
Upon approach, to ope to one and all
Their cañons' gates, with wood and waterfall,
And rivers flowing down to the blue main.
E'en so the alien soul at times doth stand,
Doubting the blank face of eternity,
Not knowing that the walls on either hand
Make way for living rivers, pure and free,
That flow on through a sweet, ethereal land,
And empty in a great and boundless sea.

—*Haven Charles Hurst.*

ON THE BEACH

THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE

By Jessie Porter Whitaker

PART I.—THE WRITING ON THE SANDS

THE book of nature is wonderfully interesting to him who reads with the eye of understanding. Watch the strollers on the beach. All are enjoying the golden sunshine and blue waters, but the eyes of most of the multitude are busy with the fishers on the pier or the bathers about the raft. Now and then one observer is interested in watching the fishers and bathers which occupy the raft when the bath hour is over.

The end of the springboard is now occupied by a pompous individual who eyes the gulls with a "don't-you-dare-come-near-me" air while he shakes his great wings to dry them, for the diving of the Brandt Cormorant (commonly nicknamed "Shag") has been of the utilitarian order—he had to keep it up till his fish dinner was secured. Those rival divers, the terns, appear to plunge for mere enjoyment, although the downward angle of heads and beaks indicates that they keep a sharp eye on the fish market. The big pelican has to stow away his catch as quickly as possible in the pouch he carries under his chin, or the thieving gulls who are always on hand when they see him dive will grab his fish. One cannot pity Milord Pelican, however, since he is himself a grafter and will rob the cormorant.

It is when the tide is out that the naturalist finds most of interest on the beach. Then, with rubber boots or old shoes, seek the point where the kelp-mantled rocks are jutting out among the shallow pools, and watch out while traversing this seashore settlement for signs of life.

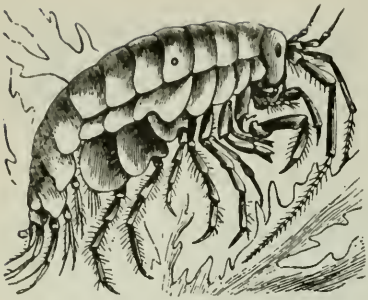
Ah! We have a hold-up. An enemy advances upon us with uplifted, blood-red weapons. But do not be alarmed. This fellow belongs to the genus *cancer* probably, or he may be a *Hemigrapsus*. In plain English he is only a crab, who on your approach will disappear under the rock or flatten himself on the sand and fold in those threatening claws, only uplifting them again in case he is poked with a stick or—unwisely—with your finger.

The longer the name the less great the crab, either in size or rarity of species, for the genus *Hemigrapsus* includes the two species most common on the California coast—the *Heterograpsus oregonensis* or yellow shore crab and the *Heterograpsus nudus* or purple shore crab.

The pedestrian on the sands observes the state of the tide; when it is high he grumbles about the heavy walking, but if low, he enjoys the firm, hard floor it has left him for a walk. That same sandy floor is covered with writing for him who can read the letters. To most of us, even though we see them, they are as incomprehensible as the queer, raised letters in a book for the blind. "The beach is a vast sarcophagus holding myriads of the dead." Over it, daily and nightly, rolls the requiem of the tides. These wet sands are also teeming with life, and when the waves retreat we notice little bubbles of air rising, each of which marks the home of some living creature, usually a mollusk.

That tiny jet of water spurting out of the

"In plain English he is only a crab"
Thornback Crab (*Maia squinado*)



Sand-hopper (*Talitrus locusta*)
(Much Enlarged)

sand is the door-plate of the common clam. A groove or furrow is the avenue leading to the abode of a mollusk bearing the aristocratic title of *Polynices heros;* he, and other mollusks as well, may be detected by the little mounds of sand which they push before them as they plough their way just below the surface. Shells pierced with circular holes are scattered about on the sands; they are the discarded breakfast dishes of *Polynices* and his mollusk neighbors.

All this writing is only upon the surface. The lively digger can discover a populous and active community of crabs and mollusks if quick enough to see them before they disappear. A peculiar crab, commonly known as the "Sand bug," is the *Hippa analoga* of the Pacific coast. This curious creature has a fashion of folding all appendages—in the way of antennæ and legs—underneath his carapace or covering shell. Having packed himself into his trunk he is then transformed into something resembling an egg, bluish above and yellowish white below. But if you should uncover a nest of these eggs in the sand, think yourself fortunate to secure even one, for they are burrowers and while you are making your capture the others promptly disappear.

Above high water mark lives a species of sand crab which reminds us of those hunters who build a covert near the water from which to shoot the unwary duck. These crabs build mounds of sand at the water's edge, behind which they lie in wait for whatever prey the tide may bring.

The seawrack which drifts in long piles along the shore, is alive with many forms of life and often contains specimens from deep waters and far shores. If you disturb these piles of flotsam and jetsam a multitude of sandhoppers will rise about your feet like grasshoppers in the fields. These are *Orchestia,* little crustaceans, half an inch or less in length, and in color closely resemble the decaying seaweed on which they live. The hopper possesses long antennæ and numerous pairs of legs on which he jumps about, lively as a cricket, with an agility which has won for him the title of beach flea.

But, like all the rest of hopper-kind and crab-kind, as

> "Big fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And these fleas have other fleas
> And so on ad infinitum,"—

Orchestia has an enemy from which he finds it difficult to escape. This is *Ocypoda arenaria,* the sand or ghost crab. Wouldn't that name alone be enough to scare the poor hopper into fits? It means "swift-footed" and he is such a nimble sprinter that a collector, chasing one at full run over the sand, had great difficulty in keeping up. Beach fleas are to this crab as mice to a cat, and he catches them in much the same fashion, by watching and springing upon them unaware.

He lives in a burrow which is often dug three feet deep perpendicularly into the sand. When wandering at a distance from his home he frequently stands on tiptoe and lifts up his eyes which are conveniently placed at the end of little observation towers. If he sees danger approaching he will run for the nearest burrow, but should the danger be too near for escape, the foxy fellow avails himself of protective coloration and, pressing close to the sand which he resembles in color almost exactly, lies perfectly still unless he is touched, when he will dart away and dodge and double so that it would take two lively boys to catch him.

It is not only in the actual traces of living creatures that we may read the writing on the sands, but in the changing contour of the beach is recorded the action of wind and tide. Who has not walked along the shore in the morning and exclaimed, "There must have been a storm! This bank was away back there yesterday, and what has become of those rock boulders?"

Covered! Buried under these sands—ever drifting, drifting, drifting, and writing records of those wonderful forces—wind and tide.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF THE FOREST

THE fiat went forth from the spoilers—
The myrmidon sons of men,
That the forest, the warder of rivers,
Should pass from the valley and glen;
The forest, embracing the passes,
Where the drifting sea-clouds bide,
Should lie as low as the heather,
Should die on the mountain side.

And the murmuring groves on the ridges
Heard in the morning still
The ax-blows resounding, repeating,
The rumble and roar of the mill.
The vast forest mourned to the brooklets:
"Beloved, the hour has come.
The Day God will drink at thy spring-pools,
And the voice of thy music be dumb.

"No more wilt thou well to the valleys
Where children are glad and sweet.
No more wilt thou mirror their faces,
And ripple around their feet.
Farewell! lovely streams, overflowing,
The grasses thou lovest will fail;
No more wilt thou gleam for the homestead,
The orange and peach in the vale."

The birds flew far and were silent,
The west wind sobbed in pain,
And bore in the eve her teardrops
To the barley blooms on the plain.
The forest stood, lofty, majestic—
The redwoods, and cedars, and pine—
The forest, preservers of nations,
The crown of God's great design.

But the deed was done in its madness,
And the wind-swept mountains bare,
Grieve for the cool sweet bowers,
And the kiss of raindrops there.
Men in the parching plain-lands
Their long rain prayers avow
But the bread and the wine are taken,
And God doth not answer now.

—*Lillian H. Shuey.*

SNIPE HUNTING

By Dr. B. F. Coleman

Wilson's Snipe
Shot by Dr. B. F. Coleman

MY READERS will smile when they read the head line; for their minds will revert to that dark wintery night when poor innocent Jimmie took his initiatory degree. It seems the old joke never dies out; there is always some poor fellow ready to enjoy a "snipe hunt," his love for adventure, especially on a wild night, working his undoing. It is always the same story: He has a vague recollection of hearing friends speak of the difficulties of snipe hunting. The boys say it is a good night for the sport, and at last armed with the simple implements of war, sack and lantern, they are off. You know the rest, how we tramped and tramped for hours and then left the poor fellow, holding his sack and lantern, to run to town and stand round a warm fire awaiting the return of the hunter. I recall one hunt where the laugh was on the other side of the crowd, for our trusty sack and lantern bearer returned in a couple of hours with the sack carefully hung over his shoulder and wearing a bag-limit smile. On opening it he produced a meadow lark and a little field bird.

But that is another kind of sport than what I started to write about. I mean genuine snipe hunting. Did you ever shoot snipe? Well, if you haven't you have certainly missed a good deal—and if you have you have missed a good deal also. I know of no bird that can get up with such a "move on", and apparently go so many different directions at once as Wilson's snipe, taxing one's ability to place his shot right to the uttermost.

He is a peculiar bird—this long billed wader—much smaller than a quail, but to my palate, at any rate, more edible. Subsisting on small earth worms, delicate fibers, and juices sucked from the marshy loam with his immensely long bill, you will find him when dressed literally encased in fat. Another peculiarity is his extreme sensitiveness to weather changes, he almost resembling a barometer in this respect. Supposing the snipe to be in your favorite

marsh, let a rain come up. Almost like magic they will disappear, to return with maybe the morrow; but more often it is a day or two before you will find them again. I speak mostly of the inland marshes, knowing little of their haunts along the salt sloughs.

A cold, frosty morning with a sunny afternoon is the ideal day for these birds. On any other kind of a day they are as *bronco* as it is possible to make a game bird: getting up from fifty to a hundred and fifty yards away, plying their cork-screw propellers and boring their way into the distant horizon, never to return to that marsh again until after dark. But on a warm day snipe will lay close and are not inclined to long flights, preferring to drop in on dry ground rather than seek another marsh, seeming to be easily overcome with heat. With a *Scaipe—Scaipe!* he gets up a few yards from you, going like chain lightning in both speed and crookedness; you pull as he darts to the left and lo! there he goes off to the right and full five yards higher. By this time Mr. Snipe is beginning to think himself tolerable safe and leaves off a curve or two, and with a good lead and full choke you connect and down comes the little brown body with a splash in a marshy puddle. Now is when your good retriever is necessary; but if you have no dog, go to him directly yourself, for a clean dead bird is a hard thing to find, a winged one easily found. Better have one dead in your pocket than two dead ones in the grass.

A few evenings ago a friend invited me to spend Sunday with him at his ranch, some ten miles out, which has thirteen artesian wells and a small duck pond on it. You may be sure I knew what was up! Several frosty mornings with warm afternoons will always bring the snipe in, and my trigger finger was itching considerably. Next morning, after fitting my sweater snuggly over a quantity of hot biscuits and coffee, I struck out for the pond for a possible morning flight of ducks. As I splashed through the marshes I could hear the squeaks of snipe getting up on all sides. This was long before daylight. My wait at the pond was fruitless save for one lone teal who swung in too close. The sun was up, the frost and ice were gone; it was turning an ideal day for snipe, so I slowly worked my way toward two of the immense wells belching forth the underground stream.

Scaipe—Scaipe!—up went a pair and the fun began. Two misses scored and four more birds flushed but dropped to cover within a hundred yards. Bang! bang! and we have a pair to keep our lonely teal company. And so it goes till we meet our friend who picks up a couple of lost birds with his brace of retrievers. Beating back again across the marsh we gather in a few more, and by carefully watching the "get aways" until they "duck down", we know they have gone to two wells to the south.

The count up shows thirteen birds for one of us, and fifteen for the other. So following of the many canals through the willows we begin the approach to these wells. A few shots and the birds, who are beginning to "get wise", soon leave this marsh and settle in an adjoining cockle-burr field. Here the shooting is easy, for there is no marsh and one has good footing; and again the birds lay closer, for ofttimes the slushing of tramping through the marsh will put them up out of range. By the time this cover was worked out the bag limit was dangerously close as was our lunch hour. So by taking a course by a well near the house the required three more long-bills were bagged and our limitation and sport complete.

MARSH-LILIES

BUT yesterday this field so fair
Was lying desolate and bare,
Dank marsh-grass growing everywhere—
Barren, drear, a place forsaken!
Grimly lowered the heavy sky,
Sullen-sad was the plover's cry,
All dreary nature seemed to lie
In a slumber none might waken.

Behold the miracle today—
The bloom upon the somber grey,
Even the plover's note sounds gay,
The sun laughs in a sea of light.
And, carpet for a monarch's tread,
The marsh appears, a radiant bed
On which the hand of God hath spread
A sheet of lilies in a night!

—*Anne McQueen.*

FRESH PASTURES

By "MONTEZUMA"

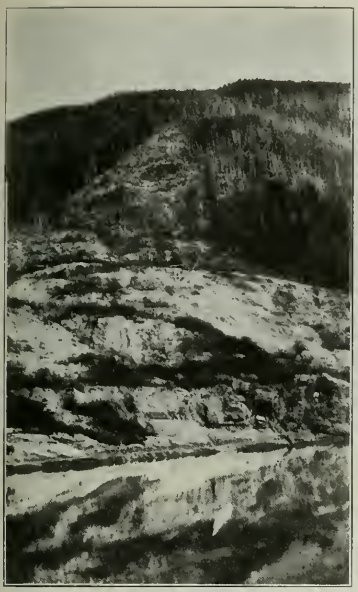
PART III.

MOST bear hunts are alike in the main particulars, but this one was different. Instead of a laborious and snail-like working out of a spoor, with either a badly scared or else a charging bear smashing through the timber at the end of the trail, here we had a beautifully open champaign, streaked here and there with surface streams teeming with fish—the waters fairly aseethe with animated bait for our anticipated quarry, whom we expected every moment to come and dine on the feast so lavishly outspread.

Betten and Billy Wells took up their station at the confluence of two salmon-roiled streams where they could command the north and east exposures, while I, accompanied by "Sour," went some three hundred yards to the south where I pre-empted a niche among the roots of an overturned tree which gave out on the south and westward.

It was an ideal ambuscade and I really began to feel a twinge or two of compunction as the dead-easy, slaughter-house-like proposition presented itself. Any unfortunate bear who was fool enough to hanker after a fish dinner, and come out on that flat to secure it, was so absolutely at my mercy that the whole game looked disturbingly like sheer murder. With a dead rest and telescope sights a bear at less than twenty rods has no show against any gun of even moderate power—and my Mannlicher is a long ways from "moderate" in its execution. I really began to feel ashamed of myself and sorry for that bear!

Just across the stream, about thirty rods from my cache was a small gravelly bar covered with dead salmon, each of which had only one bite taken out of it, the remnants of the previous evening's extravagance of a



The Bear Country

grizzly whose spoor showed him to have been a monster. The whole flat was cut up with huge tracks, one of them measuring 15 by 9 inches. If only that fellow would come back again! I tried to imagine how his hide would look on my den floor, and was gravely deliberating whether I would have him mounted "flat" or with "full head," when I caught, out of the tail of my eye, sight of something moving about fifty yards away to the west and partially behind me. I swung around as cautiously as I could to see—"Sour," my precious Siwash attendant, *in a glaring red sweater* just ensconcing himself on a big bowlder in plain open view. He was as offensively prominent as a carbuncle on your best girl's nose and when I finally recovered enough from my disgust and astonishment to talk to him he was standing bolt upright on the rock, in plain view of any and every bear for miles around. I am ashamed to tell you what I said to him, but when he got back under cover again there was a sulphurous smell in the air, his sweater had turned from crimson to blue, and he started nervously and looked apprehensive every time he saw me looking at him for the next two days.

Well, to make short a painful reminiscence, we saw no bear that night; nor did the sullen, dripping rain which followed our return to camp tend to improve our tempers. Betten reported a similar experience with his greasy retainer, having to resort to threats in order to keep him under cover. The whole thing looked like a deliberate attempt to keep us from getting a shot short of the two or three days that the Indians expected to draw wages for, and when the same thing occurred during our vigil on the following morning, we decided to checkmate their little game and go back to the main camp.

Amidst a cheerless drizzle we embarked and were soon running the rapids, the Indians evincing no small care and concern in the handling of the flimsy dugout. "Sour" steered while the others plied their poles with marvelous adroitness, and despite one threatening

Pool on Mayer Creek

Betten Breaks the Ice

moment when "Sour" yelled frantically and "Fat" nearly bit his blubbery tongue off we made the return trip without mishap and were soon reveling in dry clothes, bannocks and bean-soup. This was the only bad weather we had on the whole trip, and it merely added an interesting experience and made the contrast more enjoyable.

Around the camp fire that night our trapper friends reported having shot at a black bear which, however, they failed to bag. While the shot was at ridiculously short range—less than 30 yards—it was made from a wobbling, water-jerked Peterboro canoe; and the beast, although fairly hit, made his escape in the tangle of wet undergrowth, the trappers not regarding him as of enough value or importance to waste an extra hour's time on.

The next day was spent in small side trips up the adjacent cañons and we had about decided on our plan of action when we made a disconcerting discovery. Either we had in somewise mysteriously mislaid or lost quite a large portion of our provisions, or else our order had been underfilled in Vancouver. To our dismay we found ourselves almost out of coffee, flour and other essentials, having scarcely enough left to last us through on the return trip to Hartly Bay. Our trapper friends offered to share their limited supply, but of course we could not consider that; the Indians had nothing in that line to sell, there was no grub nearer than Vancouver, and they were on the threshold of their winter quarters and needed all they had—and more. So we held a pow-wow, resolved that we would work back by easy stages, hunt all the best-looking spots en route, and come back better fixed the next spring or fall, whichever the Fates decreed.

The next day we shook hands with our friends and under a merry ash breeze pointed our bow towards the big briny. The weather was delightful, water smooth, and we went bowling along at a merry clip. Brin river was reached in good time, about 4 P. M., and the first thing we found on landing was a heap of fat bear entrails lying just in front of the little Siwash shack which invariably is found at the mouth of these little streams. The entrails were so fresh as to lead us to believe that the animal had been killed within twenty-four hours, and things looked promising.

After a hasty lunch we set out up the creek and took stations at likely looking places. Getting tired of my fruitless vigil I was returning to camp when I heard Betten's Remington. There were two shots and I instinctively knew that Bruin had come to grief. Just as I had the coffee boiling my companions

hove in sight and my telepathy was vindicated. Betten had broken the ice and a black bear's neck! It was a fine specimen, in remarkably good coat for so early in the season, and after supper he gave us the story. Being an old hunter, with the ebullition all worn out of him, it was brief:

"I had about given up hope of seeing anything, and had turned to come back to camp, when I saw this fellow walk out of the brush onto a log which sloped down to some shallow pools in the water where the salmon lay thick as sardines in a box. I gave him one in the coco and he rolled off the log. When he raised his head again I gave him the other. I won't shoot another like that; no sport in it."

All the same I was glad and only regretted that it had not been a big grizzly instead of a black. We salted the hide thoroughly, lay down on our browse and blanket bed, and woke only when the sun was shining in our faces.

There is a very pretty little cascade and waterfall at this point, and after taking a few snaps at the scenery we again embarked and in the heel of the evening made Crab creek, where we denned up for the night. Here we made up another short hunt. That night it was up to me to tell a bear story, Ned saying it was his turn next.

"I was sitting on a boulder aside of a big 'slide,' when I saw the old fellow come out of

Along the Brin River

the brush above and leisurely pick his way down to the creek bed. I let him pass me within thirty yards, figuring I could save packing him down that slippery hillside. When he reached the creek I hollered: 'Hello, there!' He raised his head and I soaked him in the neck. He fell down, bawled scandalous, flattened his ears and began coming. The next one got him in the eye and he quit. His heart was busted into rags the first shot, which ranged down and cut his right kidney off besides. Tough brutes! Lots of vitality in a grizzly."

I talk more than Betten.

It looked threatening the next morning and

Even His Vitality Had a Limit

we decided it was best to make Hartly bay without delay, as we had a bad bit of water to negotiate and it was a long, hard pull besides. We figured on hunting Gribble Island for white bears, and as there was no landing place between Crab creek and the Island we deemed it best to get under way as soon as possible. By eight o'clock we had everything stowed and were bucking a stiff tide, against which we made but small headway.

We reached Gribble island about noon and hauled up in a little cove for lunch. While Betten and I looked after the comestibles, Ned took a turn on the knuckle of the hill above, but came back empty-handed, reporting many deer signs, however. After a digestive pipe we shot at a few seals and then, taking advantage of a full ebb tide, we set out on the last lap between us and the little settlement where we expected to replenish our stores preparatory to a campaign on *Ursus kermodei*, he of the white toe-nails and no black hairs.

(To be concluded.)

WHERE THE TAR WEED GROWS

IT'S a-rainin' in the valleys, an' I'm settin' in the house,
'Cause there ain't no use of going 'out today.
There's a sea of puddles everywheres, an' mud 'most ankle-deep,
An' I wisht that I'd up an' fly away.
Somehow I keep a-thinkin' of them mountains over there,
Wher' I know it ain't a-rainin', but it snows;
Wher' the great, tall pines is bendin' with the burden on their boughs,
An' the tar weed grows.

Up there among them mountains now the snow comes siftin' down,
An' it's like a shroud on every bush an' tree,
With now an' then a whisperin' among the undergrowth
When a rabbit scuttles 'long, an' you c'n see
Where the quails has found a shelter underneath the chaparral,
Huddlin' down upon the ground to warm their toes.
An' the majesty of Winter has the country in its spell,
Where the tar weed grows.

All the little streams is fillin' with them soft an' feathery flakes,
An' the trails has been filled up an' blotted out.
There's no marks to guide you, partner, but the moss upon the trees,
An' there's just a mighty stillness all about.
But its there, among them mountians, that I'd like to be today,
Just a-settin' in my cabin while it snows,
'Cause there ain't no endless sky-line always lookin' just the same
Where the tar weed grows.

That is God's own country, partner, wher' the snow comes siftin' down,
An' the people up there knows it mighty well,
An' they never gits so frozen that they can't thaw out their hearts
If it happens you've a hard-luck yarn to tell.
An' them mounts is God's first temples, what perhaps you've read about,
Though you ain't rememberin' of it, I suppose;
But if ever you git weary of your life, just try again
Where the tar weed grows.

—*Adrian V. Hoffmann.*

ENGLISH SPORT

By R. Clapham

PART VIII—FALCONRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN

(*Concluded.*)

EACH of the different varieties of hawks and falcons used in the pursuit of game, was usually kept to that kind of quarry to which its powers of flight, endurance, and courage best fitted it. The tiny merlin was unhooded and cast off at larks, while the peregrine was used in the pursuit of the heron and other birds. In the palmy days of falconry, the very best of all flights possible, were those obtained at the heron and the wild kite.

The method of "waiting on" could not be employed when pursuing the above birds, for reasons which to most people I think must be obvious. The falcon was flown "out of the hood," or cast off straight from the gloved fist, whenever a heron was sighted on the wing. The pursuit of the wild kite, now alas, a thing of the past in England, produced the very best sport imaginable. The kite was but little inferior to the falcon in speed, though sadly lacking in courage. As the former birds flew high in air, it was necessary to lure them lower and nearer to earth, before it was possible to cast off the trained falcons. Hawks of great strength and courage were used for this chase, gerfalcons usually being employed.

Second to the flight at the wild kite comes heron hawking, which was universally practised both in England and Holland. To enjoy good sport at herons it is of course necessary to have access to a heronry, situated if possible in open and unenclosed country, to enable the falconer to ride across country when the flight is on. Usually two falcons were cast off at a heron, as the long bill of the latter is a dangerous weapon, and the powers of flight of this bird are very great, necessitating great courage and perseverance on the part of the pursuing falcons.

Seldom, if ever, is a heron taken with trained hawks at the present day; instead, the rook is used as a substitute, although it is a very inferior one. The rook, whose powers of flight are of no mean order, and who possesses a most sagacious brain, is a quarry not to be despised. Rook hawking is still practised on the open downs in England, during the early spring months, by members of the Old Hawking Club which make Salisbury Plain their annual rendezvous.

The bird, however, which affords one of the best, if not the best flight, in the absence of the kite and heron, is the red-grouse of Great Britain (*Tetrao lagopus*). The grouse is endowed with great power of speedy flight and endurace, coupled with a wild nature, which makes it an ideal quarry for the present day falconer. Dogs are used to find both grouse and partridges—that is where grouse will lie to the setter or pointer, which is in most moors a very rare occurrence since driving birds to the guns has been introduced.

A dog for this purpose should be absolutely staunch on point, and should also be a wide ranger. On ground where grouse will not lie to the dog, the hawk is usually cast off when likely places are approached,

Ten-y-ghent Hill, West Yorkshire—One of the Few Places in England Where Falcons Breed

and she "waits on" as the falconers put up any birds in the vicinity.

The hawks to be used for the day's sport are carried by their attendant upon a light framework, fitted with a leg at each corner. The hawks are fastened to the leather padded sides of this frame, which in hawking parlance is called a "cadge," and the assistant steps inside it, crossing a pair of straps over his shoulders, at the same time holding the frame by handles in the center of each side.

Thus equipped the falconer is ready for the fray. When the ranging dog comes to a point, the hawk is cast off and mounts higher and higher in circles above the falconer's head. When deemed by him to be at a sufficient height, he walks in and puts up the birds. The hawk, knowing every detail of the business, watches the dog intently until the moment when the quarry rises on the wing. At that instant the waiting falcon shoots forward, turns over, and drops with incredible speed into or just behind the flying birds. If just behind them the impetus of her "stoop" carries her up to them instantly, when she strikes the bird which she has selected. A cloud of feathers, and the victim whirls downward to the earth, there to rebound with the force of the concussion. Sometimes the quarry is killed instantly, at other times badly mauled.

As the speed at which the falcon comes down from her lofty pitch forbids her grasping her prey, she shoots upwards like a diver in water, turns over, and drops instantly onto the wounded bird below. The powerful hind-talon on each of the falcon's feet is the instrument used to deal the death blow, and armed as it is with a needle point, small wonder is it that the quarry is killed or badly disabled. When settled upon the disabled quarry she will, with a few powerful bites, completely decapitate the body; for no falcon, wild or tame, will eat game until it is quite dead. Such a flight is representative of most sport with grouse, partridges and other birds which inhabit open ground.

When hawking birds which take cover when pursued, it is necessary to "put out" the quarry again should the hawk "put it in" to trees or other places of refuge. It often happens that a grouse or partridge, when almost within reach of the hawk's talons, will suddenly hurl itself down straight to earth, thus escaping the deadly blow. At other times grouse will spring upwards in the same way, and the hawk, unable to stop passes beneath, much to her disgust.

A wild falcon will never kill more than a single victim at one flight, though trained hawks often kill two or even more at the one time. Probably excitability and keenness account for this singular trait in the tame species.

The greatest bugbear of the falconer is the danger of losing his hawks, after an unusually protracted flight or when the waiting falcon has gone in pursuit of other than the desired game, through being kept "waiting on" for too long a time.

Hawks when in the field, as also at home, always wear the jesses and bells, the sound of which will warn a stranger that the falcon is a tame one used for sport; should he encounter one of these birds during his rambles. Keepers and others, who shoot all and every variety of strange and uncommon birds as well as birds of prey, without the least thought or compunction, are the cause of much loss to the falconer. A trained hawk has but little fear of men and will approach within easy gunshot of people who. thus destroy them. It is therefore necessary to let your neighbors know that you keep trained hawks, otherwise you will lose many a good falcon, after much labor and patience has been expended in its training.

I have not described the method of "flying at hack" which is necessary to teach nestling, hand-reared falcons to use their wings successfully, so will conclude by a short account of how it is done:

The young birds are allowed their full liberty, and are fed regularly at one certain spot which they soon become accustomed to. After a time it will be noticed that certain of these youngsters do not appear quite so regularly at the appointed meal hour, sometimes being absent for a day or even longer. When this is the case, it can be safely considered that the hawks in question have obtained the instinct and power to kill wild birds for themselves, which they do instead of coming to be fed. On their return the bow-net must be employed to capture them when feeding, and they may then be put straightaway into regular training.

America offers a huge and advantageous field for the use of hawks in certain districts, which I am sure, were they once started, would be of immense interest to many people. Patience, skill and perseverance are needed in a great measure to ensure success, and the expense of obtaining suitable hawks would amount to quite an item, otherwise the sport should curry favor with many sportsmen this side the Atlantic, who love true sport and delight in watching the rapid and graceful flight of the peregrine falcon in pursuit of game.

UP TO YOU

POP told me jest the other night
'At fish wuz gettin' scarce;
Not jest beeoz he cum back skunked,
Though that wuz simply fierce!
It's seldom Pop don't make a kill;
But what I want t' know
Is: why the dog-gone sports an' such
Don't give the trout a show?

"They fill their baskets to the brim,
An' then, onsatisfied,
They'll string the fish on lines an' sticks,
An' tote 'em 'round with pride.
All through the longest day they'll hang
About a stream or lake;
They might 'go hang theirselves fer keeps,
Jest fer plumb goodness' sake.

'" There's plenty law,' Pop sez t' me;
But plenty law won't do;
There's others comin' after us,
An' so it's up t' *you*!
I'd make the limits mighty small
If I could have my wish;
For I'll have kids, I guess, some day,
Who'll maybe want t' fish."

—*F. M. Kelly.*

SOUTH COAST SHOOTING

By "STILLHUNTER"

No. XIII.—MY FIRST GOOSE

THE little creek, winding like an exaggerated S out of the Puente hills, broke onto the level mesa in the shape of a narrow strip of marsh, not more than 200 feet wide and some three or four miles long.

Shallow at all places, the sedge grass and tules in the widest part of this marshy patch gave way to a plat of open water, which, in wet seasons, was often as much as four feet deep, with two or three feet of mud on the bottom.

This was twenty years ago, and where now is a prosperous village was then a level "salt-grass" flat, leading up to the marsh itself; where now is strung a long line of farm houses and their stables was then a tangle of scrub willows, here and there broken by clumps of taller trees in which red-billed hawks and crows, with now and then a long-eared owl, made their nests.

It was an ideal resort for the boys from the little village in which I then lived; and three of us in particular, who styled ourselves "naturalists", made this marsh and this pond and these willows our favorite retreat.

My artillery at that time consisted of a 32 caliber Winchester, the barrel of which had been cut off and the magazine shortened until it looked like a carbine and carried only five cartridges. Besides this, I had a 12-gauge double-barreled shotgun, the makers of which did not dare put their name on lock, stock or barrel. But it was a good gun, old hammer cannon that it was, and it brought down many a hurrying quail, many a high flying duck.

School alone kept us from the marsh and the hills every day, and every Christmas vacation found us down around the pond in the tules. On such a trip as this, about six

miles from my home, the first goose I ever killed, in fact the first one I ever saw at close range, fell to my gun and this is how it happened:

I loaned my shotgun to "Bill", companion of boyhood's forays. "Bill" had played truant from school once too often and therefore had been deprived of his own gun for a week. I carried the rifle in the hope of getting a swan, one of a flock of three which a French sheepherder told us had been seen on the little lake in early morning.

We walked the six miles, and on the way I hit a jackrabbit amidships with one of those old 32 slugs and the most we found of him was his hams. Arrived at the marsh, we made a fire of broken bits of old sheep corral fence and fried the rabbit's legs.

I started smoking—as probably you did—on corn "silks" for tobacco and such paper as I could get for wrapper. Having always a supply of dried cornsilks on hand we turned from the fire and the feed to smoke, as we had seen our elders do. Moving out in the shelter of a clump of box elder trees, we could see the entire lake. On it rested the customary number of coots, with here and there a diver (grebe) or a duck, the latter mostly butter balls.

At the lower end of the lake, where the water was most open, floated a big white bird, quite alone, and apparently given a wide berth by the mudhens and ducks. All at once we were sure this was our swan. We had come out after swan; we had been told that swan had appeared on this body of water; here was a huge white bird, big enough, in our eyes, to be a trumpeter; therefore this must be a swan.

We drew straws to see who would go after the bird. I held the straws and I won. What's the use of running a game if you can't make it win. Then I wanted my own shotgun which Bill had; nothing doing. Bill would lie in wait for the bird in case I missed it, and, as it would be on the wing by the time he got a shot at it, he needed the shotgun a whole lot more than I did. Bill was bigger than I and he might take it into his head to go after the swan himself. So I beat it down through the water mootics, along the edge of the alkali flat, going on my hands and knees most of the way.

Once I put up a pair of butter-balls, but they were not really frightened and they did not create a ripple of excitement outside the area where they had been feeding. Gradually I worked down to the point of tules even with which we had seen the white bird. But when I got there he wasn't white at all, only relatively. The head and neck were black with a white patch on the chin and the rest of him was a sort of dirty gray.

Everything about the bird bespoke, not the swan, but the barnyard goose; and, though I had no means of knowing the bird's name, I set him down as a goose. He was floating apparently well fed and idle, about forty yards out and down the lake. He had not observed me and when the brass rib on the front end of the Winchester covered him he knew no more about it than I did of what he was doing alone in the little lake.

When the old gun got down just where I wanted it and my hand quit trembling, I pressed the trigger. Without even a squawk the big bird crumpled up on the water, shuddered so violently that his head was thrown up into the air for one last time and floated on down the lake.

How I got him is mere detail, but get him I did, carried him all the six miles home and would not let Bill even have a "drumstick" when the goose was roasted. Such are the dear, rapturous days of boyhood, which will never come again and which the city-bred boy of today does not know anything about.

When I got back to the campfire, Bill was gone. When he returned he had six "woodcock," which I afterward learned were Wilson's Snipe. Five of them he had shot *on the sit.* What do you think of that, you hunters of today who would go fifty miles and tramp the marshes all day to get six jack-snipe!

But, to return to the geese, mine was a Canada goose, formerly one of the most abundant of all the geese which come to the South Coast, but latterly thinning out until a flock of "Blackheads" is now the exception rather than the rule. Seldom seen along the sea, the Canada goose frequents inland fresh-water pools if of any size or when isolated so that the danger of death is not so great. It is a bird of the midwinter here, on the South Coast, and neither arrives as early or departs as late as the Lesser Snow Goose, the American White-fronted Goose or Hutchin's goose.

Time was when the grainfields of Bixby, the Centinela country and around Bandini station in Los Angeles County were white every winter with geese. But the birds seem now to have chosen a more easterly route

north and south, probably in over the desert, and so far this winter I have seen but few birds at the old stopping places mentioned above. Food has been as plentiful this year as on other years, but water has not been quite so abundant. Where once these flats were covered with a foot or two of weed-grown, seed-strewn water, the level prairie is now practically dry.

Besides the Canada Goose, largest of the geese that come to the South Coast, there is found here during the winter the American White-fronted goose. This is the bird most often offered in Los Angeles markets as it is now the most abundant of all its tribe to come south in winter and is probably the most easily taken by market hunters.

The Greater Snow Goose in small numbers comes to Southern California in company with hordes of Lesser Snow Geese. The latter bird is accused by farmers of doing much damage to grain and hay particularly alfalfa. Most of this is talk started by dishonest sportsmen who want to hunt out of season, but there is probably some truth in it in the Imperial country.

Hutchin's Goose, in the good old days when I was hunting in Los Angeles and Orange and San Diego counties, came in on the winds of the winter with the flocks of Snow Geese. A subspecies of the Canada Goose, yet seldom, associating with its larger relative, Hutchin's goose is one of the anomalies of the game bird world.

Rarely, indeed, out of high heaven on the far north, dropping down on the trailing edge of some terrific storm, a few Black Brant will come to the mudflats or seacoast marshes. Little known of sportsmen generally, the black brant, wary and watchful, walking slowly along some deserted shore, is frequently "passed up" by the shooter, who as often as not, thinks them some huge kind of surf duck. A few minutes watching, however, will soon disillusion any hunter, for the brant never dives, while all the scoters get the major portion of their food by diving for it.

The homes of all the geese and the brant, of course, are in the far north, way up where the shadow of the Circle alone protects them from the fires of the aurora. There in rude nests, hastily scratched together and lined with down from the breasts of the parent birds, from two to six buff-green or pale yellow-gray eggs are laid. Sometimes one female goose has been found covering as many as twelve eggs, but it is believed some other bird, deprived of a place to lay her own eggs, left some of them in the home of the sitting goose.

THE CHOICE

THERE are some who boast of a sunny coast
  Where the summer's beauty strays;
Of a whole day long with the ocean's song
  And nights in the moon-lit bays,
Where they loll by light and linger by night
  And eat and dream and sleep,
And listless lie 'neath a soothing sky
  Or rock on the idle deep.

Give them their ease and their sea-shore breeze,
  O give them their fashion and code!
But give me the stars through the cedar bars
  And the old camp's winding road.
Give me the rest of the dim wood's breast,
  The 'toil at early morn,
The long, long tramp through dew and damp
  With the call of the luring horn.

Give them their joys which sin alloys;
  O give them their moon and love!
But leave me the gloom which the pines assume
  And the lonely ridge above.
They may have the days for their own sweet ways,
  Their idols of grime and sod—
But give me the gold of slash and wold
  And Nature's naked God.

—*S. A. White.*

THE FIGHT OF THE RAMS

By J. Edgar Ross

THE dining-room door was pushed ajar and a head appeared. "Come out on the veranda when you have finished your breakfast," it said, "and I will show you the mountain sheep that I spoke of the other day." Then the head was withdrawn and the door closed behind it.

I was a traveling photographer in those days and my business had taken me to Dillon, a small village in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, early in the spring. The mountain-tops were still covered with snow, but in the valleys and on some of the southern slopes the earth had cast off its white mantle and was robing itself in delicate green. The tender new grass, I well knew, would tempt the sheep and deer of mountain and forest to graze in places where they could not be found later in the season and during hours that would be very unusual at other times.

No Nimrod am I. Indeed I dislike to take the life of any creature and seldom do unless driven to it by necessity. But I had long coveted a pair of horns or antlers with which to decorate a certain corner of my private den, and in order to have a right to display them thus I felt that I must kill and rob their original owner rather than buy them honestly at second hand. The time and place seemed quite opportune for the carrying out of my project and as soon as I was settled I had asked my landlord about the prospect of finding game in the vicinity. In answer he had pointed out an open space on the side of a mountain some four or five miles distant and told me that a flock of mountain sheep were frequently to be seen grazing there. "I got the leader of the flock last year," he added. "But there's two fine rams left and no one has been after them since. They can't be very wild, and if you want a pair of horns you will never have a better opportunity to get them." He had promised to let me know when next the sheep appeared, and the mission of the head had been the fulfilment of his promise.

I hastily finished my breakfast and hurried out to the veranda. The landlord handed me a pair of field-glasses and by their aid I was able to count thirteen creatures that were evidently grazing. But the distance was so great that the rams could not be distinguished from the rest of the flock. They might, indeed, have been domestic sheep for all I could see. But what I could not see my imagination and the landlord's description readily supplied and I needed no urging to accept the proffered loan of a gun.

I went upstairs to change my clothes and when I returned, though I had been absent but a few minutes, all my fellow-boarders were assembled in the hotel office to see me off. The season's work in the mines had not yet begun; and the miners, after a long winter of idleness, were only too glad of any diversion from the regular routine of eating, sleeping, and card-playing. I expected to be the butt of many a good-natured jest, but as my wits had seldom failed me in framing a retort I felt no concern. But the jests took a different form from what I had expected. The miners were all sure that I would get one or both of the rams and were only anxious to advise me as to the best way to remove the head and the best taxidermist to send it to. Their banters annoyed me much more than I cared to have them know. It was quite plain that they considered mountain sheep a game that would tax the patience and skill of an experienced hunter—and me a raw tenderfoot who might better be hunting rabbits! I realized that they were about right, and that my chances of securing the coveted pair of horns depended on good fortune rather than my skill. Otherwise their jests would not have been so exasperating. The miners followed me out to the veranda and called their advice after me as I walked away. I determined to turn the laugh back on them, but there seemed to be only one way in which that could be done. That way was to bring back a ram.

I followed the valley road for some distance and then turned aside to make my way along a cañon that led up the mountain and passed

near the feeding-ground of the sheep. I found the bottom of the cañon filled with hard snow and made quite rapid progress, as the ascent was gradual and never very great. I soon reached the talus that the landlord had told me was at about the same altitude as the spot where the sheep were grazing. But there I found the bottom of the cañon covered with the debris of a recent slide and the walking very difficult. Several times I attempted to ascend the talus despite the caution that I had received against it, but always found the footing so unstable that I soon turned back. At last I reached a point where the talus was broken by an almost perpendicular cliff and between talus and cliff, or rather partly on one and partly on the other, I slowly made my way up the side of the gorge.

Once out of the cañon I had but a short climb to a rocky promontory from which I could plainly see my game. They were still a good half mile away, but the glass which I had brought with me made them appear within pistol shot. There were two full grown rams in the flock and each wore as fine a pair of horns as I have ever seen. All were grazing as unconcerned as domestic cattle and to me it seemed an easy task to creep near enough to make sure of my victim without giving them a hint of my presence.

I was at about the same altitude as the grazing flock. Remembering the landlord's caution to aproach the game only from above I turned back and made my way along the brink of the cañon till I reached a belt of pine forest that girdled the mountain. There the snow was deep and the walking good, and without any special caution I hurried along till I saw fresh sheep tracks. I followed the trail slowly and cautiously till I reached the edge of the forest and saw the flock still grazing in the open meadow below. Then I got down on hands and knees, and utilizing every available cover, sometimes a shrub or fallen tree, sometimes a hillock or boulder, I slowly crept closer to the unsuspecting game. At last I reached a pile of rocks and found myself still some three hundred yards from the nearest ram with nothing beyond to afford concealment. There was another heap of rocks about thirty yards to one side, but it was no nearer than the one where I lay concealed.

Those rock-heaps had at one time been great boulders, but the successive frosts and thaws of ages had broken them into irregular fragments weighing from a grain to several tons, and left them in mounds where the original boulders had stood. A better place of concealment I could not have asked.

Had I been a good shot I would not have hesitated about firing at the nearest ram. But it seemed highly probable that in grazing they would sooner or later come near enough so that I could be reasonably sure of success, and I concluded to wait. I knew that success or failure would depend on my first shot, but if I had known how long my vigil was to last I might have been less ready to begin it.

It was not yet noon when I took my position among the rocks, and the sun was just warm enough to make the place comfortable. For a time I watched the sheep and practiced aiming at the nearest ram. When that got monotonous I fell to admiring the panorama spread out before me. The black cliffs and dazzling white slopes of the mountain peaks, the dark forests that covered the lower hills, and the delicate green of the valley. With my glass I followed the winding course of the rail and wagon road and traced the zig-zag path of the burro trails that led from the valley to the mines in the surrounding mountains. Then I turned the glass on the village lying far below me and tried to while away the time by speculating on the identity of the men whom I occasionally saw walking about on the streets.

But before the afternoon was half over I had lost all interest in everything but the sheep. The excitement of the stalk had entirely given place to impatience, for they seemed to have no intention of quitting their feeding-ground. The grass was short, but most of them had satisfied their appetites and were either lying down or standing about idly chewing the cud. They appeared to have no fear of being disturbed and to exercise no special caution to guard against surprise. Sometimes one of them would raise its head, sniff the air, scan the valley below for a few seconds, and then assume its former attitude of indifference. Neither of the rams seemed to have a special care for the flock, but mixed with the ewes and yearlings apparently on an equal footing. Instead of coming closer, as I had expected, they had gradually worked down the mountain till the nearest one was hopelessly out of range.

My position among the rocks was far from being an enviable one. Apart from the natural irksomeness of doing nothing but wait, I was beginning to suffer from the cold, for the sun

had gone so low that I was left entirely in the shade. The careless indifference of the sheep, too, was quite exasperating. Had they been more cautious they would have been likely to retreat to the very heap of rocks where I lay concealed before they settled down to enjoy an afternoon rest. But they chose, instead, to remain in that open meadow, in plain view of the village and the surrounding country.

Slowly the sun sank in the west. Gradually the cold that had first attacked my feet crept up my limbs and through my body till it set my teeth to chattering. Lower and lower went my hopes of securing a pair of horns, for their owners seemed perfectly content and likely to remain where they were all night.

But suddenly, as if they had received some signal of danger, every sheep in the flock started and with heads turned toward the valley assumed an attitude of attention. For fully a minute they stood motionless. Then they turned this way and that, sniffing the air for some scent of danger and scanning every rock and tree that might conceal an enemy. But one by one they seemed to conclude that the alarm was false and no danger near. I could soon see, however, that they were rather restless and wary. Presently one of the rams started up toward the forest and the remainder of the flock followed at some distance behind.

They were headed straight toward my place of concealment and I hastily put aside my glass and thrust the muzzle of my rifle through a narrow opening between two rocks. Through that crack I could plainly see them without danger of being seen by them. I kept my eyes fixed on the leader and mentally calculated the decreasing distance that separated us. Three hundred yards, two hundred and fifty, two hundred. On he came; stepping proudly, carrying his head majestically, looking neither to the right nor left. But though he seemed indifferent to his surroundings he evidently saw more than I, for suddenly he wheeled like a flash and with three quick bounds landed in the middle of the flock. I heard a clash, and as the startled ewes and yearlings quickly got out of the way I saw the two rams facing each other.

The aggressor stood on higher ground than the foe that disputed his supremacy, but he showed no disposition to retain his unfair advantage. The other ram backed slowly away, at the same time working his way to higher ground with a sidelong motion. When both occupied equal ground, each of the combatants shook his head, gave a snort of defiance and charged with race-horse speed. They met with a terrific clash and then backed away as slowly and deliberately as if the fight was a rehearsal. Again and again these tactics were repeated. Again and again those magnificent horns met, with a force that would have battered down a stone wall but seemed to have no effect upon the rams. They were equally matched in strength and it seemed evident that the fight would be simply a test of endurance unless I ended it with a bullet. This I was loth to do. But a fear that through some unforseen accident the rams would ultimately escape prompted me to take that course and I had decided to shoot the nearest ram when he was preparing for the next charge. But just then one of the ewes gave a "Baa-ah" and the flock rushed pell-mell up the slope with a long tawny streak of something following in great leaps.

The rams forgot their domestic quarrel, and as the terrified flock rushed past them both turned to face the common enemy. Leaping upon a fighting ram is a different matter from pulling down a fleeing ewe. So the mountain lion seemed to think as he stood glaring at the two warriors and angrily whipping the air with his long tail. The rams had the advantage of higher ground, and to me it seemed like madness for the lion to attack them. I fully expected him to turn tail and slink away, but he was evidently driven to desperation by hunger and loth to give up all prospect of a mutton supper. He stood for a time irresolute, but when one of the rams began to back away he ran quickly to the side and headed for the heap of rocks above. The rams seemed to realize the advantage that such a position would give him and both turned and bounded toward the other rock-pile where I lay concealed. But the lion changed his course immediately and came after them in mighty leaps. Another bound would have landed him on the back of one of the rams and they were still hopelessly out of reach of the rocks. But again they turned to face him.

The lion stopped and for a moment all three of the creatures stood on guard. Then one of the rams backed a few steps and like a thunderbolt charged straight at the crouching cat. Had a blow from those terrible horns fallen where it was aimed the lion's head would have been crushed to a pulp, but the

agile creature leaped out of harm's way and as the ram passed him like a whirlwind he turned to follow it. If it had been alone in the fight that charge would have been its last. Before it could have recovered from the momentum gathered in its fierce onslaught the lion's claws would have been on its back and the lion's teeth in its throat. But even as the lion turned the other ram charged him, though less fiercely, and he was again compelled to seek safety in flight. This time he darted away to the rocks and passed out of my sight.

I quickly changed my position, and though the new one was not as well concealed there seemed to be no danger of my being seen during the excitement of the combat. The rams stood on guard but evidently they could not see the lion for they seemed at a loss to know from what point to expect an attack. Presently, however, a big savage head appeared on the top of a boulder and the lion's long sinuous body followed, clinging close to the rock as if the crafty cat was trying to conceal itself. Yet it must have known that it was seen, for the rams were slowly advancing side by side; stamping the ground and snorting defiance.

The lion kept his position on the rock; his head down and motionless, his tail slowly beating the air, and the muscles of his great legs working as if to gather strength for a mighty leap. His head was a good mark and with my rifle rested on the rock I took a steady aim and fired. The big cat shot through the air and fell half way between the rams and the boulder where it had lain. As I raised up and worked the magazine lever I saw those proud heads lowered as if to meet the lions next bound with a charge. But I knew that the lion had made his last leap and taking a hasty aim at one of the rams I pulled the trigger. The mark was a fair one and the distance not more than fifty yards, but even before I heard the report I knew that the bullet had gone wild. I might have taken more time for that shot but I failed to realize it till it was too late. In an instant the sheep saw their new danger and bounded away, taking a course across the sloping meadow toward the forest. It would have taken a good marksman to bring down one of those rams, but I fired again at a venture. It was some satisfaction to me when I saw the dust fly from a point that showed my miss to be a narrow one.

My first bullet had gone through the lion's head, and when I walked out to where he lay he was limp and motionless. I worked as fast as my cold-stiffened fingers would permit, but before I got the lion skinned the sun was down. I hurried across the meadow and down the mountain the nearest way, and before it was too dark to see my way got out of the forest and reached the valley road two miles from the village.

A crowd of men was collected in the office when I reached the hotel. Some of them carried lighted lanterns and were bundled up in caps and overcoats and there seemed to be a general bustle of preparation.

"Why here he is", one of the men cried as I entered. Then he added to me "We were just going to look for you."

"To look for me", I said as contemptuously as I could. "Why you must think I'm a tenderfoot to get lost in these foothills."

"We didn't think you were lost", the landlord explained apologetically. "But we saw the sheep in the meadow till late in the afternoon and thought that you had fallen in the cañon and gotten hurt."

"Pshaw, you couldn't fall in that cañon unless you went to sleep. And then you would simply slide to the bottom and have to climb up again."

"If a fifty-ton boulder happened to slide down on top of you it isn't likely that you would care to climb up again," some one suggested.

That sally made my flesh creep and I made no reply.

"Did you get your ram?" asked one of my fellow-boarders, eying the big, bulging game-bag that the landlord had loaned me.

I opened the bag and drew out the skin.

"Oh", he exclaimed, "you shot a ewe! You ought to be mobbed!"

"Oh I don't know," someone said soothingly. "A ewe is better than no meat."

I unrolled the skin, which I had carefully folded fur side in and wrapped around the unskinned head, and with a quick toss unfolded it and threw it on the floor.

"Gee! It's a mountain lion! And a whopper too! How did you get him?"

I told them in as few words as possible—just as if killing mountain lions was an everyday occurrence with me! Then I went in to supper.

THE INEVITABLE

HE NEVER went a-hunting
And forgot to take his gun;
And if he shot a dozen quail
He'd not tell you twenty-one.
He was just an honest sportsman,
Who, no matter how they flew—
You could depend upon it—
He would tell you what was true.

He never walked along the street
With ducks he had to buy.
The birds he carried homeward
He brought down from the sky.
If he shot four he'd say no more,
Nor stretch it into eight;
He was just an honest sportsman
Who would not prevaricate.

The others always looked on him
As quite the model kind—
The really honest sportsman
That you so seldom find.
But once he went a-fishing,
And his friends are now dismayed:
He proved to be just common clay—
He told how much it weighed!

—*Harry T. Fee.*

THIRTY MILES IN A MOTOR BOAT ON THE PACIFIC ON A DECEMBER MIDNIGHT

By Harry H. Dunn.

TWELVE miles from land, out in the heart of the Santa Barbara Channel, with a heavy ground swell running, the little eighteen footer was rapidly putting Point Firmin light behind.

"How's she head, Mate?"

"Sou' by Sou'east; three-quarters East."

"Hold her steady on the course."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

It was Captain Winfield of the good motor-boat Unome, out of San Pedro, bound for Newport Bay, who spoke.

On the Port Bow the lights of Long Beach, gay city of the South Coast, were but a flashing glimmer of yellow against the mainland haze. Fifteen miles to seaward the dark bulk of Catalina Island loomed large in the starlight, while over the stern the sinking moon laid a path of silver across the rolling waters.

We had left Los Angeles, the Captain and the Mate (who fortunately happened to be the writer), on the midnight car, and in an hour were driving down the broad bay at San Pedro, the Harbor City of Southern California, past myriad shadowy schooners sleeping in the tide.

At the entrance to the bay we turned the Unome's nose sharp to the open sea, leaving behind a score of launches and motor boats riding easily at anchor in the rising and falling tide of the sheltered harbor. Never such a December night lay on any sea in the world. Roman triremes, cutting the Mediter-

ranean with ribbons of silver where the oars of countless slaves made foam of the Inland Sea, never glided beneath such a moon or over such a quiescent ocean as this.

On the starboard beam the lone red eye of Point Firmin light glowed in the darkness, alike a warning and a welcome to mariners coming into port from north or south. On the port beam a crimson blaze in the calm night marked the end of Dead Man's Island —and then we were in the rythmic rise and fall of the swell across the bar.

Like a thing of life the Unome, built from the forests of northern Wisconsin and borne on seas far from her home, rode the waves out, out, out, until the roar of the surf was lost and the line of lights which marked the coast cities became a flash here and there, now seen, now gone beneath the crest of some landward-rolling swell.

Three thousand miles away we knew were hundreds, mayhap thousands of motor boats, safely housed in their sheds, the while the ice sheet lay thick on the rivers and the lakes in which they were wont to glide when summer lay on the land. But here we were in the open sea, our overcoats unbuttoned, our hands without gloves, the warm spray from the sharp bows of the throbbing boat flying over us as we sped down the coast on a course over which we had never sailed before.

Once out in the Channel, almost straight off Long Beach, we threw the wheel over and headed south for the port of our heart's desire, the little bay at Balboa, below Newport, where the Unome was to lie at at anchor for the use of their masters in their duck-hunting expeditions. And it was here that the Captain, watching the moon over the stern, made query of the Mate at the wheel in the bow.

Three and one half horsepower was all we had to drive the little boat on, but so calm was the sea, so perfectly still all the winds that at times wander wantonly in off the face of the deep, that we ran like a scared deer down the pretty Southern California coast, all of its beach cities asleep in the moon and starlit night.

At three o'clock in the morning we had left Long Beach astern, and at four we held Naples and Bay City on the port bow, while all the sea round about us was filled with floating logs, piers torn from some wharf by the recent storm, causing the steersman to keep out a weather eye. Running as we were eight or ten miles an hour, going with the tide which was rapidly setting in toward the South Coast, one blow from a floating pile would have ended the career of the Unome then and there; weighted with her engine she would have gone to the bottom of the channel like lead. And all we had to swim on was one pair of oars, which, considering the weight of the Captain and the Mate, were not susceptible of inspiring confidence in the safe arrival of the aforesaid Captain and Mate at the sheltering Port of Balboa.

Once out in the Channel, and headed due for a star which the Captain figured hung about over Newport, we began to feel the rip of the tide, setting in strong, sou' by sou'east by sou', but we did not notice it much until we saw that the steersman had to keep throwing the wheel over to starb'rd to hold the Unome in her course .

The Captain, seated in the stern, watching the light of Point Firmin growing less and less, saw it swing more and more on the starb'rd beam; more and more the nose of the boat was crowded into the sea, and still we drifted into the land.

Then we concluded it was about time to eat. Did you ever eat on the sea? Ever hunt deer all day, starting out without any breakfast and coming into camp at eight o'clock at night to fry your own bacon and flapjacks? Ever travel twenty miles ahead of the cook wagon on the desert, and have it fail to come up with you, the cook deciding that he has gone far enough and halts the caravan for supper just on the edge of sunset, while you are far ahead? Ever go trout fishing and lose your way behind a mountain which looks the size of Everest, but which in reality is about as big as a sandhill down on the mouth of the Mississippi, and have to walk half the night on the way home before you get any supper?

Well, just weld all these together and you know how hungry you get on the sea. Before we left San Pedro we filled up on ham of the pig and eggs of the hen. Incidentally we had the cook in the little "all-night" joint where we ate split *four* loaves of French bread, toast the halves and then fill them with ham. We ate all four out there in the Channel, lashing the wheel while we did it, and drank a couple of quarts of the stuff that made Milwaukee and St. Louis and some fifty or sixty more cities famous. And, believe me, we still were hungry!

Just as we were taking the last bite the Unome gave a sudden lurch to port, a huge swell picked her up like a feather, carried her in a good two hundred feet, a flash of white curled under her very bows, a familiar roar smote our ears even above the throbbing of the engine—and we were in the first breaker, rushing for the land as fast as a full tide tearing in could carry us.

The white teeth of that first comber seemed to reach out to grip the little eighteen-footer in their curling, sneering, angry grasp; the red moon, so long a beacon of light over the quiet sea, seemed a blood crimsoned eye, glaring at us, urging the waves to do their worst to draw us down, down, into the next breaker and the next and the next, until we were cast up on the hard sands of the beach, not more than 200 yards away.

But neither the Captain or the Mate stopped to think about the wishes of the moon or the waves or the beach. Whirling the wheel over hard to starb'rd, reversing the engine until the Unome turned in the trough of the swell, then sending her forward till she met the first breaker from the landward side just before it broke, we were once more headed for the open sea.

And then, on the very crest of that big comber which rolled and rolled but never seemed to break we stuck, the screw beating the water wildly, the little engine throbbing bravely at its task, the bow pointed straight for the far, dark hulk of Catalina, lying low on the water. It seemed an hour, possibly it was half a minute that we hung so, suspended betwixt sky and sandy ocean bed on the crest of that wave, and then the screw caught the water, the Unome leaped ahead and we were off. After that the mere process of eating—and we ate whenever we could—did not materially interfere with the steersman watching the wheel.

Once out at sea four or five miles, fighting the incoming tide all the way, we picked up the course by the stars again and settled down under the spray hood to beat our way to Newport. A herd of seals, evidently moving from one of the Channel Islands to the mainland coast, came about the boat, evidently lured in a measure by the acetylene light on the bow. Its rays glowed back from their glassy eyes, and though we took them at first for floating logs they soon showed us that our engine was no match for their flippers and tails, and were gone down the coast at a speed the Lusitania might well have envied.

In the band there were six, and when near the boat they swam with about half their bodies out of the water; but as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity they dropped beneath the sea like submarines, leaving only their noses to show above the surface as they swam. Behind they left ripples, like those made by beavers as they swim just under the top of the water of some pond they have made.

The sense of direction by which these seals guide themselves must be wonderful. I have met them in the middle of the Santa Barbara Channel swimming thus, with their eyes closed and only the tips of their black snouts showing, but they always were headed for the mainland as the crow flies and they held their course straight as an arrow. Seals well known at Catalina, where there is a regular rookery of the strange swimmers, frequently come to San Pedro on the mainland, where they are recognized by fishermen who have seen them in Avalon Harbor.

Under water or above, they seem to know just where they want to go and equally well how to get there. Now and then a leopard seal (*Phoca vitulena*) one of the rarest of these animals in South Coast waters, wanders down here from the Far North, and must make a long swim to cover all the distance from Alaska and North Canadian waters where is its home.

But I am wandering after the seals that passed us in the midst of the December night. After our clash with the breakers we sort of lost sense or location, and when we bent our way in to the land, or rather the coast line came out to meet us, we saw on the port bow again a huge square of lights.

"Long Beach on the port bow," sang out the Mate to the Captain.

"Long Beach! We're twenty miles from Long Beach," came Captain Winfield's reply. But when we got together and talked it over we decided that there was no other similar square of lights except the Long Beach pavilion on the whole South Coast. "It can't be," said the Captain. "But what else is it?" parried the Mate.

And finally, the crew of the Unome, which is to say, the Captain and the Mate, decided to cruise around out in the channel until break of day should tell them where they were. Up and down, in and out, round and round, never losing sight of that great blotch

of light, we drove the little power boat in the channel, until even the engine protested at the huge ground swells of the full tide with which it had to do battle every time we turned the nose of the boat to the sea.

Slowly as we cruised, along the far edge of the sky, above the black wall of the mountains, fifty miles inland, the white rim of day grew. Whiter and yet more white it flared until the sand hills flashed an occasional blotch of pallor on the purple haze of the coast. The myriad nebulae of the "Milky Way" faded into oneness with the shallow blue of the sky, while the night, fighting for its grip on the universe, slipped off into the west, and all the east blushed into a rosy glow of coming day.

Out over the sea came a gull; from under the very bow of the boat another rose from his nap on the waves to join the bird in the heavens and, skimming the water with winged feet, a bird of the petrel tribe winnowed the swells for his morning food. A thousand smelt, fleeing from some hungry monster of the deep, broke the water in tiny incandescent spray. Darker and darker grew the phosphoresence the screw had been churning from among the animalcule hordes of the waves, until it only left two long ribbons of white foam, where all night long had been streamers of fire.

Back over the sea we gazed, back to where Catalina hemmed us in from the retreating night. And as we gazed up shot the sun. Not as on the land rises the sun on the sea; first long fingers of palest rose reach out, scarring the pallid curtain of white, tearing into the trailing robes of fleeting night, forcing a pathway for the ball of fire. Up it comes, not slowly, and creeping over the crest of some mountain range it paints the sierra all the hues of the rainbow, rolling like some great meteor hissing and sizzling from a bath in the Atlantic, to spread its rays over the westernmost of oceans.

So came up the orb of day on us that dawning, five miles out at sea. And as we gazed straight into its ruby face there flashed out beneath, hugging the coast line and the hills at the same time, the little city of Newport. Below it Balboa slept in the first warm rays of the sun, and above it still shone the four-square lights which had so far misled us—the lights of the pavilion at Huntington Beach, of which we had never even heard.

Then we pointed the Unome's bow straight for Balboa, skimming past the wharf at Newport, catching the tide just on the turn and rushing up on the first breaker's swell, almost into the mouth of the bay. There for an instant we rested and looked out on the ocean. Back, just below the pavilion that had so fooled us, we could see the rise and fall of the water on the great sand bar that here puts out for five miles into the sea, and on which we came so near going, drawn in by the tide rip which, we afterwards learned, sets strongly across the front of Huntington Beach. In all probability we could have swum ashore had the boat overturned in the shallow surf, but the thought of what might have happened had we been hurled overboard in our overcoats, was not reassuring—at least not to the Mate.

All this time we had been drifting a little bit closer to the white teeth of the breakers on the bar; not much, for the tide was just on the turn, about to ebb again, but enough to give us the full crest of a big comber under the stern of the boat as the Captain, shouting "Here we go!" shot her nose into the back of the breaker just ahead of us and away we went for the bar.

No race horse, no flying auto—I had almost said no rifle ball!— ever made the same distance in so short a time as we made that run through the surf at Balboa. The first breaker carried us a good two hundred and fifty feet in and the next one, smaller of course, bore us squarely between the cliffs that come down to guard the little harbor's mouth.

Then the engine caught the swell of the sea just over the bar, there was a mighty swash of water under the beam as one last weak breaker hit the sturdy little boat, and we were across, thirty-one miles from our starting point and safe in Newport harbor, shortly after dawn of the midnight start. The rest of the journey was easy: To moor the little boat, cover her up, get lunch, and take the car back to Los Angeles, some thirty miles away overland, took but a short time, and we were home and in bed by noon or shortly after.

And this is motor-boating in the open Pacific in December: more exhilarating than automobiling and just a trifle more fraught with danger, but a pleasure which has, until the past two or three years, been almost entirely overlooked, even by the men who can afford to and do bring their magnificent touring cars here every winter.

Ready for the Evening Flight

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN
THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

SOME BETS OVERLOOKED

IF IT be true, as Tom Lawson says, that all business is a gamble, then we respectfully urge that several big gamesters in this neck of the woods are apathetically overlooking some very important bets.

The Southern Pacific R. R. Co., for example, derives an enormous income annually from traveling sportsmen, freights on sporting appliances, etc., an amount estimated conservatively to be in the millions each year. The conservation of and healthy increase in the sportsmen's desire to go afield is therefore logically a very intimate part of the "S. P.'s" business and it should be eager to make it such. Yet, outside of issuing a little chestnutty literature of a very general character, this corporation seemingly does nothing to stimulate the sporting instinct.

We respectfully suggest that a cheap, easy and very effectual plan of advancing the interests of all concerned would be to establish a daily bulletin of the conditions obtaining at each and every point along the line of and contiguous to their system. Let this bulletin state accurately and concisely the weather, water and game conditions at each point. In this way sportsmen would be tempted to go afield oftener—and what is more to the point, at the right time. In their present lack of information on this head sportsmen do not care to go to expense and take chances which generally prove unsatisfactory and discouraging. Knowing, on the contrary, when the water is right, the weather propitious and the fish biting, hundreds of men who would ordinarily stay at home would gladly improve their assured opportunities with gratifying results to all. And so with the hunters of feathered and furred game.

This applies to all railway companies running into San Francisco, as well as to the daily papers, who could obtain from the railway companies, without cost, all this data for daily publication. It would be much appreciated by sportsmen and would be a very desirable hit-making space filler. The railway companies could collate all the news very easily; they should require their station agents to send in such reports daily by wire and then give the matter to the daily papers for publication.

In some sections of the country this is not only done, but it is further supplemented by offers of substantial prizes for record sized fish and other game animals. One prominent Denver daily pays $50 in gold to every angler who catches a trout of 10 pounds or more in weight. It has been called upon to pay this amount no less than four times in one season to the writer's knowledge. The railway companies offer as prizes for similar achievements a season's free transportation to the lucky sportsmen; and several of the prominent sporting goods dealers offer individual prizes for similar large fish or game secured with ammunition and equipment supplied by them.

Repeating our primary observation, a good many important bets are being overlooked here. Maybe the hint will bear fruit.

* * *

GETTING READY

THIS is the time of year when the wise angler gets down his tackle box and rod and reel cases and makes a searching investigation of the contents thereof, prepara-

tory to the merry campaign which every true fisherman has projected upon the screen of futurity.

There is a positive pleasure in this work, for it is provocative of happy reminiscences. How the memory tingles in recalling that red-letter fight in which the windings of this rod came to grief, the unfortunate stumble which smashed this tip, and the inexplicable reason why the capricious fish went crazy over this nondescript fly that you cannot even name—no flytier on earth cataloguing it. With what lively satisfaction you whirl the spool of your favorite reel—the easiest running, smoothest, and in all ways best winch in the world (to your notion). With what tender concern you suddenly discover that one of the screws is loose, the rubber side plate cracked or the handle bent askew! And then to your dismay you find your most dependable line snapping like rotten pack thread under your over-confident test.

Now your investigation is one of minute carefulness and exaggerated detail. Realizing the deficiencies of your outfit, you proceed to weed out all the dubious propositions—and it is characteristic that you give no appurtenance the benefit of the slightest doubt. Remembering how you lost that whale on Nonsuch creek last year through the treachery of a frayed leader, kinked snell, loose tip-end or guide, a dry-rotted line or a refractory reel pinion, you determine to guard against another such calamity this year, and every last article in the kit comes in for a rigid inspection.

Now, this always results in an entailed replenishment and refurbishment of your whole layout, and in this lies an anticipatory delight unknowable and therefore unrecked by all save the fully initiated of the gentle guild. For the job is an endless one and the pleasure is in direct proportion. There is not a man-jack of us who won't buy more unnecessary things this season than he does necessary ones, for once the fever gets in the blood we all go the length of our purses' possibilities without stint. In every tackle box in the land there are more curious whatnots that never caught and never will catch a fish, than there are dependable lures; for in angling we care not a rap for the other fellow's experiences, but place much stress, and all our reasoning, on our own. So we mostly go over the same ground, both astream and in the shops, and we all lay in about the same lot of useless duffel, which we by no manner of means, however, ever throw away under any circumstances.

Before me as I write stands an open trunk of fishing tackle, a tender legacy to the writer from one of America's most adroit and eminent anglers, now gone across the Great Divide. Though he was first, last and all the time a Simon-pure fly fisherman, one who was never known to use bait or lure of any kind except the confections of silk, tinsel and feathers, which he so delicately made in person, there is a full half-bushel of gangs, spoons, spinners, artificial frogs and minnows, celluloid and rubber bugs, worms, crustaceans and the like—not one of which has ever had even a trial baptism of water and most of which are in the sealed original packages. The mystery of it is beyond the comprehension of men other than anglers to the manner born. *We* know the why of it and don't care a rap whether the other fellows are "wise to it" or not—and, besides, I won't have to buy any of these things now that I've got them.

The rest of the world is missing a whole lot of fun in not having a fishing kit to overhaul these days; and it is going to miss a lot more later on when the streams purl their seductions in our eager ears. Anglers are particularly fortunate in having this tender care to distract their minds from the manifold deviltries, debts and duns of these troublous times. It's a God-given hobby on which we ride out of the Slough of Despond. Therefore, brethren of the angle, give praise that you are able to get out your winding silk, varnish bottle and other plunder necessary to the making whole of your prospective pleasure and the means of attaining it. Let's get everything good and ready and then, ho! for the mystic delights that will clear up the cobwebs in our frenzy financed brains.

California Game and Fish Laws 1907-1909

HUNTING LICENSES — Residents $1.00; non-residents $10.00; aliens $25.00. Licenses must be carried afield and shown on demand.

SALE of all game and birds prohibited except ducks, geese and brant.

SALE of Trout under one (1) pound or Striped Bass under three (3) pounds prohibited.

UNLAWFUL AT ALL TIMES to shoot game between half hour after sunset and half hour before sunrise; or to net or trap any game animals or birds, or to take the eggs or destroy the nests of game or other wild birds; or to shoot on enclosed or cultivated grounds, when posted, without permission; or to kill any Elk, Doe, Fawn, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Swan, Pheasant, Imported Quail, Grouse, Sage-hen, Blue or White Heron ("Crane"), Sea-gull or any non-game birds except Geese, Brant, Sharp-shinned, Cooper's and Duck Hawks, Great Horned Owl, English Sparrow, Linnet, Blue Jay, Butcher Bird (Shrike) and such fish eating birds as are not mentioned above.

SHIPPING GAME—All game and fish must be shipped in open view, with name and address of shipper.

OPEN SEASONS.

DEER—(Bucks only) July 15 to Oct. 1. Limit 2 for the season. Dogs can only be used for trailing wounded deer.

VALLEY QUAIL, CURLEW and other SHORE BIRDS—Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL—Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DOVES—July 15 to Oct. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DUCKS—Oct. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 35 per day.

WILSON or "JACK" SNIPE—Oct. 15 to April 1. Limit 25 per day.

TREE SQUIRREL—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 12 in one season.

SALMON—Oct. 23 to Sept. 17 of the following year. [Closed above tide water from Oct. 23 to Nov. 15].

TROUT AND WHITEFISH—(Hook and line only), May 1 to Nov. 15. Limit 50 fish (but not to exceed 25 lbs.) No fish less than 5 inches in length.

STEELHEAD TROUT—(Hook and line only,) May 1 to Sept. 17 and Oct. 23 to Feb. 1, [April is also an open month in tide water.] Limit 50 fish not less than 5 inches in length.

BLACK BASS—(Hook and line only,) June 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 50 fish.

GOLDEN TROUT, STURGEON AND SACRAMENTO PERCH —NO open season.

PENALTIES—Killing Elk, imprisonment from 1 to 2 years; killing Does, Fawns, Antelope or Mountain Sheep, $50 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any other game law, $25 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any fish law, $20 to $500 or imprisonment. Using any explosives for killing fish, $250 or imprisonment. Attempted violation punishable same as actual violation.

GAME LAWS IN HANDY FORM

We present herewith a full sized cut of a handsome aluminum card, issued by Western Field for the benefit of Sportsmen, which gives at a glance a condensed, yet sufficiently complete resumé of the game laws of California.

These handsome metal cards—which are very light and of a convenient size to carry in the vest pocket—will be sent to anyone free. Simply enclose two cent stamp for return postage and same will be forwarded without delay. Dealers in sporting goods will be supplied with quantities for free distribution on request. Address Western Field Co., 609-10 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

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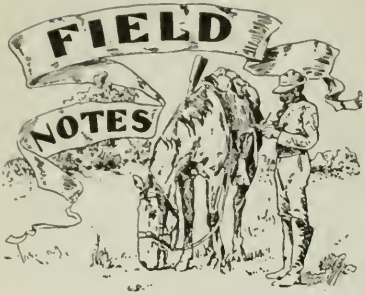


THE INTERNATIONAL FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT

PLANS for the International Tournament of Fly and Bait Casters to be held during the month of August at Chicago, Ill., are being shaped up. This tournament is held under the auspices of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, which comprises a membership of over 2000 fly and bait casters scattered from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The tourney is given by the Illinois Bait Casting Club of the South Side, Chicago, and will very likely be held at their charming lagoon in Washington Park.

At the annual meeting and dinner of the Illinois Bait Casting Club the spirit of fellowship was at its best, and the fine enthusiasm which prevailed over tournament plans was gratifying.

Another incident that will be of interest to clubs throughout the country was the decided approval of the plan of degree buttons, which the club put in practice this past season. These gold buttons are for proficiency at target contests during the season, and are awarded for averages of all the scores made in the twelve events of bait casting, and eight events of fly casting by each contestant, no button being awarded unless all scores planned are completed.

The officers chosen for the coming year are Charles W. Keiser, president of the club; E. H. Matthews, vice-president; H. E. Rice, secretary-treasurer, and George A. Murrell, captain.

Executive committee: The above officers with Charles P. Clifford, H. R. Winfield and William Stanley.

The newly chosen president took up the tournament affairs at once and appointed the following committees:

Finance: Charles W. Keiser, chairman; C. P. Clifford, P. J. Linderman, J. H. Raynolds, E. H. Matthews, William H. Clegg, J. M. Ranney, William Stanley, C. S. Lawrence.

Tournament: Members of the club, Executive Committee and ex-officio H. Wheeler Perce, president; H. E. Rice, secretary of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs.

Program and Prizes: H. E. Rice, George A. Davis, Charles W. Keiser.

Publicity: L. E. De Garmo, M. W. Pinckney, Dr. Charles H. Lodor, Dr. B. L. Rawlins, L. N. Place.

Grounds and Equipment: George A. Murrell, W. W. McFarlin, L. E. De Garmo, Charles Gustrine, J. E. Amann, J. M. Schroeder, A. Wagner, N. C. Heston.

Entertainment: W. J. Strickland, chairman; H. C. Chapman, A. C. Cobb, Harry English, James Lindauer, A. S. True, W. O. Van Trese, F. F. Porter.

Reception: George Eulette, chairman; B. Greenwood, B. Hardenbrook, F. W. Hemminghaus, W. J. Jamison, W. S. Lockwood, W. H. Spencer, David R. Linder, J. D. Jones, John E. Diehl, H. F. Wait, O. C. Wehle, George Hog.

Trophies: H. R. Winfield, chairman; A. H. Whitley, Dr. B. L. Rawlins, N. C. Heston.

These tournaments, national in character, have proven to be one long-needed bond to draw the angling fraternity closer in touch on matters affecting their pleasure, on lake and stream, as well as developing the finest spirit of friendly rivalry on the casting platform.

Anglers affiliated with the casting clubs and those who are as yet unattached will find an unusually attractive program coming to their attention as the plans mature. It is assured the attendance will be by far the largest ever witnessed so far in the pursuit of the sport, the honors more than ever worth striving for and given favorable conditions, the records to be made will unquestionably be the highest yet attained, while the "forward look" toward measures for protection and propagation of game fishes in fresh and sea waters will be widened, and the standard of sportsmanship among anglers raised to a higher plane than ever.

It is planned to give every visiting angler the time of his life in the pleasure of "the game."

* * *

THE LAKE CRESCENT COUNTRY

Editor Western Field.

Dear Sir,—About that trip to the lakes back of Port Angeles, Wash., concerning which I promised to write you: The bunch went for the week's outing as planned. These Lakes are about twenty miles west and a little south of Port Angeles. The larger, Lake Crescent, being as its name indicates crescent-shaped, is about twelve miles around from end to end and averages a mile or so in width. A mile and a half east of Crescent, about one hundred feet lower but with no connection between the two, is Lake Sutherland, about three miles long and a half mile at its widest.

Lake Crescent is a beautiful body of water entirely surrounded by mountains and is a growing summer resort. It is fine fishing ground, but is especially noted as the home of the Beardslee trout (*Salmo beardsleii*, Jordan and Searles), named after Admiral Beardslee, its discoverer. It is a distinct variety of trout and runs, it is claimed, up to twenty pounds in weight, although I have never seen one over sixteen pounds. It lies in very deep water, 100 to 200 feet, the rig used in catching being a heavy line ending with a copper wire leader, a "Tacoma" spoon and a large hook set say two feet below the spoon and baited with a strip of halibut belly, the whole weighted with lead so that it will go down-

down, down, and then trolled from a boat very slowly. You can imagine the result when one is hooked, as they are fighters.

We put in the most of our time at Lake Sutherland. Entirely surrounded by mountains, and timbered to its edge, it is fed by streams at its westerly and has its outflow at the eastern end. About 1500 feet elevation, its waters are as clear and pure as melted snow and springs can make them. Including the Mt. Whitney Golden trout transplanted there some years ago, there are five distinct varieties of trout in this lake, running all the way from small speckled boys up to Salmo's that will weigh eight to ten pounds. There are lily-covered coves, sand-bars, inflowing srteams and deep water with sunken logs. We fly-fish among the lily pads, bait-fish at the intakes, cast on the bars and troll everywhere; get tired, tie our boats up to a willow and lay down and sleep in the sun and—wake up and go at it again! One of the party has a three-room cabin there all furnished with a complete cooking outfit and bedding. He also has a number of boats. We take along plenty of grub, eat fish until we are ashamed to look them in the face, and have a good time.

"Our methods?" Everything is done out of a boat. In fly fishing, we of course try until we find a killer for that day and use that; plenty of room for whipping, with no brush to interfere. In bait fishing, we use a rod and short line with either salmon eggs or angle worms, tie up to an overhanging limb of a tree at the side of the incoming stream and fish in the eddy. In casting, we use a small spinner, generally with a bright feather covering the hook. In trolling, we have tried everything, but the best success we have had has been with a rig with the hook set about eight inches from the spinner and baited with either a strip of halibut belly about an inch longer than the hook with the large end tied to the eye of the hook, or a small bull head. We lead this so that with slow rowing it will play three to four feet below the surface of the water when near the shore, and deeper when in deeper water.

Speaking of spinners, I wonder if you are familiar with the baits put out by J. J. Hildebrandt of Logansport, Indiana. If you are not, you have got something to learn about a spinner. I have been using them for two seasons now and they have everything that I know of beaten to a frazzle. His baits are all good killers in either stream or lake and they spin with absolutely no effort, the slightest motion of the hand or boat setting them going. They require no swivel, as they turn around the rig, not the rig with them, which is a great feature. I have discarded everything else in the spinner line for the "Hildy." These spinners, rigged as noted above for lake fishing, gets them the best of anything we have used. I refer now to the big boys, four and five pounds and up, as those are the ones we go after, there being plenty of them in the lake.

We kept our fish in live boxes, eating those that were too badly pricked to live and those that died in the boxes. We killed them the day we broke camp. After leaving with the other three fellows all that they wanted for their families and friends in Port Angeles, I brought home with me an even one hundred fish. By measurement, not one was under eight inches in length and twelve of them weighed over five pounds each, dressed, among them a true, white-meated mountain trout weighing over six pounds dressed.

I must tell you how I pack fish, as it has proven successful every time, those that I brought home this time, as every other time since I got onto it, coming through hard and fine. I gut them and wipe them perfectly dry, inside and out, with pieces of old gunny sacks taken along for that purpose. Gunny sacking or burlap cuts the dirt and slime off them better than any other cloth that I have ever used. I then build them up in layers between fern leaves, or wild pea vine, putting plenty of the green stuff between and all around them, and then roll them up *tight* in sacking, which I cut open for that purpose, tying them good and tight and not opening until I get them home. I do not put any salt on them nor allow any water to touch them at any time until the package is opened and they are washed for cooking. Salt makes them slimy and water makes them soft. If I have any number to dress and pack, the first will be stiff and hard before I am ready to pack them and stay so until opened, the green stuff letting the air circulate through and tending to keep them cool. I have never lost a fish packed that way, have never used ice around them while traveling, have kept them two and three days before opening and found them all right, hard and sweet.

You will pardon my running on at this length. I wanted to tell you about the trip and when I get started on the subject of "feesh" I do not know when to stop.

Sincerely yours,

F. A. HUGGINS.

P. O. Box 585, Seattle, Wash.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

ISOLATED and remote from the whirl and noise of civilization is the Elk River valley in the southeastern part of the Kootenay district of British Columbia, northeast of Spokane, which today is declared by seasoned sportsmen to be one of the most prolific and varied big game ranges on the American continent. Elk roam the valley in bands of hundreds and beaver have colonized thousands. This is due in a large measure to the restrictions adopted by the provincial government and the excellent grazing range afforded. Elk and beaver have been protected since 1905 and the close season will continue until 1911.

R. L. Laird of Spokane, who has explored parts of the valley, declares that the measure of protection afforded the big game in the preserve has not been half-hearted; in fact, he adds, it is the belief of government officials, guides and others familiar with the district, that the law has been strictly observed with the result that elk and beaver, bear, deer, goats, mountain sheep and other fur-bearing animals have increased and are today probably more abundant than at any other period within the last half century. Mr. Laird said in describing the country:

"Elk river rises a couple of hundred miles north of the Crows Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific railroad and runs in a general way due south to that line, finding its way ultimately into the Kootenay river, which in turn feeds the Columbia river. From the town of Michel, an important coal mining community and the outfitting point for the upper Elk river country, the valley stretches eight to ten miles wide and is abundantly watered by the swift Elk river, literally alive with the gamiest trout that ever fought for a piscator's fly. On the uplands are thousands of acres of grazing land, covered with a thick growth of grass resembling the 'prairie wool' which makes the cattle ranges of Alberta and Saskatchewan unrivalled, horses preferring it to timothy. This grass cures itself and affords an ideal range for elk, deer, goats and big horn sheep.

"For countless years the valley of the Elk was a famous hunting ground for Indians, the aborigines of the hills and prairies gathering there annually to restock their larders for the winter. When the white man arrived and began his usual tactics with regard to the beaver and elk the game dwindled rapidly, and there was grave danger of the extinction of both varieties. Realizing this the government declared a long close season and the game secured a fresh lease of life. Energetic game wardens have succeeded in keeping the Indians out of the valley, while the guides and trappers have cooperated in the preservation of protected game, realizing that when the close season lapses the importance of the district as a big game range will bring them a golden harvest.

"It is expected that sportsmen will be restricted to one bull elk annually after 1911, while a further close season may be declared for beaver. The last named animals have increased remarkably and the nature-lover who desires to study the habits of beaver at close range can satisfy himself to the full. The elk have become careless and indifferent to visitors, and parties entering the country commonly encounter bands of elk which manifest but slight disposition to waive the right of way on the trails.

"The highlands of Elk river valley are ideal ranges for mountain goats and the famous big horn sheep. These can be found at any time within a day's march from camp, although, as elsewhere, the matter of shooting either variety depends wholly upon the sportsman's skill as a stalker and taxes the expert's experience and endurance. Several experienced guides may be found at Michel with well equipped pack trains, and the outfitting point is best reached from Spokane."

Dr. Henry Power, secretary of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver Club, has issued an annual statement showing that 1907 was the most successful year in the history of the organization and that if the plans for 1908 are carried out this year will eclipse all others. He says among other things in his report:

"The coming year will be most interesting, as besides the regular Wasbington state competitions and the local club program for the winter shoot, matches have been arranged or are now in process of adjustment with the Shell Mound Rifle club of California, March 15; the North Yakima Rifle club at a date in the near future; also a match with the Oregon Rifle and Revolver association of Salem, and a pistol match with the Seattle Rifle and Revolver club. To this must be added a probable match with the German Rifle club of Coeur d'Alene, and one with the Company H of the National Guard of Washington.

"To better carry out this program the club has decided to increase the initiation fee to $4, but will continue for the present to keep the yearly dues at $1, preferring to make up the necessary deficit as formerly by voluntary contributions from those who have the interests of the movement at heart."

* * *

Spokane Rifle and Revolver club was awarded the trophy presented by the National Rifle association to the Washington association as the result of a contest in which Seattle, Tacoma and North Yakima also competed. The latter two were disqualified and Spokane was higher than Seattle. The winning score was 427 out of a possible 525. The next best score was 407 by Tacoma. North Yakima claimed 450, but this was not allowed by the officers of the state association because of the failure to abide by the rules of the shoot, having shot on Sunday instead of Saturday as ordered by the rules of the league. The Spokane club has sent notice to the Yakima club that it will gladly receive a challenge to a shoot under the same rules and conditions governing the national shoot.

A Group of Archers on the Coronado Range

ARCHERY—THE SPORT OF ALL AGES

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY

EXCEPT hunting and dancing, the most ancient of all exercises and recreations is archery. For ages the bow was the most effective instrument of the chase and the most deadly weapon of war. The continent of Australia and the adjacent islands are the only considerable part of the earth in which archery has never been practiced. Though the use of the bow as a military weapon has almost ceased, it is hardly possible to imagine a time when bows and arrows will not be made. Many books, manuscripts and paintings deal with archery and its practice. The literatures of Greece and Rome contain innumerable references to archery and many representations of archers are found in Assyrian and Persian sculptures, the wall-paintings of Egypt and on Greek coins and vases. The exploits of Robin Hood and his picturesque band of outlaws furnished material for some of the most charming ballads in the English language.

Archers played an important part in the battles of William the Conqueror. The Welsh archers of the eleventh century were famous for their powerful elm bows and for centuries the English archers were the mainstay of the army. The famous victories of Crecy, Poictiers and Agincourt were won largely by the archers and all through the fourteenth century the English long-bowman proved his worth on land and sea, whether attacking or defending. It was the introduction of hand fire-arms that proved the death-blow to archery in warfare, but at least two centuries passed before the bow was finally abandoned as the principal English weapon. Bow and gun were used side by side nearly to the end of the sixteenth century, but in the last ten years of that century and the early years of the seventeenth the bow lost ground rapidly. The most famous and valuable book ever written on archery is Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus or the Schole of Shootinge," which gives a full account of archery, in Tudor times and practical instructions, many of which are useful at the present day. The book was published in 1545 and has been reprinted many times.

The popularity of archery as a recreation was greatest during the period of the use of the bow as a military weapon. Though archery was practised

chiefly by the lower classes of society, the higher also used the bow for sport and pleasure. Many of the kings and queens of England were conspicuously skillful archers. Queen Elizabeth is said to have organized a corps of archers among the ladies of her court. Archery was common in early days in the public schools of England, part of the playing fields at Eton having at one time been known at the "shooting field." At Harrow the custom of shooting for the Silver Arrow lasted till 1771. In 1781 Sir Ashton Lever founded the Toxophilite Society, of which the Prince of Wales accepted the office of patron in 1787. After the death of Sir Ashton Lever, the Earl of Aylesford, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Leeds were successively Presidents of the Toxophilite Society, which in 1791 had 168 members and a ground of its own. Later King William IV became its patron and gave an annual prize. In 1833 the society obtained a lease from the crown of a fine shooting-ground of about six acres in the Inner Circle of Regent's Park, between the Botanical Gardens and the ornamental water. The Hall is a handsome building decorated with pictures, bows and trophies of the chase, the windows being filled with stained glass bearing the coats of arms of the founder, patrons and past presidents of the Society. In 1840 the Prince Consort became patron and in 1847 the Society adopted the prefix "Royal." After the death of the Prince Consort the Society had no patron till 1870 the Prince of Wales accepted the office. The R. T. S. is the leading body of archers and exercises a great and far-reaching influence over the sport of archery. Since the institution of the Grand National Championship in 1844 up to 1894 only three men had won it who either had not belonged or did not belong to the Society. Many members drop in to the "Tox" to shoot a round and enjoy a chat in the same way as other men go to a club to play a rubber.

The establishment of the R. T. S. brought about a revival of archery as a pastime. Many societies were established throughout England and in 1789 representatives of the various bodies were appointed to make arrangements for an "Annual General Meeting of the Archers of Great Britain" at Blackheath, Surrey. Not enough detailed information as to the shooting at these meetings is preserved to enable a comparison with the archer of the present day to be made. Many of the early archery societies, however, had but a short existence. In the opening years of Queen Victoria's reign archery revived and various attempts were made to establish a general meeting of archers. But no really large public meeting was held until the first Grand National at York in 1844, which marked a new era in the history of the pastime. On account of bad weather the meeting was not completed in one day, as had been intended, but went over to a second, the round consisting of seventy-two arrows at one hundred yards, forty-eight at eighty yards, and twenty-four at sixty yards, now known as the York Round. The Rev. J. Higginson made the highest score (221) with fifty-three hits and captured a vase valued at about $275.00. Another parson, the Rev. E. Meyrick, won a $125.00 cup for most hits (58), his score being 218.

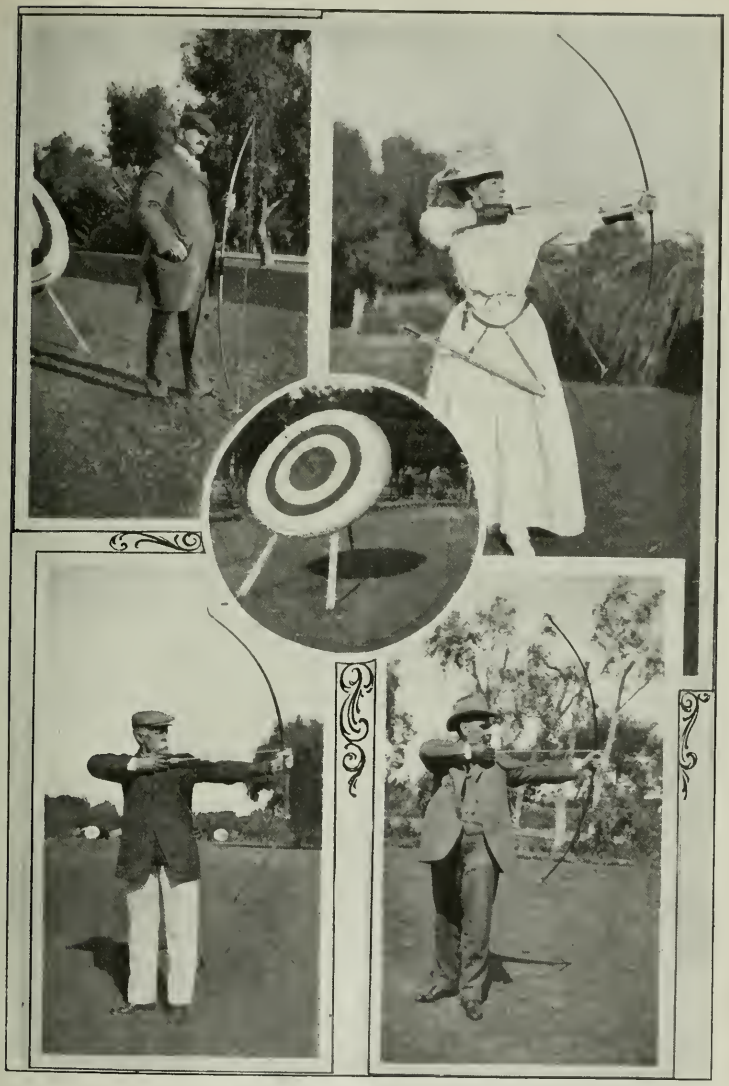
A second meeting was held on August 25th and 26th, 1845, six prizes being offered to ladies, eleven of whom took part. After a third meeting at York, in 1846, the fourth and fifth meetings took place at Derby, in 1847 and 1848. In the latter year the Champion's Medal for men was first shot for, H. A. Ford, still famed as the most skillful archer that ever lived, making his first appearance. At a third meeting at Derby in 1849 the ladies for the first time shot what is now called the "National Round" of forty-eight arrows at sixty yards, twenty-four at fifty yards, which they have shot every year since except in 1850, when the meeting was held at Edinburgh. In 1851-3 the meetings took place at Leamington, no fewer than thirty-three ladies participating in the first of these, at which Miss Villiers made the fine score of 504. At the meeting of the G. N. A. S. at Shrewsbury in 1854 H. A. Ford for the first time in the annals of the Society scored 1000, making 234 hits and 1070 score in the Double Round. At one end he put all three arrows into the gold at 100 yards, a feat that has been repeated only once (by Colonel Burton in 1891). In 1857 at the Cheltenham meeting H. A. Ford scored 1251 with 245 hits, a score that has never been approached since. In 1859 it was proposed to give the Champion's Gold Medal permanently to H. A. Ford, who had won it eleven years consecutively, but the proposal was not carried. Later annual meetings were held at Bath, Liverpool, Worcester, Oxford, Clifton, Norwich, Brighton, Hereford and Aston Park (near Birmingham). At Bath in 1870, in spite of exceedingly hot weather, four ladies made scores of more than 600, and ten men of more than 700. After annual meetings at Cheltenham, Leamington, Winchester and Richmond (Surrey), Sandown Park was visited in 1876. Here H. H. Palairet and Major C. H. Fisher were tied with 770 score, 180 hits, Palairet having one arrow to shoot. Palairet put this last shaft into the black and won the championship. In 1886 the Grand National meeting was held in conjunction with the Grand Western Archery Society at Bath. Seven ladies made scores exceeding 600 and C. E. Nesham scored more than 1000, a score never made at a Grand National meeting before except by H. A. Ford.

Other important English meetings are the Leamington and Midland Counties' meeting, the Crystal Palace Archery meeting, the Grand Western Archery Society and the Grand Northern meeting.

There are two systems of scoring in scratch competitions. The usual and the natural way (as it would seem to persons unfamiliar with the refinements of archery) is to award the first prize to the archer who makes the highest score; but some competitions—one of these being the Championship of Great Britain—are decided by points. Ten points are awarded on the York Round, single or double, these being apportioned as follows:

Two points for most hits on the round.
Two points for highest score on the round.
One point for highest score at 100 yards.
One point for highest score at 100 yards.
One point for most hits at eighty yards.
One point for highest score at eighty yards.
One point for most hits at sixty yards.
One point for highest seore at sixty yards.

In the National Round shot for the Ladies' Championship eight points are allotted: Two for most hits and two for highest score; one point for hits and one point for highest score at sixty yards and fifty yards respectively.



SOME PROMINENT AMERICAN ARCHERS

L. Frank Baum, Chicago
Dr. Edward B. Weston, Chicago.
Ex. President National Archery Assn.

A good 60-yard score, counts 44

Mrs. Solomon Sturges, Chicago
Mr. Cochrane Armour, Chicago

Inasmuch as the present values (9, 7, 5, 3, 1 for the gold, red, blue, black and white rings of the target) are satisfactory to archers, there seems to be no advantage in deciding a match by points rather than by score. Of course, it often happens that the archer who makes the highest score also scores most points, but instances of an anomalous kind occur occasionally in the championship contests. In 1894 it was decided that the championship should be awarded to the archer gaining the greatest number of points, provided that these for gross hits or gross score are included; any points won by other archers to be re-distributed among those gaining the points for gross hits or gross score.

To turn to archery in the United States. When the revival of archery took place in Great Britain towards the close of the eighteenth century, the people of the United States were too busy in subduing and settling new territory to have much time to devote to recreation. But in the second quarter of the nineteenth century modern archery began to be practised in the United States. Many clubs were organized, but in a few years all but one of them passed out of existence. This was the United Bowmen of Philadelphia, who in 1828 formed an association that furnished healthful and agreeable exercise to its members for thirty years. A silver vase was bought as a Championship Trophy and was shot for each year by the members. This vase is now deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. In 1859 the association ceased to exist and for the next twenty years there is no evidence of any important archery meetings. A few enthusiasts, such as Maurice Thompson and Will H. Thompson, used bows and arrows in hunting. In 1877 and 1878 Maurice Thompson wrote several articles on archery, these articles being afterwards collected and published under the title of "The Witchery of Archery." Inspired by these tales, many bowmen in the Northern States formed clubs, the members of which were taught by persons who had practised archery in Great Britain.

On January 23, 1879, a National Archery Association was organized at Crawfordsville, Ind., Maurice Thompson being elected President. The first National Archery meeting took place at Chicago in August of that year, Will H. Thompson winning the championship with a score for the Double York Round of 624 and 172 hits. New rounds at shorter distances than those shot in England were introduced. The American Round consisted of thirty arrows each at sixty, fifty and forty yards; and the Columbia Round for ladies of twenty-four arrows each at fifty, forty and thirty yards. Mrs. S. Brown of Hastings, Mich., won the first championship for ladies, with 110 hits, 548 score, at the Double Columbia round. In 1881 the National Round, consisting of forty-eight arrows at sixty yards and twenty-four arrows at fifty yards was adopted for the Ladies' Championship, the Columbia being retained for the Short Range Championship. Other rounds are the Potomac and the Ohio. At the first meeting money as well as special prizes were contested for, but at all later meetings money prizes were barred.

The second National Meeting was held at Buffalo in 1880, Will H. Thompson (160 hits, 702 score) being beaten by L. L. Peddinghaus (152 hits, 706 score) for the Men's Championship, which was decided by best gross score. Mrs. T. Davis won the Ladies' Championship by an ample margin, her gross score being 598 and that of her nearest competitor 530. The third meeting, held at Brooklyn in 1881, attracted competitors from Massachusetts to California. Will H. Thompson took the fourth place with 583, the three archers who beat him scoring 706, 745 and 763, all better scores than Thompson's championship score in 1879 and than his score at Buffalo in 1880. The Men's Championship was won by Frank Walworth with five points. Mrs. A. H. Gibbs won the Ladies' Championship, capturing all eight points. In 1882 the same lady won the championship again making all the eight points at the Double National Round. In 1884, at a very small meeting, held at Pullman, Ill., only one lady and fifteen men competing, Will H. Thompson recovered the championship, with four points, 174 hits, 760 score. About this time many of the clubs in the Atlantic States died out, the Ohio Valley being the center of greatest interest in archery. An Eastern association was formed, the members of which did not compete at the meetings of the National Association. In 1888 Will H. Thompson, with five and one-half out of ten points, won the championship for the third time, with 175 hits, 733 score. L. W. Maxson's score being 739 with 171 hits. In 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893 L. W. Maxson won the Men's Championship.

In archery, as in many other things, the tendency in the United States is to render it easier to make good scores and to lessen the distances. The American Round for men consists of thirty arrows each at sixty, fifty and forty yards; and the Columbia Round for women of twenty-four arrows each at fifty, forty and thirty yards. Englishwomen shoot at sixty and fifty yards, while Scotchmen practice long-distance shooting at 180 or even 200 yards. The recreative side of archery is not so much in evidence in the United States as in England, the programme at American public meetings including more than twice as much shooting as at the principal English meetings. At a meeting in the United States shooting begins at 9 in the morning and lasts till after sunset. In order to enable the competitors to accomplish so much shooting the English practice has been changed in some respects. In England each competitor at an archery meet shoots an "end" of three arrows and then walks to the opposite end of the range. In the United States an archer shoots six arrows before advancing to the target to draw his shafts; the targets being generally set at one end only of the range, instead of at either end. Inasmuch as the American has few chances of match shooting, his scores at National meetings fall greatly below the average in practice. The American records for the Double York Round in public competition are 215 hits, 995 score, made by Col. Robert Williams at the National meeting in 1885, and 220 hits, 1042 score, made by the same archer at the Ohio State Association meeting in 1883. Yet in practice Col. Williams made eleven Double York Rounds of more than 1000 points in the year 1883 and one score of 1363 points in 1885. Col. Williams was the most promising American archer, and, had he kept up the sport, would certainly have bettered the American record.

Though there are in America many woods, such as

Dr. E. B. Weston on the Range at Coronado
A—Point of Aim, Curved White Line Showing Flight of Arrow

black walnut, mountain ash, hickory, etc., well suited for bows, the lack of expert bowmakers has made it hard to obtain a satisfactory weapon of American timber and manufacture. Californian yew makes a good bow-stave and from 1880-1882 some excellent weapons were made of this wood in San Francisco and New York. It is important in the United States to have a bow made of a dense wood, which is little affected by change of temperature and retains its power after long use. For even on a summer day the atmosphere varies so much in temperature and humidity that the cast of a bow made from soft wood is changed greatly. Most archers, therefore, prefer a bow of lance-wood or other hard wood. The most noted maker of bows in the United States is F. S. Barnes of Forest Grove, Oregon, who was archery instructor at the Hotel Del Coronado in 1906. The strength required to draw a bow varies greatly. A woman of ordinary physique shoots a bow having a pull of twenty pounds or more, while men's bows vary from thirty to fifty-four pounds' pull. The best arrows are made of pine wood, footed with hardwood and having steel points; they are feathered with peacock feathers. The "nock", or place where the arrow fits upon the string, is of horn. A very important thing about an arrow is its balance. All the arrows of a set should not only be of the same weight, but should balance at the same point along the shaft. The weight of an arrow is computed in a curious manner, by comparison with English silver coins: a 4 arrow, for example, weighs four English shillings; a 3/9 arrow weighs as much as three shillings, a sixpence and a 3-penny-bit.

The target is made of straw tightly wound and wrapped, with a face of painted oil-cloth. In the centre of the face is a gold circle, which is surrounded by concentric circles of red, blue, black and white. An arrow that pierces the gold scores 9 points; one that pierces the red, 7 points; the blue, 5; the black, 3, and the outer white rim, 1 point. If an arrow touches the black ring, it counts as a black; if it touches the red ring, as a red, and so on. If an arrow strikes the target but does not remain sticking in it, the shooter counts one point. The target has a diameter of four feet and is supported on a stand of iron or wood.

The act of shooting an arrow from a bow consists of six separate parts—standing, nocking, drawing, aiming, holding and loosing. The standing of the archer is highly important. When preparing to shoot, the archer takes up a position in which his left side faces the target, while a line drawn from the object aimed at—the centre of the target—would pass through the middle of his heels, between which there is a space of six to eight inches. The body should be erect, but not rigid; the legs straight and the weight distributed evenly on both feet. If a wind renders it necessary to aim to one side or other of the target, the archer should take up his position with reference to the point aimed at and not with reference to the target. The arrow is "nocked" with the left hand close to the body, the fingers of the right hand being placed on the string, the first finger above and the second and third fingers below the "nock" of the arrow, close to it but not pressing against it. The usual practice is to put the fingers on the string in such a way that the string lies straight across them, with enough bend in them to bring the tips level.

The "point of aim" varies with the distance of the target, but there is no such thing in archery, as a point-blank aim. The archer must learn by experience the spot which is the "point of aim" at each distance. Dr. Edward B. Weston of Chicago, formerly President and now Secretary-Treasurer of the National Archery Association of the United States, writes to me as follows on the subject:

"The 'point of aim' is a term used to describe the correct method of aiming in using the long bow for target-shooting. It was first formulated by Mr. Horace A. Ford of England. It is a very simple procedure and the novice in archery usually comprehends it quickly. But to make it more readily understood, I have had a diagrammatic photograph made. The archer stands, with arrow drawn, ready to shoot, the point of the arrow elevated to such an angle that, if perfectly shot, it will strike the gold. Now, if, instead of letting the arrow go, he looks over its point, he well see that it covers the 'point of aim', in other words, the line of vision extending from the right eye over the point of the arrow will reach the ground at the 'point' A, which is somewhere on a straight line from the archer to the target. When the archer is ready to shoot again, if he fixes his eye on A and covers it with the point of his arrow when he looses, he will hit the target. It is not necessary that the target should be even seen. This method of aiming will enable the archer to keep both the right elevation and direction. Direct and indirect vision, and the exact length of draw at which the aim should be taken, need not be discussed here. The 'point of aim' is at a different

distance for different archers, different strength of bow and different ranges, so that each archer has to determine it for himself. At the longest ranges the 'point of aim' is often some point at a distance above the target. In the photograph the straight white line represents the line of vision and the curved white line shows the course of the arrow."

Archery is not greatly in vogue in California but there is a range on the grounds of the Claremont Country Club, one of the members of which, Mr. J. O. Cadman, is an enthusiastic and skillful archer. Mr. Frank C. Havens of Oakland, an old-time archer and holder of some records, sent $500.00 to the National Archery Association for the purchase of two trophies, which were offered at the annual meeting held in Chicago in August of this year. One trophy was awarded to the man making the highest score at the American Round, and the other to the lady making the largest score at the Columbia Round, both becoming the personal property of the winners. For the first three months of this year Dr. Edward B. Weston and Mrs. Weston (who is also a good archer) lived at the Hotel Del Coronado, at Coronado Beach. Under their able and kindly tuition many of the visitors at the hotel took up the sport of archery, among them being L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," Mrs. Baum, M. Cochrane Armour of Chicago, Mrs. Solomon Sturges of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Inman of Atlanta, Ga. The range was on the great lawn to the northeast of the hotel. The pastime was much enjoyed and created more enthusiasm than ever before among the winter and spring visitors.

It is desirable, at summer or winter resorts to offer opportunities for as many sports and recreations as possible; since they tend to keep visitors pleasantly employed and to render their stay more interesting and healthful than it would be otherwise. With this object in view, it has been proposed to establish an archery range at Del Monte; but up to the present time nothing has been done in this direction. If a sufficient margin of safety for wild shots is allowed, an archery range requires a good deal of space; and at Del Monte it is not easy to find a large enough lawn, free from trees and far enough from paths along which people may walk at any time. It is quite likely, however, that arrangements will be made for an archery ground at Del Monte in the future. Archery is a most agreeable recreation for people who find lawn tennis and similar sports too strenuous and who do not feel an interest in golf. Archery affords easy, pleasant, healthful but not too violent exercise. It tends to expand the chest and cause the lungs to inhale pure air. It leads to the formation of pleasant acquaintanceships and (to quote the words of a well-known English writer on archery)—"certain it is that few regret the day when first they became slaves of the bow."

The annual tournament of the National Archery Association of the United States for 1908 will be held at Chicago, Ill., August 18 to 21, inclusive. There will be competitions for men's championships in the Double York Round at 100, 80 and 60 yards, and in the Double American Round at 60, 50 and 40 yards; and for women's championships in the Double National Round at 60 and 50 yards, and in the Double Columbia Round at 50, 40 and 30 yards; with medals for the best scores at each distance in all four events. In last year's tournament H. B. Richardson won the championship in the Double York Round with 184 hits, 860 score; and Colonel Robert Williams, Jr., won the championship in the Double American Round with 175 hits, 1009 score. Mrs. M. C. Howell won the championship in the Double National Round and Double Columbia Round. The Havens Trophies, valued at $250.00 each, presented by Mr. Frank C. Havens, of Oakland, were won by Colonel Robert Williams, Jr., of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. M. C. Howell of Cincinnati. The Spalding medals for most golds were captured by H. B. Richardson and Mrs. M. C. Howell. Mary C. Williams, a little girl of nine years, won the Junior Medal for girls under eighteen. The Chicago archers won the Team Round, and H. B. Richardson and Mrs. Amelia Barbe won the Flight Shooting with 218 yards and 147 yards, respectively.

On the Coronado Range

THE ART OF SHOOTING

By An Old Devotee

Part II. The Shot Gun.
(Continued.)

NATURALLY one must load his gun before he can shoot it, and this brings us to the very important matter of how to charge the weapon for the best possible results under varying conditions. It is a fortunate thing for the shooter that a gun's capabilities are elastic and can be stretched to meet any reasonable requirement. And the fact that these requirements are very many, and differ greatly from each other in actual practice, should be thoroughly understood and appreciated from the beginning,

For example: one requires a very different load for inanimate targets in trap shooting from that which he employs in the field for game shooting; and the load he needs for snipe and quail is a very different proposition to that which the wise man shoots at geese, brant or turkeys.

Trap shooting is comparatively a thing of unvarying and uniform conditions. The distances are always the same, the objective target is always the same in size, color, shape and, practically, speed. The targets are more easily scored, for the impact of a single shot is usually sufficient to break one, and "dead birds" are secured under conditions that would not even momentarily phase a live bird, either at the traps under the same conditions or in the much more complicated conditions that obtain in the field, where distance, speed and vitality all alter the aspect, and the environment is usually against the shooter in the matter of retrieving his wounded prey. At the traps it is usually enough to *hit* the inanimate object aimed at; in the field you want not only to hit, but to *kill* your quarry—to "kill it *dead*".

The *sine qua non* of good shooting, is smokeless powder and chilled shot. The latter is imperative to regular work, for ordinary unhardened shot will "ball up", become deformed in passing through the gun barrel, and as a consequence fly irregularly and eccentrically after leaving the muzzle. Such deformed shot also are retarded by increased friction with the air, lose penetration and otherwise destroy the effect desired. The few cents additional are well spent in buying chilled shot which are, in comparison, almost free from these objections. The superior qualities of smokeless powder are universally conceded and need not be enlarged on here. Suffice it to say that any standard brand of modern explosive is too good for the good of the game. A choice among them is a matter of personal taste and preference, but one thing I wish to impress on the beginner: When you find by experiment which powder fits your individual idiosyncrasies best, Stick to it! And when you find what quantities of it are correct for the various uses you put it to, Stick to them, too! The object of this is to insure perfect uniformity, which will go a long way toward your ultimate success.

Another factor of vital importance is wadding—both the quality and quantity of it and the correct placement of it in the shell. This has a bigger bearing on the result than most shooters, even old experienced ones, realize. It is a safe rule to have, when using *dense* nitro powders, about one fourth more wadding than powder in your shell. That is, if the powder fills say ½ inch of the shell in depth, have at least ⅝ inch of wadding on top of it—6/8 will be even better. In my experience I have found that it is always best to sacrifice a little powder if necessary in order to secure good wadding. In using *bulk* nitros the wadding may be a little less than the above—say as an extreme, the same depth as the powder. A spongy, elastic wad is better than a hard, non-compressible one. It makes less recoil, gives better penetration and velocity, and will not ball the shot, the propulsive force being gradually exerted under the cumulative compression of the wad, instead of the sharp and

sudden dynamic blow that hard wads will transmit to the shot ahead of them. They also fill the bore of the gun more perfectly and so confine the gases where they belong. As almost any kind of load can now be secured, ready loaded by the great ammunition companies, my advice is: *do not buy a cheap-quality shell at any price;* the cost of a good shell is only a negligible fraction more and it is obviously loaded with better material and more care. But don't forget that these shells, even of the highest quality, are loaded with the intention of having them strike a good general average in all weapons of the gauges to which they are adapted. Even if of superlative quality otherwise, they may not be the best loads suited to your particular gun. This must be determined by trial, for each and every gun has an individuality as sharply defined as those of human beings.

The size and quantity of shot employed are essentially relegable to the things you wish to kill. In trap shooting at blue-rock and similar targets use Nos. 7, 7½ or 8 as suits your gun best. Don't overload with powder; and be sure to use plenty of wadding. You are after accuracy and even distribution of your shot—you want "pattern" not penetration. If one ounce of shot will be delivered on the target more evenly than one-and-one-eighth or one-and-one-quarter ounces, use that amount and no more. I am positive that most trap-shooters use over-loads of shot. And if shooting live pigeons at the trap the above remarks are still more applicable. The smaller shot load will "get there" more quickly and have more penetration. And this is likewise true of game loads shot afield.

The problem of game loads is more complex. If game always rose at practically the same distance from the shooter, as is virtually the case in quail and snipe shooting over pointing dogs, it would be easy to formulate one all 'round load; it *is* possible in fact to do so for the birds mentioned. In all this kind of shooting a certain amount of deliberation in firing is possible, and so in the majority of instances one can let his bird get just the right distance away for the gun's best execution. Here you want as wide and yet as regularly distributed pattern as can be obtained with sufficient penetration to kill. This is best secured in the majority of guns by employing *more shot* and *less powder* than is necessary for heavier work at irregular ranges like goose, brant and duck shooting. I think most shooters will find the best work of their guns on quail and snipe done with one-sixth less powder and one-eighth more shot than they habitually use in the duck blind. The shot, of course, for such birds at comparatively short ranges should be smaller than those employed for larger game at greater distances; numbers 8, 9 and even 10 giving the best results.

For duck shooting at sensible ranges—ranges which no wise duck shooter will try to exceed, say 50 yards or less, Nos. 5 or 6 will be heavy enough, *provided that an overload of shot be not employed.* For this kind of shooting one wants speed (velocity) and penetration, with a *fair* pattern—one not "bunchy" but with the shot a little wider apart than in quail and snipe patterns. This is best attained by decreasing the shot and increasing the powder. In goose and brant shooting *at long range* I advise big shot (No. 2 to "0") despite the advice of experts to the contrary. My reason is that such sizes of shot will keep their velocity and attendant penetration at these extreme ranges, whereas the smaller sizes, up to No. 4 for instance, will hardly break the glass in a window pane at the same distances, there being a remarkable and seemingly disproportionate decrease of efficiency in the small pellets as the range is increased. The secret of long range kills with big shot is to use only a moderate amount of shot, placed in even layers in the shell, backed by plenty of wadding and powder. In every shot-gun shell the wadding over the shot should be as light as possible, the shell should be firmly and evenly crimped, and there should be a hard grease-proof wad next to the powder and a soft card wad next to (under) the shot, with plenty of elastic wads between the two.

Assuming that you have now loaded your gun; have sworn on the blade of your knife that you will never, even by accident, let its muzzle—even when the weapon is unloaded—be pointed at anything except that which you wish to kill; that you have by experience determined the best load to use in your particular gun for each purpose—trap, light field shooting and heavy work, we will examine into the philosophy of why you don't want to aim directly at a moving object in order to hit it, and just *how* you

should "hold," in each and every instance under the varying conditions of shooting, in order to get your shot effectively in the place where it will do the most harm; for that is logically the end to which you are aspiring. In order to make these elucidations elucidate unmistakably we shall now show by means of diagrams and other illustrations just how each shot should be fired in order to accomplish the end sought.

(To be continued.)

THE GUN CRANKS

By One of Them

VERILY this is the day of the gun crank. The lover of the scatter-gun and the elusive whirling saucers may shoot until his beloved gun is chokeless and his shooting shoulder is kicked well around behind his opposite ear, and this any time of the year and any place.

The joys and difficulties of the revolver are just beginning to be appreciated by the lover of firearms, and it bids fair to equal the rifle in popularity at the present rate of increase in revolver enthusiasts.

But both of these arms are at present outclassed by that good old standby, the rifle. The movement is spreading through the East in the form of rifle clubs, and there are indications that the germ has found lodging in California, but the genuine rifle lover—and his name is legion—needs no club to keep up his interest in the beautiful weapon of precision.

There are certain accepted types of shotguns and certain well defined limits as to gauge, weight, etc., that allow of little debate; and beyond the tendency toward the smaller, cleaner killing gauges, as the sixteen and twenty, there has been but little change in the scatter-gun in the past ten or fifteen years. There may be a little room for argument as to the relative merits of the 12 or the 20 gauge; the brother who shoots the "Pump" gun may disagree with the double gun enthusiast, but beyond these minor differences all is peace in the ranks of the scatter-gun artists.

There is more or less disagreement in the revolver camp; there are those, who using the Younghorse revolver, speak disparagingly of the users of other makes, and say of them that guardians or a lunacy commission is indicated by their selection of hand weapons. Then again *these* gentlemen speak hardly in reply and say evil things of the Younghorse enthusiasts; and between times, those misguided ones, the users of the different automatic pistols, cast bricks into the combat, but however fiercely they may fight, their number is too small to create much disturbance and the revolver camp at present resembles the fighting of two small fox terriers.

But for genuine interest and diversity of opinion, the rifle cranks have the floor. From the advocate of the .22 short for grizzly bears, to the gentleman who howls loudly for the manufacture of a .60 calibre cannon, shooting a seven hundred grain bullet, to be used in hunting ground squirrels, the battle rages and there is no peace.

Black powder and smokeless; high pressure and low; soft bullets and metal jacketed ones; large calibres and small; long barrels and short; single shot versus repeaters, with an occasional automatic thrown in to add complications; light bullets and heavy ones; flat pointed and round pointed, tight fitting and loose fitting; taper shells and bottle necked; open sights against the tang persuasion; Savage, Marlin, Winchester, Remington, Mauser, Mannlicher, Stevens and repeat until the brain whirls and the senses reel. And above all the din comes the voice of Grandpap, over in the corner, to the effect that his "old gun with that there four-foot barrel and round bullet would carry jest about as far and kill jest about as dead as any of these here new-fangled pop-guns."

The gentleman who has hunted with the old black powder .45 and killed game with it naturally feels hurt when some small calibre enthusiasts poke fun at his old rifle and call it "Cannon" and other uncomplimentary names, and he writes to his favorite sporting magazine in acrimonious defense thereof. Other enthusiasts join in with a well directed brick now and then, and the result is a debate extending to the furthermost boundaries of the magazine's circulation, and the participants thereof haunt the book stands waiting for each new copy to come out, and the proprietor of the magazine sits back on his haunches with a satisfied smile and an occasional "sick 'em" behind his hand.

With the wonderful variety of rifles and ammunition, increasing year by year, it would be strange if there were not differences of opinion. The user of the Lee straight pull rifle with its .23 calibre and 2500 initial feet of velocity, will get just as much meat—if he be a good shot—as the gentleman with the .50 calibre black powder rifle, but it would be very difficult to make the latter gentleman think so, with the wide diversity between the two rifles. And again, the gentleman who believes in

his Savage .303 and thinks it is the only gun because it has brought down the game upon which it has been levelled, will very likely ascribe any kills which a Winchester user makes to pure luck or to the death of the game from heart failure, superinduced by excessive laughter at the arm of the hunter. And so it goes. The debate may at times be acrimonious, and the .25 calibre enthusiast may at times insinuate that Brother .45 has a screw loose in his caput; but there is no hard feeling, and to the genuine rifle enthusiast there is nothing more interesting than reading of the other fellow's experiences and weapons, albeit a moral is being drawn therefrom that is contrary to his own beliefs.

Although there is probably not a single make of rifle against which some objection may not be urged, and although any one of the great American makes of sporting rifle will give more satisfaction than should be expected from a piece of fine machinery, subjected to the abuses which a rifle goes through, still Brother Winchester will swear by the beard of his father that the Marlin is not fit to kill a Chinaman with, and the Marlin lover will say even worse things of the man so misguided as to buy and use a Winchester.

There is no question but that this debate, and exchange of ideas in the pages of the different sport ing magazines is most beneficial to the sport of rifle shooting, and the more of it the better. It brings out from their retirement experiences of the riflemen in days gone by which otherwise would never come to light. The constant argument as to the best types of ammunition and of rifles in which to use them makes Brother Rifleman sit up and think, and try to rectify the existing defects in his favorite calibre. Some of the greatest strides in the perfection of the rifles and ammunition used at present, have been made by the ever-experimenting, never satisfied, "Amateur" riflemen. Witness Doctor Hudson of New York, a medico with a large and prosperous practice, but yet who has found time to design the bullet with which the American team beat the world's best teams this season just closed, and in addition has proven himself to be the best all round rifle shot in the United States. Very few of the improvements in existing types of ammunition have originated where one would expect them—with the great ammunition companies.

The Marlin Company originated the .32-40, probably the best all round calibre ever produced, but they are not an ammunition company. The U. M. C. Co., one of the most progressive of the different makers of ammunition, produced the famous Hudson-Thomas bullet, used by the winning American rifle team, but this bullet was not designed by them, merely executed.

The Peters company have brought the .22 cartridge to a state of perfection seldom equalled for fine target shooting, but this was due, not to a design in bullet, but to a new powder which gave the required accuracy without the fouling of the black powder. The Winchester Company have designed and brought out several new cartridges of more or less value, but none of them world beaters and several of them a distinct step backwards, as witness their monstrosity of a .405 with its horrible recoil and inaccuracy.

We have to thank the plain gun crank for most of our new ammunition that is much in advance of the old, and this in spite of the fact that his facilities for experimenting are practically nil.

The crank may note that his favorite calibre does not give him the full value of his shot on the target; it is perfectly accurate but does not cut a clean hole. He goes home and figures out that a flat point with a square shoulder is just the ticket and forthwith writes to that friend of the rifleman, Mr. Barlow, of the Ideal Company, and shortly has a new bullet of his own design, which proves to be far superior to the old bullet which the ammunition company have been making. So far so good, but the bullet is unknown to the rest of the cranks who may be experiencing just the same difficulty.

Some debate arises as to the value of this calibre and our crank hurries to the rescue of his favorite calibre with the announcement of this new bullet. The doubters are put to flight and the rifle world is just that much richer for the new bullet.

It is a safe bet that one-third of the bullets listed in the Ideal catalogue have been designed by outsiders, men not in the employ of any ammunition or gun company and to whom the perfecting of some type of bullet or other is a work of love.

Of course there will be much misinformation in the rifle columns of the magazines. There are many good rifle enthusiasts in the ranks who are very hazy as to the laws governing the flights of bullets and who make statements in good faith which are ridiculous. But the other day there appeared in the rifle department of a magazine an inquiry as to whether or not a rifle bullet ever rises above the muzzle of a rifle, supposing the rifle to be held perfectly level. His ten year old son, if he had one, should be able to tell the inquirer that a bullet is governed by the laws of gravity whether travelling through the air or standing still and that it falls some 32 feet the first second. It is a common thing to hear a man who is otherwise well informed, swear that his particular rifle will shoot absolutely flat for five hundred yards when it is a scientific impossibility for that or any other rifle to shoot flat for fifty yards.

Again we have the mis-information culled from the catalogues and trajectory tables of the different rifle makers, people who should know better than to promulgate such stuff. One company is particularly notorious in this respect and its ballistic table is a thing of joy and a wonder to the experienced rifleman and a continual pitfall to the beginner who accepts their statements as the truth and makes statements accordingly.

"Crank" is but another name for investigator; a man who likes to stray from the beaten paths and to delve into nooks and corners of his chosen subject. Any man with a hobby is a crank, for no man who really has a hobby fails to explore all the different ramifications and windings of the subject.

There is much room for improvement even in the present types of guns and ammunition, and it is safe to say that fifty per cent of the improvements will originate with the amateur firearms enthusiast, or in other words the Gun Crank.

ON THE SUBJECT OF REPEATING RIFLES

(Continued)

THE model 1892 Winchester is one of the neatest and best proportioned tubular magazine rifles on the market. In regard to action and general design it is a modification of the model 1886, which in my estimation has the best action ever placed on a lever functioned repeating rifle.

At the present time the 1892 model is confined to the following cartridges: .25-20, .32-20, .38-40, and .44-40. These are all low power cartridges adapted only to black powder or low pressure smokeless, but have proven immensely popular.

The .25-20 with its powder charge of 17 grs. and bullet of 86 grs. has become one of the standard cartridges for small game shooting. For geese, ducks, rabbits and game of similar or slightly larger size it is *facile princeps*. I have used rifles of this calibre for about twelve years and at moderate ranges, say up to 200 yards, no man could desire a better arm. I used to enjoy some splendid sport on the plains of Merced county, where I killed hundreds of geese, ducks and rabbits, as well as a few coyotes, with the little .25-20. At times when the birds were not flying and the use of a shotgun was out of the question, the rifle was brought into requisition. Geese and ducks would resort to overflowed ground, where they would loaf by the thousands during the warm midday hours. After a bath and preening of feathers, the former especially would crawl out on the checks and lazily rest in the sunshine. At such times they were loath to move and it was not very difficult to approach within 150 to 175 yards of the nearest birds. At that distance, with the rest over a convenient check, and a total absence of wind, it did not require extraordinary marksmanship to bowl over geese with some degree of regularity.

The use of a .25-20 for deer shooting is to be condemned. Except it be in the hands of an expert who still hunts and picks only short range shots, it is entirely too light, and many deer will escape only to die a lingering death because of its lack of shocking force. What certain men have done with this weapon under favorable conditions should have no bearing when it comes to the choice of a rifle eminently adapted to deer shooting. It is the results of the general average of shots striking various parts of a deer's anatomy which reveal the suitability of a weapon for this particular kind of shooting, and it will be found that the .25-20 is not the rifle to make good under such conditions.

My experience with the .32-20 Winchester has not been very extended. So far as accuracy at short ranges is concerned it probably is the equal of any rifle, but at distances over 150 yards its low velocity and high trajectory are against it. The diameter of the .32-20 bullet is too great for satisfactory results on small game as the resulting mutilation would render much of it unfit for table use. Neither is it a desirable big game rifle, as it develops an energy of only 352 foot pounds with the ordinary black powder cartridge, and 520 foot pounds with the high velocity cartridge against an energy of 1449 foot pounds for the .30-30 Winchester. It is my candid opinion that the Winchester company could well afford to discontinue the manufacture of the .32-20 and replace it with a .28 calibre high power cartridge of same length and base measurement, shooting a 110 grain bullet with a velocity of 1950 feet and an energy of 1000 foot pounds. Such a cartridge adapted to the model 1892 would become immensely popular for deer hunting purposes, as the model 1892 is streets ahead of the model 1894 in symmetry, lightness and balance. The energy of this cartridge would be slightly in excess of the popular .25-35, which has so many adherents on this coast, and the greater diameter of its bullet would add to its shocking force.

The .38-40 and .44-40 rifles still have many adherents, and for brushy country where shots at short range are the rule, or in closely settled districts where it is unsafe to use the high power rifles, they answer every requirement, providing one hunts nothing larger than deer. High velocity-low pressure cartridges are now manufactured for the .38-40 which give a velocity of 1700 feet and an energy of 1154 foot pounds, but in my opinion the bullet is not properly balanced in that its diameter is too great for its short length. This is the failing of most high velocity cartridges adapted to the old black powder arms, and unless I am greatly mistaken it will be found that where the velocity approximates that of the high power cartridges, such as the .30-30, .30-40, .33 Winchester and others of similar type, the short, wide bullets will mushroom and splinter to such an extent that it will be impossible to secure the penetration necessary in raking shots on large game.

The advent of the model 1894 Winchester heralded the beginning of a new era for sporting arms in that it was through this medium that the newly developed high power cartridges were brought into general use. The cartridges adapted to this model were of such proportions that a much lighter or slenderer action could be used than on the 1886 model, and as the superiority of the .30-30 high power rifle over black powder arms was not long in question, the model 1894 soon enjoyed an unprecedented popularity.

It has always been a mystery to me why the Winchester company persists in making twenty-six inches the standard length for its model 1894 rifles. A rifle with the long action applied to the model 1894 does not require a barrel over twenty-four inches in length and would balance better, would weigh less and shoot just as well as one with the longer barrel. This company has taken a step in the right direction in the development of their .33 cal. model 1886 rifle, which has a barrel twenty-four inches long; also in the new .30 U. S. Army, .35 and .405 model 1895 Winchesters, which have barrels only twenty-four inches long. Therefore, why do they persist in the use of twenty-six inch barrels on their 1894 frames and of twenty-eight inch barrels on their .30-40's?

The Marlin company catalogues a model 1893 rifle with a twenty-four inch barrel: weight 6¾ pounds, but I have been unable to find one in the local

market. These specifications for a .25-36, .30-30, .32 Special or .32-40 High Power rifle are ideal, and if sportsmen in general were aware of the fact that such a rifle could be had there would be a growing demand for the Marlin.

My experience with the model 1894 Winchester has been confined to the .30-30, .32 Special and .32-40 cartridges. The .30-30, in my estimation, is one of the best high power cartridges ever developed and is well and favorably known in every section of the country. As made by the Winchester company it has a velocity of 1960 feet per second and develops an energy of 1450 foot pounds, which equals that of the standard .45-90. It is a pleasant cartridge to shoot, having little recoil. So far as accuracy is concerned it is equal to the best of the standard big game loads, and its high velocity and low trajectory gave it a tremendous advantage over the black powder cartridges which were in use when it was exploited. For use on deer and game of like size the .30-30 is an ideal arm and I doubt whether any amount of experimental work will result in the development of a better cartridge for this class of big game.

Despite the claims that have been made for the .32 Special I cannot see wherein it has shown any superiority over the .30-30. Admitting that it has about 125 foot pounds more of energy it still falls short of the mark set for an all-around big game rifle, and its increase of energy over the .30-30 is a useless accumulation of force developed at the cost of a very high velocity. The popularity of the .25-35, which is used by hundreds of shooters in northern California and Oregon, goes to prove that in the hands of experienced hunters it is a deadly arm. The .25-35, however, develops only about 1000 foot pounds of energy as against 1449 for the .30-30, and 1585 for the .32 Special, so that the .30-30 virtually has 50 per cent more energy than the smaller cartridge. On the other hand the .32 Special must develop a velocity of 2050 feet as against 1960 feet for the .30-30 in order to generate the increased energy with which it is credited, and this increase in velocity is accompanied by a tendency toward metal fouling, especially if a number of shots are fired in rapid succession.

So far as the suitability of the .32 Special for black powder cartridges is concerned I am not qualified to speak, as I have never had the opportunity to shoot black powder cartridges in it; neither have I heard of any exceptional results accruing from its use by other hands. For reloading purposes the shell does not appeal to me as does the old reliable straight tapered .32-40, which can be had in an endless variety of loads: low velocity, high velocity and high power; black powder, low pressure and high pressure smokeless.

The Winchester Co. manufactures a .32-40, model 1894 rifle, adapted to the use of the ordinary .32-40 cartridges, but it does not advise the use of .32-40 high power cartridges such as are manufactured by the Peters and U. M. C. people. These high power cartridges develop a velocity of about 2000 feet and an energy of over 1400 foot pounds, while the .32-40 Winchester high velocity cartridges are credited with a velocity of only 1700 feet and an energy of 1058 foot pounds. The barrels furnished by the Winchester Co. are of soft steel, and while excellent results are obtained with the low powered ammunition, they would soon wear out if the high powered cartridges were used. The Marlin Co., however, manufactures a model 1893 rifle with a smokeless steel barrel, which will withstand the pressure and friction of the high pressure load, and as it can be had as light as 6¾ pounds, it forms a splendid combination rifle wherein one can use a large variety of loads. For the rifle crank who likes to experiment and confines his operations to field shooting, a .32-40 rifle with smokeless steel barrel is the arm: he can load or secure ammunition ranging from gallery loads to the very extreme of high power loads, and the Ideal Manufacturing Co. will furnish him with moulds which cast bullets of a dozen different varieties and weights. So far as accuracy is concerned the .32-40 has a world-wide reputation, and the low pressure smokeless loads are so free from recoil that one can shoot hundreds of shots in a day without the least discomfort. The price of home-made ammunition is nominal and there is an interest accruing from the use of varied loads of home manufacture which is absent when one confines himself to factory ammunition.

There is one particularly good point about the model 1894 action that is seldom, if ever, commented upon, and that is the safety catch placed just behind the trigger, which requires pressure from the stud on the lever to effect the release of the sear. By cocking the hammer, placing the second and third fingers in the loop of the lever and forcing the little finger between the lever and the stock while the end of the index finger was pressed firmly against the front end of the lever, one can work through the heaviest brush with little if any risk of an accidental discharge and still be prepared to shoot instantaneously: all that is necessary is to slip the hand backward along the stock and you are ready for action. In a case where one jumps a buck and gets only a momentary glimpse of him before he is out of sight in heavy brush a tenth of a second is a whole lot of time.

"LYCURGUS."

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT

SCHOOL-BOY rifle practice has made such strides within the past few months that those most interested in the movement expect that by spring there will be a large number of clubs organized and hundreds of schoolboys practicing on the ranges. Inaugurated about a year ago in New York City, under the auspices of the Public Schools Athletic League, the undertaking has the hearty support and backing of the National Rifle Association, the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, and the War Department. All have recommended to Congress an appropriation of $100,000 for arms, ammunition and prizes and the expense of conducting contests, open only to schoolboys or students of colleges and universities, on the order of the one recently held in New York City. The average boy takes to a gun like a duck to water, an inheritance in most instances from his liberty-loving forefathers, to whom the knowledge of firearms was often a necessity. Restrictions imposed by city authorities upon the use of firearms, and the disappearance of small game from the adjoining country, has hitherto deprived many a youth from gratifying his love of this sport at least until he became old enough to travel some distance after game or to join the militia or a man's rifle club. As a result where one youth becomes proficient in the art of marksmanship a hundred grow to manhood without ever having more experience than that picked up from the use of an air-gun or a sparrow-rifle, obtained by surreptitious practice.

For a nation of the size of the United States and for a people whose proficiency with fire-arms is to a large extent an inherited talent, there is a great disproportion between the number of men available for military service and the number of men who can handle a military rifle creditably. Dependent as we are on the militia and volunteers when a resort to arms becomes necessary, it follows that the first call to arms would bring forth young men almost exclusively. Experience has demonstrated that such young men can be quickly trained in the use of a rifle, but they must also be instructed in drilling, camp-sanitation, and the other essential features of a soldier's life. When it becomes necessary to construct companies, regiments, brigades and corps out of raw material there will be little time for rifle-practice.

Under modern conditions the instruction of boys in shooting is attended with substantially no danger whatever. First they are taught to aim and fire a gun attached to a machine known as "sub-target machine." No ammunition is used in connection with this contrivance, but the gun is connected with a needle-like rod so that it registers on a miniature target the point where the bullet would have struck on the regulation target had the gun been loaded. It is by no means a toy, for it has been adopted by the navy and many militia companies, and several thousands such machines are now being constructed for the French army. After the boys become proficient in aiming they are put at work on .22 caliber rifles, which are of the same weight and which have the same sight as the regular army rifles. With the reduced distances and targets the same results are obtainable indoors as outdoors except for light, wind and mirage, and by an ingenious system of allowances for these problems may be worked out indoors as well as on the open ranges. After the student is thoroughly grounded in holding and sighting the .22 rifle, and learns how to correct his sights so as to allow for wind, he is taken on the range and for the first time allowed to shoot the regulation cartridge in the army gun. By this time it is to be presumed he is sufficiently familiar with its use that neither he nor his comrades will be in any danger from its handling.

The recent tournament in New York for schoolboys and college students was most successful. The first night eighteen schoolboys won Junior Marksman medals with scores ranging from 43 to 49 out of a possible 50, firing five shots prone and five shots standing. Although intended principally for high-school boys other boys were permitted to shoot, the youngest being only ten years of age. Matches were arranged on the sub-target gun machine between various schools as well as with the .22 caliber rifle. In the University match, Columbia, George Washington, Cornell, Harvard and Yale were represented by teams of four, finishing in the order named with only forty points difference between the two extremes. P. Agramonte, of Columbia, made a "possible," which means the highest score possible, off-shoulder, and K. Kroger, also of Columbia, made a "possible" prone, as did J. W. Pattison, of George Washington, and M. C. Allen, of Harvard. The schoolboy team match, open to teams representing any public or private school in the United States not giving collegiate or university degrees, six on the team, was won by the Curtis (N. Y. City) Highschool, with a score of 569 out of a possible 1000. The Commercial Highschool team lost by only one point, making 568; Manual Training Highschool came in with 564 and Morris Highschool with 563, and De Witt Clinton school with 561. Fourteen teams were entered including the Paterson, N. J., Highschool, St. John's Military School, New York Military Academy, Stamford, Conn., Highschool and Pingry School, of Elizabeth, N. J. About 200 schoolboys won the Junior Marksman's medal given for a minimum score of 42, of which at least 20 must be made off shoulder and 22 prone, out of a possible total of 50.

A large number of prizes, medals, etc., were distributed and it is estimated at least 22,000 shots were fired in the competitions.

[It is interesting in this connection to know that almost four years ago (April, 1904) the editor of Western Field made an earnest plea for the instruction of schoolboys in rifle practice, along absolutely the identical lines adopted by the authorities above mentioned. It is pleasing to have one's suggestions and opinions confirmed so strongly, and we may be pardoned the insertion here of an excerpt from the eidtorial in question:

"The best time to begin training a rifleman is before he is born. Given a father who not only knows how to shoot but who actually does shoot as well, and it is odds of a hundred to one that his son will inherit his love for the sport and eventually acquire his skill. Failing that hereditment let us begin with the man-child as early as possible. The public

school is the logical place to commence. Put into the hands of primary and secondary school teachers actual working models of the various arms of national adoption and let them familiarize their pupils with their parts, workings, uses—and incidentally their dangers. To advanced lads of larger growth give instructions in the manual of arms—which in itself inculcates discipline of the highest order—and let military rules prevail. The lads of twelve and upward will have attained to such a proficiency under this cumulative instruction that they may be given actual practice at the butts, increasing the range gradually until at eighteen years of age they can give a good accounting of themselves at the greatest distances they would actually encounter in warfare.

"If we must breed warriors let us make a good job of it. It will not only be a perfection of our national resources but be, at the same time, a liberal and valuable education to our boys. It will diminish accidents and catastrophes in the handling of firearms and will intensify and conserve the respect which nations are already according us. We have a reputation of being the world's best riflemen which it would pay us to make good.

"And, above all, don't forget that it is the present American boys who will be the future American soldiers. To use a homely adage, it is hard to teach old dogs new tricks. A sapling's education should begin at a very tender age. It is best to teach the young idea to shoot straight. We will need bulls-eye work in our next war."—Ed.]

A NEW REVOLVER RECORD

UNDER the rules of the United States Revolver Association, a record is defined as the highest recognized score of any given number of shots fired under certain standard conditions with the arm and ammunition complying with established rules.

A letter was recently sent to the Secretary of the United States Revolver Association, under date of November 18, 1907, by Vice-President of the St. Louis Revolver Club.

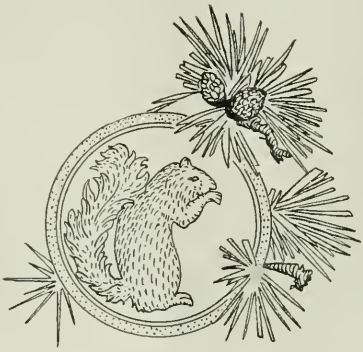
"On November 15, 1907, Clarence C. Crossman, residing at Clayton Station, St. Louis, Mo., declared his intention to shoot for record with the revolver at 20 yards. The shooting was done in accordance with the rules and regulations governing the "any revolver" championship matches of the U. S. Revolver Association. The details are given as follows: Ammunition,—8 grs. DuPont's shotgun smokeless powder, Ideal bullet No. 457,130, Winchester shells. Make of arm,—Colt's New Service target revolver, 45 calibre; trigger pull 5 pounds; length of barrel 7½ inches; sights, target; distance, 20 yards; score, 100; verified by the undersigned.

"The first shot of the score was fired at 9:30 and the last shot at 9:40 p. m. on the range of the St. Louis revolver Club, 111 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo. Weather conditions,—ordinary indoor conditions. The undersigned witnessed the shooting and herewith certify to the personal knowledge of the correctness of the above details.

"MELVIN R. MOORE,
"Vice-President St. Louis Revolver Club.

"Witnesses—
"CHARLES DOMINIC,
"LOUIS F. ALT,
"PHIL. C. GRUND,
"MRS. JESSIE CROSSMAN."

After due consideration, the score has been accepted by the U. S. Revolver Association, superseding the previous record of 198 made by J. B. Crabtree in 1904. Illustration No. 457,130 shows the form of the record-making bullet and it is designated by that number in the Ideal Catalogue. We also illustrate a new short range bullet for the 38 Colt Army or 38 S. & W. Military revolver that is meeting with great favor. These bullets are very accurate for short range or indoor shooting, and they cut a large clean hole in the target, thus securing to the shooter, a full count.



THE PRINCE OF SMALL ARMS

By "Smallarms."

NOT many generations ago, when the buffalo roamed the plains in countless thousands, and the traveller across the continent would a dozen times a day see little groups of the swift-footed antelope, a man buying a rifle for the hunt had but little choice. There were but one or two makes of repeaters, a half dozen standard makes of single shots, and they all used practically the same cartridges.

The ammunition was all black powder and practically all the standard hunting ammunition was in the forties, speaking of calibre. Most of the bullets used were short and stubby and the accuracy of these hunting rifles of twenty or thirty years ago left much to be desired at the longer ranges. Of course there were a few rifles on the plains which used the target ammunition, with long heavy bullet and enormous powder charge, but by far the most popular of the hunting cartridges was the .44-40 or its modification, the .38-40.

It is pretty hard to see how a poorer cartridge than this one, with its short stubby bullet and insufficient powder charge, could be designed; but the game was plentiful and could be killed at short ranges; the cartridges fitted the Colts revolvers which the plainsmen carried; and so for fifteen or twenty years this cartridge with all its defects continued to be the favorite. In certain sections, namely in the vicinity of Uncle Sam's army posts, the .45-70 was much used, but scandal whispered that its popularity was due not so much to its superior ballistic qualities, as to the fact that it could be purchased at astonishingly low prices from persons in blue uniform, who had mastered the trick of persuading their benevolent Uncle Samuel to dig up the desired gun food without question.

Nowdays, of all the hunting cartridges, this old .44-40 is probably the poorest of all and but few rifles are sold to handle it.

The forward strides which have been made in ammunition and the rifles in which to use it have left the older calibres far behind. Of course when a man has used the older calibres successfully, it is a hard matter to persuade him that the newer ammunition is superior—on the principle that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; but the fact that John Jones killed plenty of deer with the .44-40 fifteen years back is by no means a logical reason why he should stick by it and refuse to use the improved and more efficient weapons.

Our modern rifles of the .30-30 type are just as efficient at fifty yards as the biggest of the old style calibres, and at a hundred yards the advantage is with the .30-30. At two hundred yards and up to four hundred yards, which may be considered the extreme limit for successfully firing at game,—yarns to the contrary notwithstanding,—the older calibres with their high trajectories are simply outclassed by the modern high pressure rifles with their terrific initial velocity and flat shooting. This is simply considering the ballistic qualities of the two classes of ammunition—as to the difference in weight and recoil it is unnecessary to speak.

The modern types of ammunition are steadily crowding out the old, in spite of the various modifications and patching up which the old large calibres have been put through. There is but one of what might be called the old-fashioned calibres—but which was really the forerunner of the new ammunition—which has not only held its own, but is steadily increasing in favor with the rifle men who have been fortunate enough to try it—that is the .32-40.

Designed primarily as a target cartridge for use in the most accurate target rifle made at that time, the Ballard, the combination seemed to be just right and the cartridge has never been supplanted in the heart of the rifleman for fine target shooting.

It had come to be an accepted principle that a cartridge lost in accuracy as it gained in flatness of trajectory—that is, as the powder charge was increased or the weight of the bullet decreased, or both, in order to get the desired flatness of trajectory necessary for a good hunting cartridge, the accuracy of the load suffered, and the flat shooting "Express" loads were very inaccurate over two hundred yards.

The .32-40, however, appeared to be governed by no such a law. Its flatness of trajectory was remarkable, being even flatter than the much-vaunted .45-90-300, hollow point, which was one of the best express cartridges. The latter cartridge, however, was much less accurate than the .32-40 and only possessed the advantage of being able to strike a harder blow, necessary for the largest game only. Thus the Marlin people, while primarily designing a target cartridge, had evolved a jewel of a hunting cartridge and the wise hunters were not slow in discovering the fact. For deer and all the American game up to and including black bear, the .32-40 was without an equal until the coming of the modern high pressure cartridges.

The twin of the .32-40, the .38-55, had proven to be just as accurate as the smaller calibre but lacked the flat trajectory of the .32-40. For this reason it has never approached the .32-40 in popularity, although an excellent cartridge in every respect.

The coming of the high pressure, modern type of smokeless powder ammunition temporarily supplanted the .32-40 with the up-to-date hunters, although the target shooters never wavered in their allegiance to the good old .32-40 and the larger .38-55 for the good reason that they found no occasion to do so. No arm ever made up to the present time, with the possible exception of the U. S. Government Model 1906, can touch the old .32-40 and

.38-55 for distances up to 400 yards. It is safe to say that nineteen out of twenty of the fine target rifles used for off-hand work at the two hundred yard range are neither one or other of these, with odds in favor of the first mentioned.

The Marlin people, however, who had seen the .32-40 climb steadily in popularity in the days of black powder, had no intention of allowing so excellent a cartridge to be supplanted by the newer types and began to experiment. Their experience soon showed that this cartridge, loaded with modern smokeless powder and metal jacketed bullet was as accurate for all practical purposes as the old black powder loads and they promptly began making their .32-40s and .38-55s with nickel steel barrels, using the old twist of sixteen and eighteen inches respectively which proved so successful with the older cartridges. A certain competitive company raised strenuous objection to the new cartridges, fearing that its own rifles in these calibres, which it continued to make with the old soft steel barrels, would not stand the new high pressure load.

This company, foreseeing the great popularity of a rifle using high velocity ammunition, yet having a comparatively slow twist that would enable the shooter to reload with soft lead bullets and black powder, brought out a "32 special," which was simply a bottle-necked .32-40 using a bullet 2/1000 of an inch larger, but using 40 grains of black powder for reloading and the same twist as the regular .32-40. The rifles for this cartridge were made with the high pressure steel barrels. This cartridge has absolutely no advantage over the .32-40 and possesses many disadvantages peculiar to itself.

It is a bottle-necked cartridge, while the .32-40 is a straight taper shell. No one who has ever used the bottle-necked cartridge very extensively needs to be told that the bottle neck in itself is a weak point, being liable to split or break entirely off at the bend. The bottle neck makes reloading much more difficult, and must be frequently resized, while a straight taper shell is free from such defect. The only reason for making this a bottle-necked shell was to prevent users of the .32-40 from shooting it in their rifles, which in the case of this company were made of steel not adapted to the modern ammunition. This .32 special cartridge is the most over-rated cartridge among all the modern types, insofar as it is supposed to possess any points of superiority over the .32-40 of high velocity.

There is no cartridge made which can be obtained in as many different variations as the .32-40, as at present turned out by the different factories. For instance, we find listed as regular factory loads, the following: .32-40 black powder—40 grains of black powder and a lead bullet 165 grains in weight. .32-40 short range—a lead bullet 98 grains in weight with 13 grains of black powder. .32-40 Miniature—smokeless powder and a 100 grain metal cased bullet. .32-40 low pressure smokeless—soft point bullet, giving an initial velocity of 1575 feet per second. .32-40 full metal patched bullet which is the same load as the one just preceding. .32-40 smokeless with 165 grain lead bullet. .32-40 *high power* smokeless with soft point bullet, and .32-40 *high power* with full metal patched bullet.

Thus the owner of one of these rifles (of course with nickel steel barrel) has eight different cartridges to select from, ranging from the short range cartridge with 98 grain lead bullet and 13 grains of black powder, an excellent and safe cartridge for rabbits and similar game, up to the terrific high power cartridge with its 2000 feet initial velocity and sufficient stopping power for the largest game on the American continent. A more flexible rifle and one approaching nearer to the much desired "All Round Rifle" has yet to be produced. And the foregoing list is of course simply the regular factory loads. If the shooter cares to reload—as of course he will, if he be a genuine rifle crank—he can evolve loads of infinite variation and not be troubled by that ever-present fear which haunts the experimenter who is misguided enough to buy a high pressure rifle with *quick twist*, of ruining his rifle by leading.

Looking at the rifle from a ballistic standpoint, and taking the figures of the U. M. C. Company, who are trying to make each cartridge as satisfactory as possible, we find the figures of the .32-40 are as follows: Black powder and lead bullet, initial velocity 1400 feet per second, penetration 9¼ inches. Height at one hundred yards when shooting at two hundred, 10.19 inches. It will be seen that this cartridge in itself is a wonderfully flat shooting and powerful load.

.32-40 *low pressure* smokeless, initial velocity about 1600 foot seconds, penetration 12 inches in pine. This load is powerful enough for any deer on four legs.

.32-40 *high power* cartridge as loaded by the U. M. C., Peters and Savage companies only, soft or hard nosed bullet, metal patched, initial velocity 2065 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1558 foot pounds; height at one hundred yards when shooting two hundred, 5.47 inches.

Thus in this last-mentioned load we have a cartridge giving a striking energy of three-fourths of a ton and a flatness of trajectory only surpassed by the .23 calibre, or 6 .mm, Navy rifle, and the U. S. .30 calibre military cartridges with their unpleasant recoil.

The much-vaunted .30-30, as loaded by the Winchester Company, gives a muzzle velocity of 1960 feet and a striking force of 1449 lbs., while the height at one hundred yards, when shooting two hundred, is 5.79. This shows the .32-40 high power to be a little ahead of the .30-30 from a ballistic standpoint, and it is a mile ahead from the standpoint of the man who wants a rifle of extreme accuracy to handle a great variety of loads, and using a shell which can be easily reloaded. It is a mystery why a man who uses any grey matter at all in purchasing a rifle, should take a .30-30—or for that matter any other rifle—when he can get a .32-40 with nickel steel barrel.

It is only necessary to take one of the high power .32-40 rifles out and test it in any conceivable manner against a .30-30 or .32 special, using of course the genuine high power loads in the .32-40, to satisfy one's self that this is the finest thing in the rifle line on the market. There is no question as to its superiority in power over any of the automatic or self-loading cartridges on the market, as the Winchester self loading .351 gives a third less striking energy; while for an all round rifle there is simply no comparison between the .32-40 and any automatic which requires a full charge to function the mechanism.

When it comes to the man who wants more power than the .32-40 high power cartridge, it is a waste of time to argue. A cartridge with a soft nosed bullet of 165 grains weight, having a muzzle velocity of 2065 feet per second and developing a striking force of 1558 foot pounds will kill a grizzly deader than Bryan's chances for the Presidency—if it hits the bear in the right spot. If it does not, it is no worse than any other bullet, no matter what the calibre. It has enough power to spoil a lot of meat on the game it may hit, and for deer or goats or other game of this class, the low pressure cartridge possesses ample power. It is not necessary to tear an animal into seventeen different kinds of mincemeat to kill it, and a well-aimed clean kill is worth half a dozen murders where the game finally dies from loss of blood, leaking from the gaping but temporarily ineffective wounds inflicted by the cannons with a recoil like the kick of a mule which some of our hunters seem to fancy. The flat-pointed bullet has been found to give more accuracy than the round or blunt point type, and it mushrooms perfectly.

Black powder, or new empty shells should always be used for reloading, as the smokeless factory shells are grooved at base of bullet and unsatisfactory. By using the new gas check bullet, one may reload his own high pressure loads in any variety and never have to pay the factories a cent, except for primers and empty shells as the old ones may give out. Of course the users of the quick twist rifles like the .30-30 can do this also, but they cannot reload with the variety of loads, with soft lead bullets, either short range or full charge, with either full charges of black powder or smokeless, that the user of the .32-40 rifle has at his disposal. Any departure from the regular factory loads of metal patched bullet with full charge of smokeless powder, or the hard lead bullet with an infinitesimal charge of powder behind it, will result in trouble to the user of one of the quick twist rifles, from the leading that will take place. [Our correspondent is mistaken in this. —Ed.] It is unnecessary to state that the continued use of factory metal patched bullets will ruin a rifle, to say nothing of the added complications of metal fouling from the copper jacket of the bullet and the terrific cost of this ammunition.

There is no occasion for the user of a .32-40 to fire a hundred rounds of regular factory metal cased bullets through his rifle in a year, with the great variety of loads offered which use the lead bullet. For game, of course, the metal cased bullet is preferable, but whoever has the opportunity of firing a hundred shots a year at game requiring a soft point metal jacketed bullet? For small game or target shooting the metal bullets are more desirable, as, being lubricated, they do not wear the barrel and their accuracy is much greater than the jacketed bullets.

If the item of economy enters into the question, as it will with practically every one, this factor alone will decide the question in the mind of the rifleman, balancing the .32-40 against the other calibres. Regular smokeless powder, metal cased bullet loads for the .30-30 and .32-40 rifle, retail for about seventy cents per box of twenty, or three and a half cents apiece. Reloading the .32-40 shells, the rifleman will find the itemized cost to be about as follows, per shot: Primer 1/5c., bullet (home made) 1/10c., powder ¼c., or allowing for the utmost variations in these figures, a total of not to exceed one-half cent per shot. The real cost will be nearer one-fourth of a cent if the rifleman watches his chances to pick up lead at less than the market prices on which these figures are based. Of course the reloading tools add to the first cost, but $5.00 to $6.00 will buy a very complete outfit. It will not take much figuring to see how soon the factory loaded ammunition, if used steadily, will run over this amount, besides the injury to the rifle.

The Ideal people have invented a bullet using the metal gas check to prevent fusion that gives about the same power as the regular high pressure factory load, and by using their separate soft tip the shooter can make his own high pressure hunting cartridges and load them according to his experience, to obtain greater or less power than the standard ammunition. The proper amount of powder with this bullet, for high pressure loads, is about twenty-five grains of "Lightning" smokeless and the velocity will about equal the high pressure load turned out by the factory. It is by no means necessary to use this metal gas check bullet, however, for ordinary small game shooting or target work; and the shooter, by buying the mold for the gas check bullet, can have an ordinary soft lead bullet without gas check for shooting at moderate ranges—up to three hundred yards, or for such bunnies or coyotes as he may entertain grudges against.

It is a fact, contrary to old sayings, that good shots are made, not born, and the making process merely consists of much practice and as much brain matter. By the same process of reasoning, it by no means follows that a man will continue to be a good shot merely because he *has* been one. The man who lays his favorite rifle away at the end of the season and does not touch it until the time again rolls around to seek the high mountains or the deep forest, will invariably find that he is not quite as good a shot as he was the year before—that, through lack of practice, there is lacking that co-ordination between brain and trigger finger which is necessary to make a good shot. And this same lack of co-ordination may result in his shooting just a trifle too late and so spoiling the shot for which he has come many weary miles and spent many hard-earned dollars.

Therefore it behooves the hunter, as well as the target shot, to take that rifle out and shoot it through the year; to keep acquainted with it and keep the love for it in his heart which he should have. Then when the critical time comes, with the electric impulse through his brain which says "Shoot!" the little rifle will obey seemingly without effort on his part, and the bullet will fly true to its billet. With a cartridge which can be reloaded cheaply and easily, the true gun lover will enjoy the loading process, and be tempted to take the rifle out and use it—even if on nothing better than a white sand stone in a patch of black ground—when otherwise the great cost of the factory loads will deter him. And if Brother Shooter thinks that a bottle neck shell comes under the heading of a shell which can be reloaded "cheaply and easily" let him try it and be disabused of the notion.

POLO IN CALIFORNIA

POLO in California is more or less democratic in spirit. This is a characteristic that in itself stamps the game in the Golden State with individuality. No one has ever accused polo elsewhere of being democratic. It is about the "bluest-blooded" sport in the athletic category. Only those favored personages whom spellbinders term "plutocrats" play polo elsewhere, and play it on private polo fields before triple concentrated blue-book galleries. But in California the game has espoused the democratic. Consequently, California polo is unique.

True, in the Golden State as elsewhere, polo is a protege of society. It is a society game, however, just as football is a college game. The American university originated football as it is played in this country and keeps interest in the sport green; line men and half-backs are pretty sure to be under graduates; but no one will assert that the huge crowds attending championship matches are college men, past or present, or that the interest a Yale-Princeton game incites throughout the country is purely collegiate. So it is with California polo. Society stands sponsor for it but the interest it arouses belongs to California and Californiaos. Though its players are certainly numbered among Mrs. Grundy's most cherished male elect, its enthusiastic followers may be too obscure socially for Mrs. Grundy to cut. The game in California has thrown off its exclusiveness and taken a place in the public reckoning alongside football, tennis and golf. It has won widespread interest along the Pacific Coast and draws to the championship tournaments as large and splendid a gallery of spectators as such a fine, wholesome, stirring sport deserves.

That polo in the Golden State has been able to arouse public interest is due more to open championship tournaments held each year at Coronado Beach than to any other feature of the Western game. After the polo clubs of California have competed among themselves, perfecting team play and individual skill, they all come together at the excellent polo field of the Coronado Country Club to demonstrate which organization is the strongest in the state. It is a tournament open to all California polo teams. Other than the boundary lines of the Golden State there are no restrictions on the polo teams permitted to enter the tournament. Each organization has a fair field and no favor. The matches are played on a neutral ground, under conditions of absolute equality.

These open tournaments naturally breed a democratic spirit of keen, generous rivalry. They imbue all California polo organizations with a sportsman-like desire to meet and defeat all comers. The very logical byproduct of this open rivalry is a widespread interest among Californians who do not actively engage in polo and from this interest comes a large following of spectators at the Coronado tournaments. All this makes for good, wholesome sport; all this develops a high order of skillful play.

Let no poloist think that a touch of democracy injures the game. A large, well mannered crowd as spectators at any athletic contest gives zest to the competition and enhances the sport. This has been true of all athletics, since our primitive ancestors raced Dinosaurs or held single stick tournaments with real big sticks. Let muck rake articles prate if they wish of "commercial athletics"; college football games, such as the contests between Yale, Princeton and Harvard, are none the less attractive, none the less big social events because of the tremendous attending crowds. In truth, these very crowds give football much of its prestige. Polo matches, always stirring and exciting from the spectator's standpoint, likewise lose nothing by having a good following outside the sacred bounds of Mrs. Grundy's favored few.

That polo has held itself aloof in most parts of the world is a mild accusation against the sport. The fault may lie with the game or with those who play it, but more likely it comes from the manner of arranging polo contests. The game itself is easily exonerated for there is no finer sport from the view point of either a player or a spectator. Of course, in polo there must be a limited number of players because each player must have unlimited means. The expense in maintaining a string of polo ponies, even if one is able to buy it, is an item which lifts the game out of reach of the average man. Polo is certainly a game for princes to play—providing the prince has plenty of coupons to clip.

But if the game is undemocratic from a player's standpoint, it does not follow that it must be from that of the spectator. It is surely a spectator's sport. No athletic contest brings in so many spectacular points or offers such field for sensational play. Team work and individual skill abound. Excitement is always intense. Victory flits about as a will-o'-the-wisp. Play is open so that every display of skill and daring can be appreciated by the onlooker.

Certainly polo is an ideal game to watch and should be democratic enough to be seen by those who have time to be present, but the game can hardly be called democratic from even the spectator's standpoint when played elsewhere. In the East, polo is practically confined to exclusive country clubs. The contests are held on private grounds, which frequently can be reached only by motor car or coach. From these tournaments the general public is necessarily barred. One could much more easily secure a bid to a New York debutante's coming-out party than get an invitation to most of the polo contests near New York City. Consequently, some of the most exciting polo matches that have taken place in this country, some of the finest sport there is in the world, has passed unnoticed save by a handful of bystanders. This exclusiveness does not contribute any benefit to the game.

But after all, the only thing polo requires is the

open tournament. Given that and the game leaves little to be desired. This is what California polo has in the contests at Coronado Beach. In short, it is a sport for both player and spectator. That is why California polo scores.

These Coronado tournaments, which are held annually in March, are easily the premier events of the game in this country. It is too sweeping an assertion to say that California polo is the best polo played in this country. That is something that has to be demonstrated, but any polo Solon who has attended these tournaments will tell you that the game played on the grounds of the Coronado Country Club will stand up alongside polo in any part of the country. Whenever a winning Coronado polo team meets a crack eastern organization, victory, when the goals are all counted, may rest with the Atlantic Coast but the margin between victory and defeat will be mighty small.

Coronado's polo tournaments do not suffer socially for their democracy. Mother Grundy is just as gracious as she is to the game in the East. Each year she sends down to the beach her most loved proteges, either to participate in play or in modest regalia to deck the side lines and watch the outcome of the matches. No more brilliant blaze of social lights, no better groomed assemblage honors a sport in this country than the front family array that in early March annually gathers at the home of the Coronado Country Club. Names which are social landmarks on the Pacific slope collect on the polo grounds—any Golden State blue-book cognomen you may select. It is a great rallying time and rallying place of sport lovers and pleasure hunters.

Polo teams bring along large strings of ponies shipped down from San Francisco, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Riverside and Los Angeles; representative parties form these polo centers and as partisans, follow the teams down to the polo meet; individual players from all over the country and the world congregate, some bringing along strings of ponies; scores of unattached visitors join the poloists, without having any partisan interest in the outcome of the matches but keen to be present at the polo *fiesta*.

The big hotel by the bay is crowded to its utmost capacity. Smaller hostelries and private houses at the beach are filled with guests. The days of the matches, hundreds of San Diego men and women come across the bay. It is a remarkable gathering. Fancy five thousand spectators at a polo game! A huge flock of fine-feathered birds, even if the gathering runs the gamut of sport lovers from the social censoress in a Worth gown to a stable boy in red sweater and jumpers.

Social life is at high tide. Drags, coaches and motor cars stream into the Country Club and unload their cargoes in holiday attire. The Club keeps open house, turning its attractive living rooms into tea parlors. Plaza, race track and grounds of the Country Club are transformed into a huge garden party. In the evening, scores of parties in the casino and chafing-dish room, and dancers in the ballroom make the hotel as busy as the Great White Way on election night.

Two seasons of tournaments at Coronado have given California polo its unique features. From the outset, the meets were a success. Not only have they always been well attended, but the quality of play has been of the highest order. Both tournaments have been won by the Burlingame team of San Francisco. In 1906 the polo organization from Riverside was runner-up. Last year the Los Angeles team was in the finals with the San Francisco outfit.

Promise of a rattling meet this year is bright. Burlingame is naturally the favorite, but the Los Angeles poloists are working to keep the northern team out of a third winning and final possession of the John D. Spreckels trophy. Already Riverside, Santa Monica, Los Angeles and Burlingame have officially notified the managers of the tournament that they will be on hand in March. It is probable that Los Angeles, Riverside and Burlingame will each enter two teams.

Fully as important as these March polo matches are the pony races, held as a part of the meet. These races are open to ponies, owned by members of recognized polo clubs. In most contests there are gentlemen riders, although now and then professional mounts are permitted. These races are very popular with the spectators and pony owners. Entries are numerous. As heated finishes as are ever seen at Sheepshead or Brighton have passed under the wire at the Country Club track.

The trophies offered at these polo and racing meets of Coronado are well worth the attention of poloists and pony owners. The John D. Spreckels trophy, twice won by the Burlingame Club of San Francisco is a handsome specimen of silvercraft, as is the A. B. Spreckels cup, awarded to the owner of the winner of the principal pony race of the meet. Many handsome cups and cash prizes are hung up for the various pony races.

The aim of the Coronado polo enthusiasts is to gradually build up a polo meeting that will exceed anything of its kind in the world. So successful have these Coronado tournaments become that an International Polo Meet is the present concern. To foster this meet a remarkable trophy, costing approximately $4000, is offered as an award. It is a magnificent specimen, forty-three inches high, sixteen inches broad from handle to handle. A globe three and a half inches in diameter, of 18 karat gold surmounts the cup. A circle of discs forming a sort of frieze, constructed of California quartz of as numerous varieties as can be found, runs around the upper portion of the body of the cup. Beneath these are four gold panels, three of which are engraved with polo scenes. Upon the fourth is told the purpose of the cup and the conditions of its presentation. The general scheme of the decoration is Italian Renaissance, showing delicate floral scroll circles, acanthus leaves, and sprays of laurel and oak leaves. This cup has been on an exhibition tour of the East. It has been shown in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, and duly admired by hundreds of polo enthusiasts.

The International Polo Tournament, the competition for this $4000 trophy, stipulates that at least two teams outside of California must compete. It also requires that all members of any competing team must belong to the same polo organization. A Canadian team has already stated definitely that it will be on hand in March and as two Honolulu polo organizations are contemplating the trip to Coronado, the chances for an International Tournament this year are very bright.

Conducted by H. T. Payne

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS 1908

THE Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, now the oldest organization of its kind in America, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at Bakersfield during the week beginning January 20. Early in the fall of the present season, there was considerable anxiety on the part of many members of the club, who feared that the reflex action of the great San Francisco disaster would seriously affect the trials of 1908. The secretary of the club had been compelled to make a trip East, which again had to be extended to Europe during the summer, when the derby entries had to be taken care of. This unexpected prolongation of his trip seemed for the time being to have cast a gloom on the derby and possibly the whole trials. But the board of directors were equal to the situation and held the entries open till after his return. This action restored the situation to a normal condition, and a good entry was had.

The starters, therefore, in the twenty-fifth trials of the club were fully up to the average in all stakes, while those of the champion stake proved the record number in the history of the club. In fact they were very near the record in the whole history of the field trials.

Nature even seemed to smile on this celebration of a quarter century of active work, for it favored the meeting with ideal weather, with the best cover I have ever seen on the grounds, and with plenty of birds that behaved themselves in the most approved manner. The attendance, too, was good. The only complaint heard being the overcrowded condition of the hotel and the poor accommodations resulting therefrom.

The judges for the derby were H. L. Betten, H. W. Keller and D. G. McDonnell. For the all-age, and the members' stake: H. L. Betten, T. J. A. Tiedemann and J. M. Kilgarif; and for the champion stake: H. L. Betten and T. J. A. Tiedemann.

THE DERBY

There were thirteen starters in the derby, and it is seldom that thirteen young dogs of better natural ability ever met in one stake. Had they been better broken and under better control, those in attendance would surely have seen a high character of work. Candor, however, compels me to say that in this respect there was a considerable improvement over last year, but there is wide, very wide room for much more.

St. Ives—Uncle Fontaine—The first brace of the derby to be cast off Monday morning was S. Christensen's English setter dog St. Ives, by Uncle Jimmy Whitestone—Belle Fontaine, handled by W. B. Coutts, and J. L. Eastland's English setter dog Uncle Fontaine, same breeding, handled by Fred Coutts. While both dogs were fast and wide rangers, all the work of the heat was done by St. Ives, who proved to be in a class by himself. He hunted for birds and found and pointed them with ability and staunchness, and proved steady to shot and wing. He has speed and range to spare, but what is of more importance, he showed that he had a head full of birdsense and a desire to use it to the best advantage possible at all times. His brace mate and litter brother most likely possesses much of the same merits, but until his training has reached a much higher standard he will not be able to show it.

Boy Blue—Peach Maid—J. G. Roberts' English setter dog, Boy Blue, by Rival—Lightheart, handled by Fred Coutts, and J. C. Lucas', agent and handler, English setter bitch, Peach Maid, by Sport's Count Danstone—Peach Blossom, was the next brace down. This also proved a brace of fast goers, which covered a good deal of country before they were put on birds. Boy Blue, while not so merry a goer as the little bitch, is more heady, and very sensational on his points. He shows a methodical character which proper training should develop into a strong individuality and make him a dangerous opponent in another year.

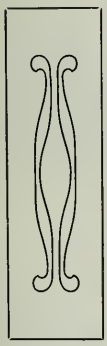
Peach Maid, while having lots of opportunities, made but one point, but that was very snappy and full of style. She was under very bad control.

Singold—Their's Dot—Judge C. N. Post's English setter dog, Singold by Don Jose—Glam's Girl, handled by J. E. Lucas, and J. W. Considine's English setter bitch, Their's Dot, by Their's Dan—Roxana, handled by W. B. Coutts, was the third brace down. When first cast off they went away with a rush, but it was not long until Dot found an inviting shade which she toook possession of and refused to vacate until her handler took her by the collar and applied the drastic measure of forcible ejection. Singold, also, slowed down and worked with but little spirit. There was no point work done in the heat.

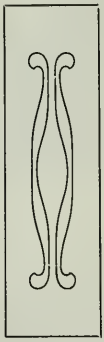
Policy Boy—Santa Rosa—J. W. Considine's English setter dog, Policy Boy, by Avalon—Policy Girl, handled by J. E. Lucas, and W. H. Estabrook's

St. Ives
Winner 1st in Derby

Tiburon
Divided 3d in Derby



Boy Blue
Winner 2d Derby



pointer bitch, Santa Rosa, by Recruit—Fandango, handled by W. B. Coutts, was the first brace cast off after lunch. Santa Rosa is a handsome pointer, built on racy lines, and proved fast and wide in her range, and a very pretty and smooth mover. She is a bird finder with plenty of birdsense and did all the point work done in the heat. She made more points than were made by any other dog in the first series, but for the lack of proper training she was very unsteady to all of them. Policy Boy was all legs and all go, and could not be made to hunt close in when birds were flushing all around him.

Madera Dick—Kil's Linda—J. G. Roberts' English setter dog, Madera Dick, by Uncle Jimmy Whitestone—Belle Fontaine, handled by Fred Coutts, was put down with J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Kil's Linda, by Kilgarif—Iona S., handled by W. B. Coutts. Madera Dick is a fine moving, long gaited dog of more than ordinary promise. He did some roading that demonstrated good head work, and pointed staunchly. But he was quite unsteady to the gun and not under good control. Kil's Linda was under still worse control and was gone off the course for nearly half the heat. She is a very

SOME PACIFIC COAST 1908 TRIAL DOGS

Lemonade
Madera Dick
Avalon

W. B. Coutts with St. Ives
Winner of Derby
Abbott's Jock

Uncle Fontaine
Kil's Linda
McCloud Boy

stylish little thing, however, but seems timid if held in.

SALLAL—KIL'S JESSIE—H. H. Abbott's pointer bitch, Sallal, by Abbott's Jock—Hanson's Queen, handled by W. B. Coutts, went down with J. W. Considine's English setter bitch, Kil's Jessie, by Kilgarit—Melrose Nora, handled by J. E. Lucas. Sallal covered a great deal of country to no purpose, for she did no work. Kil's Jessie did a little better, making one point where both dogs had dozens of opportunities.

TIBURON a bye—Courtney E. Ford's English setter bitch, Tiburon, by Uncle Jimmy Whitestone—Belle Fontaine, handled by W. B. Coutts, drew the bye and was the last to go down in the evening. Tiburon was the winner of last year's derby when she was less than a year old, but she did not show up in her last year's form. She is a heady bitch and full of point, handling her birds with good judgment. Her work was clean, but seemed to lack the spirit and snap she showed last year.

The running of the bye closed the work for the day and after the judges returned to the hotel they announced the second series to be: St. Ives with Peach Maid; Tiburon with Santa Rosa, and Boy Blue with Sallal.

TUESDAY

The judges and a few of the early birds got away from the hotel at a good hour Tuesday morning, and the first brace of dogs had run their heat before many of the party put in an appearance.

ST. IVES—PEACH MAID—Soon after the brace was cast off both dogs were out of sight and the handlers' whistles were singing a merry tune for twelve minutes before either showed up on the course, both coming in from the rear about two minutes apart. Birds had been flushed by the judges and settled in the dead grass where the dogs were sent. St. Ives sustained his good work of the day before, and for that matter Peach Maid sustained hers, for she was just as unruly and disobedient as in her first heat.

TIBURON—SANTA ROSA—This brace was cast off at 10:20 on good ground and worked back onto the same birds the last brace had been on. Tiburon made a better showing in this heat than in her bye, and began to look a strong candidate for second place. Santa Rosa, for some reason, failed to hold up the good standard she had set the day before, and behaved very badly, flushing as if she was off her nose.

BOY BLUE—SALLAL—The Boy in this heat seemed from the very start to be bent on making a good showing for a place in the money, and went to work with his head. He soon had a bevy which he handled well and in a few moments more he had scored up three singles, on all of which he showed that individuality which, if properly encouraged, will make him one of the great dogs of the Coast. Sallal soon demonstrated that she had no business in the second series.

After lunch St. Ives and Boy Blue were put down to run for first and second under the rules. The stake had already been decided, but the rules require that first and second dogs must run together at some time during the stake. Boy Blue is a fine young dog, full of promise for the future, and at no time in the stake showed to better advantage than when down with the keen, slashing St. Ives. It seemed that the better the company the better the

Santa Rosa

work he would do. But St. Ives had already put up two splendid heats with few errors except leaving the course too long and not responding promptly to his handler's whistle. Otherwise his work is what may be termed grand in character. There is something so out of the ordinary in the way he handles himself even in his galloping that one feels inclined to use the superlative in speaking of him. At the close of the heat the judges announced the winners:

1st—St. Ives.
2d—Boy Blue.
Equal 3d—Tiburon, Peach Maid.

The dividing of third was not popular. In fact the judges themselves were not agreed in it. Tiburon was entitled to the place alone. The dividing of third carries with it the dividing of the money and it is a rare case when the work of two dogs is so close that a distinction cannot be made. Peach

Judges Betten and Keller

Kil's Viola
Winner 1st All-age

Maid is a bright little bitch, which when broken will no doubt give a good account of herself, but no dog in her uncontrollable condition should ever be carried even into the second series.

THE ALL-AGE

After the announcement of the awards in the derby, the running of the all-age was commenced. In this stake there were seventeen starters, a large number of which were old performers with years of training that should by this time show them to be bird finders and bird handlers, yet with the weather and ground conditions perfect, and with any number of birds, it was the general expression that the stake was the most disappointing in the history of the club. For every effect there is a cause, and the cause for this can be found in the one word "class," or the senseless fad of judging a bird dog in what is supposed to be a *competitive trial on birds*, by his ability to run fast, get away as far as possible irrespective of the direction taken by the gun and come back, not when his handler whistles, but when he gets ready. This, in the jargon of the faddist, is called splendid casts, and the farther he goes and the longer he takes to race around for no purpose the higher his "class" is said to be. There was a great deal of this "classy" business in the all-age, but a most remarkable dearth of competition on birds. My class-crazed readers will no doubt find fault with my use of the expression "for no purpose." But I wish to call their attention to the fact

Tod Sloan
Winner 2d All-age

Belle Fontaine
Divided 3d All-age and Runner Up Championship

that I use it advisedly, for not a single dog either in the all-age or the champion stake, found and pointed a bevy or a single bird while off on one of these wild "casts." This was not because there were not birds to be found, for to their shame be it said, they ran through them at times. The only excuse a dog has for being off the lead or out of his crate is that he may find birds. If he can't find them or won't point them, by going away from his handler a hundred yards or half a mile, he had better be kept at heel to retrieve those his handler walks up. There were seventeen dogs in the stake and eight of them were down twice, making the equivalent of twenty-five dogs, each down an average of 40 minutes. Yet with all this "class" these dogs, running 40 minutes each, actually found but three bevies that they were put onto, and only made 19 points on singles. This is possibly a fine showing for that number of "classy" dogs where there are two or three hundred birds in each field. But I venture the assertion that it is a very poor showing

for even plug shooting dogs that have had three and four seasons' work.

Joe—Point—Dr. H. T. Hendrick's pointer dog, Joe, by Dr. Daniels—Fango, handled by Fred Coutts, and D. G. McDonnell's pointer dog, Point, by Sport IV—Perrott's Daisy, handled by owner, was the first brace of the all-age, and ran thirty-five minutes, most of the time right among plenty of birds, without either of them making a point.

Kil's Viola—Tod Sloan—J. W. Considine's English setter bitch, Kil's Viola, by Kilgarif—Roxana, handled by J. E. Lucas, and D. G. McDonnell's pointer dog, Tod Sloan, handled by owner, were the last brace of the day. Viola, after a short run, roaded a bevy out onto burnt ground where the young grass was barely two inches high and soon snapped up half a dozen points, while Tod secured three. Viola's work was snappy and clean, and while the birds were often in plain view of her moving from one little tussock to another, she behaved well and rarely showed any unsteadiness. Tod did fairly well on the same birds, but lost several opportunities for points that he should have scored.

Wednesday

Sport's Bad Boy—Baywood—D. G. McDonnell's English setter dog, Sport's Bad Boy, by Marie's Sport—Jackson's Dot, handled by owner, and Lloyd Tevis' pointer dog, Baywood, by Cuba of Kenwood—Petronella, handled by R. M. Dodge, was the first brace down in the morning. Bad Boy secured three points, on which he behaved about as badly as possible. Baywood showed fine speed and range, but did no point work in the heat.

McCloud Boy—Ramona—J. W. Considine's English setter dog, McCloud Boy, by Tony Boy—Sadie Hopkins, handled by J. E. Lucas, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Ramona, by Kilgarif—Belle of the Ball, handled by W. B. Coutts, gave an exhibition of speed and range without either making a point.

Belle Fontaine—Ventura—E. Courtney Ford's English setter bitch, Belle Fontaine, by Count Whitestone—Gracie Gladstone, handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. G. Kerchoff's English setter bitch, Ventura, by Harry H.—Peach Mark II, handled by J. E. Lucas, was the last brace before luncheon. Belle pointed a small bevy, on which she was quite staunch. Working along the ditch she pointed again, but her handler failed to raise the birds. Ventura coming up to the same place dropped to wing as the two birds flushed, and a second later half a dozen more flushed in front of her. Both of this brace were under very good control, and worked their ground out well.

Colton—Veronica—The first brace to be cast off after luncheon was Howard Smith's pointer dog, Colton, by Doctor Daniels—Lottie Ripstone, handled by C. H. Babcock, and H. W. Keller's English setter bitch, Veronica, by Count's Mark—Amanda, handled by J. E. Lucas. The only bird work done by the brace was one point made by Colton, which he broke in on and flushed. Veronica dropped to flush once. They were among lots of birds.

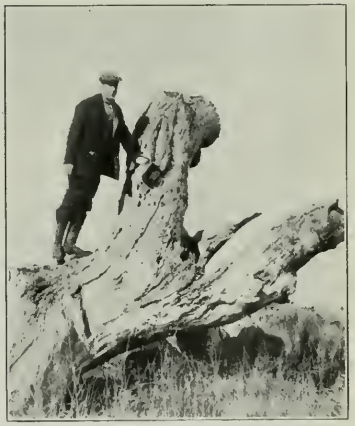
Abbott's Jock—Spot's Rip Rap—H. H. Abbott's pointer dog, Abbott's Jock, by Wasco—Alberta Queen, handled by W. B. Coutts, and Dr. Dennison's pointer dog, Spot's Rip Rap, by Four Spot—Queen of Letitiz, handled by D. G. McDonnell, ran a heat of 57 minutes, during which any number of birds were flushed, but no points made. Spot was off the course and

Even the Dogs Laughed at This One!

out of hand most of the time with McDonnell whistling and running after him. Jock, for a dog that has been given champion honors, made a very poor showing.

Shasta Daisy—Keepsake—J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Shasta Daisy, by Kilgarif—Iona S., handled by W. B. Coutts, and W. W. Van Arsdale's English setter bitch, Keepsake, by California Bell Boy—Peach Blossom, handled by C. H. Babcock, were the last down except the bye. They were worked in heavy dead grass where birds were plentiful. Daisy made one point on a single, which was promptly backed by Keepsake. Keepsake pointed twice, but no bird was raised. She later pointed and broke in and flushed.

Avalon a bye—G. B. M. Gray's English setter dog,



Judge Betten, Just Back from a Bear Hunt, Smells Bear and Trees

Watching an Interesting Brace

Avalon, by California Bell Boy—Peach Blossom, handled by C. H. Babcock, finished the day by running his bye. He, like the rest, covered a vast amount of country in his exhibition of "class," but when brought onto birds did no creditable work.

THURSDAY

KIL'S VIOLA—RAMONA—This brace was the first of the second series, and after a long run was worked onto birds that had been marked down. Viola drew to a nice point on the bevy and Ramona stopped to wing. Following the birds Viola stopped as a single flushed. Both dogs worked through the scattered birds, many of which were flushed by the judges and handlers, but the only point made was by Viola. On this she proved unsteady to shot. Ramona was under very poor control.

McCLOUD BOY—SPORT'S BAD BOY—After a good race over the country the dogs were brought back onto the same scattered birds that the last brace had been on. While many birds were flushed but one point was made, but after holding it a few seconds McCloud deliberately flushed it.

TOD SLOAN—SHASTA DAISY—This brace did considerable point work, but both did more flushing than pointing and even after pointing deliberately flushed in several instances, Tod even chasing twice. Daisy is a pretty mover and if only put under reasonable control and made steady she is able to do some good work.

BELLE FONTAINE—KEEPSAKE—These were put down the first thing after luncheon. Belle was the first to locate and point. Keepsake coming up pointed the place where Belle's bird had flushed from, and Belle backed her promptly. Keepsake made four points after this, one of which Belle backed, but from only one of these points could a bird be raised. Both of these were under good control.

The judges now called for Kil's Viola and Tod Sloan to run together to comply with the rules, forgetting that they had already been down together. After the dogs had been down about five minutes some of the spectators informed the judges that these two were the second brace in the first series, and they ordered them up and announced the winners as follows:

1st—Kil's Viola.

2d—Tod Sloan.

Equal 3d—Belle Fontaine, Shasta Daisy.

The award was received with a good deal of surprise, as Belle Fontaine had been generally picked for second place.

THE MEMBERS' STAKE

A change of ground was then made and the first brace of the Members' Stake put down.

SADIE B.—LEMONADE—H. W. Keller's English setter bitch, Sadie B., by Sir Roderick—Sombra, and J. E. Terry's English setter bitch, Lemonade, by ——, handled by E. Courtney Ford, as Terry had to leave for home. Lemonade pointed a bevy on ploughed ground, but worked in too close and flushed it. Sadie next pointed a bevy and when Keller killed she retrieved in good style. Worked onto the scattered birds, both bitches relieved the long pointless monotony by snapping up point after point, several times both standing on point at the same time. They both, however, marred what otherwise would have been a fine exhibition of bird work by persisting in breaking shot. This closed the work for the day.

FRIDAY

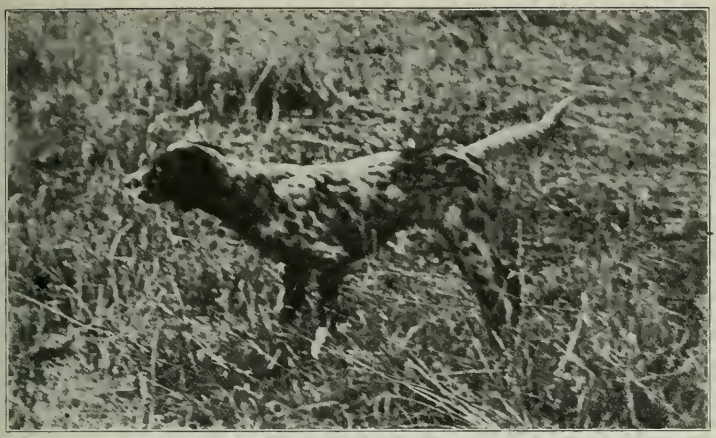
MARGERITE—OAKWOOD—Lloyd Tevis' pointer bitch, Margerite, by Cuba Zeb—Jingo's Bagpipe, and Gordon Tevis' pointer dog, Oakwood, by Cuba of Kenwood—Petronella, was the first brace down on Friday morning, and the second of the members' stake. A large bevy was soon found that settled among broken-down corn stalks. This gave a fine open view of the work of the dogs. Margerite began to lay out the work in good shape, scoring point after point in rapid succession, and Lloyd Tevis killed just as rapidly and cleanly, for he never seems to miss a bird. Oakwood could not stand the rapid point work of the bitch and to get his share of the sport broke in several times and retrieved Margerite's birds.

IVYWOOD—SENATOR'S DON—Lloyd Tevis' pointer dog, Ivywood, by Cuba of Kenwood—Petronella, and J. W. Flynn's pointer dog, Senator's Don, by Senator P.—, were the final brace of the members' stake. Ivywood put up a nice heat but was rather unsteady. To Tevis' kills he retrieved well. Don made but two points. One of the birds Flynn crippled and it got into a bush just out of Don's reach. Don tried to get it by jumping for it, but as he always fell short he tried to climb the brush in quite an amusing way. At the end of the heat the judges announced the winners to be—

1st—Margerite.

2d—Ivywood.

3d—Sadie B.



Shasta Daisy
Divided Equal 3rd All-Age

TWO GOOD ONES

Marguerite
Winner 1st Members' Stake

They Tried to Look Pleasant!

THE CHAMPION STAKE

After luncheon Friday the running of the champion stake was commenced. All the dogs in this had been run in the all-age, and it was amusing to note the difference in the performance of most of them after they had got through ranting wild over the country and slowed down. The same dogs that had run over birds in perfect abandon without the thought of making a point, got down to business before their two hours' heat was up, and began to do a little bird work.

Avalon—Spot's Rip Rap—These were the first two down and began their point work by each making a false point, followed by Spot pointing a rabbit. Then they each scored a point on little bunches of about a half dozen. Going into the pea vines Spot made two points on singles, to which he broke in at shot. In the same vines Avalon pointed three times, but to two of them there was no bird. Working on toward the corner of the section Spot pointed a small bevy, on which he again broke and attempted to chase. Spot then pointed a single and left it, the judges flushing the bird as they came up. A bit farther on he pointed again, and again broke to chase. While Avalon was gone off the course Spot pointed another small bunch, following this with three single points, on one of which he was reasonably steady. After ten minutes' absence Avalon was got back and scored three points on singles. Spot made one more point on a single just before they were called up. On this he was again disposed to chase. Spot finished strong, but was under the poorest control of any dog I have ever seen started in a field trial. Avalon was going very slow at the finish.

Belle Fontaine—Ramona—Right after they were cast off Belle ran through a bevy on open ground and flushed. Worked on, Belle pointed a bevy nicely and proved steady to wing and gun. Changing the direction Belle again pointed a small bevy on which she was steady. Ramona now pointed a single and behaved well to shot. Following the birds into a brushy swale, Belle pointed a single in a little cluster of brush roots. Ramona pointed a single in the swale and Belle backed staunchly. Working on, Belle pointed another small bevy. These were not followed. Ramona pointed a rabbit and Belle backed her. The course was again changed, so as to work toward the wagons as the two hours were nearly up. Belle, coming in from the right caught the foot scent of a feeding bevy and roading in behind the judges, drew cautiously for nearly two hundred yards to a staunch point on another bevy. After these were flushed she pointed a single. At the close of the heat Ramona was nearly all in, but Belle finished strong. Belle is under good control and always steady to shot and wing. Her work in roading back across the path of the judges and spectators to her point on the last bevy was the best piece of head work seen in the trials.

McCloun Boy—Abbott's Jock—This was the first brace down Saturday morning. Both ran through a few scattered birds soon after they were put down. After a long run Jock pointed a bevy to which he was steady. Following the birds each dog secured a point on singles, but Jock flushed his bird and then dropped to wing. Working into lower ground Jock flushed a bevy. A little further on McCloud pointed another bevy, and on these birds Jock secured one point on a single to which he was unsteady, and McCloud secured three. Brought back onto the same birds Jock pointed a single and behaved well, and McCloud pointed a couple of outlying birds. Working along the ditch Jock stopped to flush and then pointed the place from which the bird rose and McCloud backed him. After the dog and his handler had gone on a spectator flushed two birds from the same place.

McCloud now pointed and Jock backed a moment and then left. McCloud remained steady. Jock then made a point on a bevy a good distance away, but as some of the birds flushed at the same time it was uncertain whether he had caught scent before he was attracted by those taking wing, but at any rate he stood staunch on those remaining. On the singles McCloud secured two points. Jock ran a very good heat and finished strong. McCloud had done better bird work but was pottering badly at the finish.

Tod Sloan a bye—Tod finished his heat in very good condition, but his bird work was poor. He made nine points during the two hours, but he broke in and flushed about half of them. He was nowhere near the money and it is useless to go into the details. Uncle Fontaine, one of the derby entries, was put down with him and ran his two hours in good form.

SECOND SERIES

Belle Fontaine—Spot's Rip Rap—Few of the spectators expected that a second series would be necessary and were still more surprised when Spot's Rip Rap was called to go down with Belle Fontaine, who had been generally selected as the winner. This brace was cast off across the railroad for a run-out, but Belle wouldn't have this long with a likely place for birds close on her right, so she cast over to look for birds and found them some time before her handler—who in this stake was her owner—and the judges got over the fence and came up to her. Her work on this moving bevy was very fine and demonstrated her staunchness, for, with the birds moving in front of her and her handler nowhere near her, she drew cautiously for over a hundred yards before the birds reached the cover. When they were flushed by her handler they went into heavy brush. When the spectators, who had remained in the field where Belle found the birds, had called to the judges that she was on point, Spot was sent over into the same swale. He went through the brush and pointed a single and flushed two on the higher ground beyond. He then pointed another single and Belle backed. To this he broke badly. His handler's whistle and holloing as well as running after him was bothering Belle to such an extent as to cause her to leave a bird she was drawing on and thereby flush another. Spot, after his handler had got him back from his last break, pointed a single and then broke again. Belle then pointed a single and with all the noise going on held it steady. Spot then pointed a single and Belle backed him. The judges then ordered them up and announced Spot's Rip Rap the winner. The decision was far from popular.

Spot's Rip Rap
Winner 1st Championship

At the annual meeting of the club, held Tuesday evening, the officers elected for the ensuing year were: Elmer H. Cox of Madera, president; Jos. E. Terry of Sacramento, first vice-president; Hon. Charles N. Post of Sacramento, second vice-president; E. Courtney Ford of San Francisco, secretary-treasurer. Executive Committee—V. A. Caglieri of San Francisco, John Schumacher of Los Angeles, J. W. Considine of Seattle, D. G. McDonnell of Vancouver, B. C., H. L. Betten of Alameda and T. J. A. Tiedemann of San Francisco.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SHOW

THE San Francisco Kennel Club will hold its Annual Dog Show April 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th, 1908, at the "Auditorium," corner Page and Fillmore streets.

Mr. Charles Lyndon has been secured to judge. He also judges at the largest show in America next month, being the Westminster Kennel Club show at New York City.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

FOR SALE.—Live game for restocking, fancy pheasants, waterfowl, pet stock and wild animals. List free. Denley, Naturalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Angora kittens; pedigreed prize-winning stock sired by "Cherub," holder of Western Field Challenge Cup. Address, 64 Stanyan street, San Francisco. Phone West 7026.

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FOR SALE—Shooting Dogs. Lowest price, $100. Kenwood Kennels, Kenwood, Cal. W. B. Coutts & Co.

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FOR SALE.—Chesapeake Bay bitch and pups of the Otter breed. Address, P. Wetterau, 3106 Orange Ave., Sacramento, Cal.

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FOR SALE.—Acme Folding Canvas Boat, 16 feet long, 52 inches wide; folds into package 5 feet by 10 inches; weight 85 pounds. Two rubber air tanks and all accessories included. Boat is absolutely new; has never been unpacked—a bargain at $45.00; cannot be duplicated for less than $65.00. H. L. Betten, 1213 Railroad Ave., Alameda, Cal.

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"PHEASANT FARMING," illustrated booklet, 25c. History of China Pheasants in Oregon and how to raise them. Eggs $3.00 per dozen. Simpson's Pheasant Farm, Corvallis, Oregon.

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* * *

SPORTSMEN READ THIS letter and write me for particulars. James Fullerton, 206 Marion Bldg., Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., January 9, 1908.

Mr. James Fullerton, Kirkland, Wash.

Dear Sir:—Agreeable to your request that I have my men look up an island suitable for a large game preserve, I have after considerable inquiry found one that I think meets all the requirements. It contains 4400 acres and has two fine lakes of deep water that would make fine salmon and trout preserves.

There is also a splendid water power that can be used to furnish electricity. There are good harbors at both ends of the island, and a government lighthouse reserve on the east side will be a great advantage to those owning craft.

There have been large numbers of deer killed on the island and the distance from the mainland (eight miles) precludes all possibility of escape of any game with which it might be stocked. If I understand it, you wished to get a number of sportsmen interested and make a summer residence resort as well as game preserve. The view, the beach, bathing, the water, its proximity to good town and railroad make it most desirable in every way. The price, $50,000, is only open for a short time, and if agreeable I would like to be one of twenty to pay $2500, and build my summer bungalow there.

Yours truly,

A. B. NEWELL.

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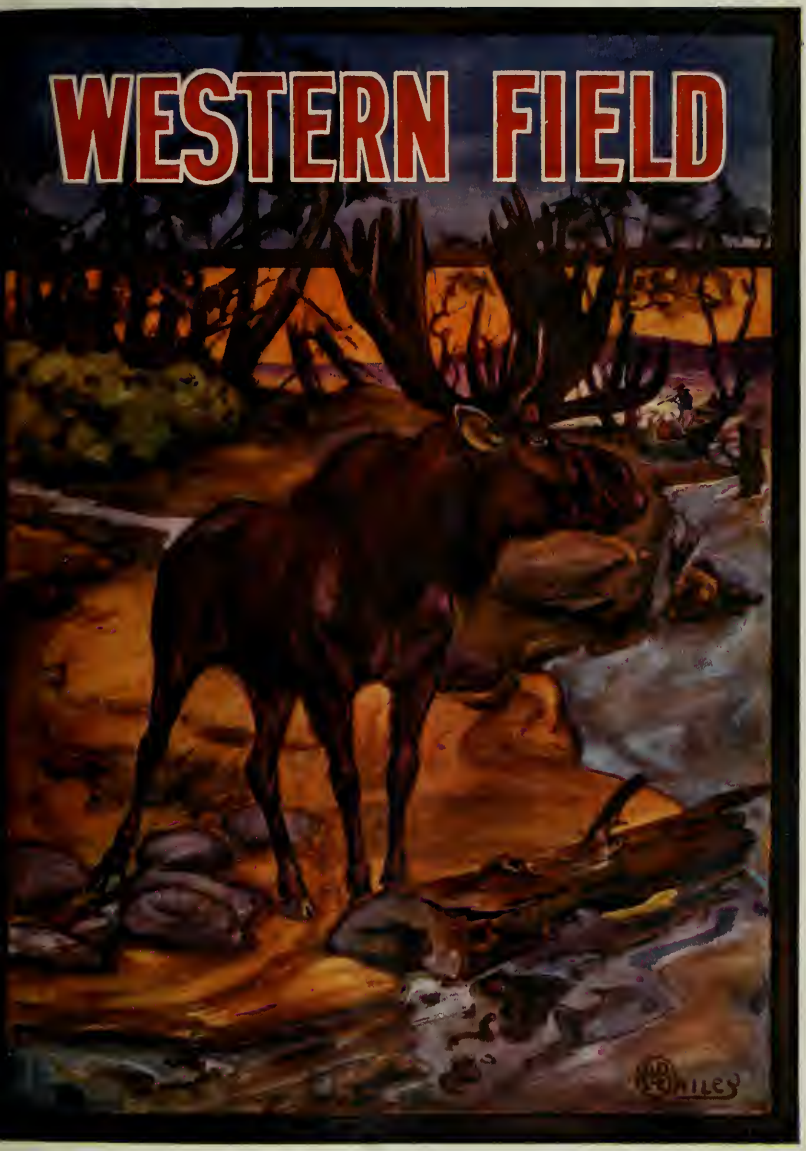
WESTERN FIELD



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The Greenland Whale

(See Whaling in the Northwest Pacific, Page 161.)

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 12 APRIL, 1908 No. 3

APRIL SONG

NOW April comes along the lane,
And daffodils peep through the rain.
Bright-mirrored in the streamlet's flow,
The wind-swept cowslips courtesy low.
Hark! Echo answers to her voice,
From vernal hills, "Rejoice, rejoice!"
As April comes along the lane,
And daffodils peep through the rain.

The sower whistles to his lass,
Nor marks, behind, the thieving crow;
Rich odors from the furrows blow—
The flag-fringed pool is clear as glass.
The bloodroot's waxen bud is out,
The maple sap drips from the spout;
Now April comes along the lane,
And daffodils peep through the rain.

How fair a place this grim old earth,
How sweet with dreams the lengthening day!
Old cares, old sorrows, fade away.
Pan's pipe recalls to gypsy mirth.
Youth hails us from the greening grass:
"Stay, Comrade!" as we smiling pass,
For April comes along the lane,
And daffodils peep through the rain.

—*Lulu W. Mitchell.*

GAUR SHOOTING IN MYSORE JUNGLE

By "Dutchman"

THE monsoons had burst and it was nothing but rain, rain, day after day, and night after night; everything in my small tent was damp and clammy. The only sounds in the great forest were the constant dripping of rain on the teak leaves, the incessant whirring of the cicadas and the roar of the Nogu as it rushed along.

The mornings broke dark and muggy, and during a break the sky could be seen covered with masses of heavy, leaden-colored clouds, which only added to the general gloomy effect, but everything else around was beautiful in the extreme.

It was a morning such as this when my three Kurber trackers turned up at the tent, and after receiving their usual dole of tobacco, picked up the rifles. We started off, intending to do a long day.

All my clothes were still damp, having been dried out over a fire the night previous, and I wondered how long it would take before I got thoroughly soaked, for barring the rain, every bush meant a pail of water, and walking through the long grass was as good as wading through a stream. The Kurbers had each a small thin rag tied around their shoulders and another bit about the same size round their loins, and the water just trickled through their long uncombed hair, which was tied in a bunch on top of their heads with a bit of string, and yet they were quite happy as they jogged along smoking, visions of meat making their hearts glad. A gaur means a two-months' supply.

It was decided that we would keep along the cart track for a couple of miles and if no *karti* (gaur) tracks had crossed, to try a line of *guddays* (swamps) where we were pretty sure of finding them.

We had been going along quietly some time, when the leading Kurber suddenly stopped and pointed to a large hoof print in the centre of the road. Judging by the impression on the soft clay, the beast must have been a giant. It did not take long to discover it was a solitary bull, and we started off in pursuit. The going up to this was all right, but now we turned right into the jungle, and the long grass and stuff soon wet us to the skin. The tracking was as easy as possible and we went on without a hitch, up hill and down dale, through dense dwarf bamboo and grass over eight feet high, hour after hour. The Kurber whispered: "The *karti* is looking for a herd, that is why it has not fed or rested." Finally we came to a stiff-looking hill up which the tracks led, and I decided on reaching the top to have a bit of a rest and smoke.

One of my three Kurbers, the *tiffin* carrier, I must mention, was a very peculiar individual, in fact an idiot of sorts, appropriately nicknamed *"goobay"* (owl), as he seldom spoke, in fact, it was rather difficult to get him to speak. Our progress up that hill was necessarily slow, as my boots were collecting clay and each weighed about five pounds. But we eventually sauntered up, and the first thing I saw, right in front, about twenty yards off, was what I at the time took to be the stern of a young elephant. A slight whistle and all sat down; then I pointed it out to Goobay, who was nearest me. *"Annay* (elephant) he said, and the next minute we were all streaking down that hillside, Goobay leading, with me a bad last.

Strange to say, although they live together in the same jungles, there is nothing a Kurber dreads more than an elephant. There are very few who care to take you up to one; then they thoroughly hate the job and can never be relied on. The reason of my joining in this rapid retreat was that I possessed no special permit for elephant—and then, well, once you are in the centre of a herd you really can't say what may happen. Besides, a well-known "rogue" also frequented this place. After reaching a sufficiently safe distance we held a consultation of war; I said it was a young

Our Camp in the Jungle

elephant, but Goobay swore it was the tusker. To decide matters a Kurber went off to reconnoiter; very soon he returned, and the language they used to Goobay was something dreadful! for instead of being a baby elephant or a tusker, it was the very bull we were following. Well, it did seem rotten bad luck to run away after working so hard to get up to the beast; however, the Kurber assured me the bull had not been scared and so there was every hope of a shot, so we started off with renewed vigor.

The bull seemed to have decided on another long stroll, for we could not get up to him, but after a mile or so the tracks led into a small bog, or what is locally called a *nosthay* which herds of elephants had churned up into a most awful looking mass of black clay. While my companions were trying to work out the tracks from scores of others which had crossed and re-crossed the same place, I stood well away from the edge—and it was just as well I did, for, happening to look to the right I discovered our friend the *karti* standing nearly broadside on, watching the Kurbers intently. He had evidently been lying down and had jumped up quietly.

To put up the 8-bore and fire was the work of a few seconds, but before I could get clear of the smoke from eight drams of black powder, the bull was gone and could be heard crashing along through the jungle. I felt mad with myself for making a mess of such an easy shot.

The report of the gun and rush of the bull gave the Kurbers a great start; it is remarkable in what a fraction of time even the listless Goobay shinned up the nearest tree! There was plenty of blood, but the shot was, I feared, placed too far back. However, we followed on at once, but very carefully, one Kurber keeping on the track and the other two about twenty yards apart on either side. In this manner we went on as silently as possible; suddenly there was a snort and crash. The nearest Kurber vanished and I had just time to jump behind a tree when the *karti* passed within a few yards; owing to the long grass, it was not possible to shoot, and he disappeared quickly.

Another careful hunt, the Kurbers climbing trees every now and then to look around, and finally they spotted the beast. I crept up but all I could see was a small black patch through the dense foliage at which I blazed away—and off went the bull! The same thing happened

"A Great Mass of Enormous Muscle Typifying Virility and Strength"

again and again; I could not get a clear shot and really did not know where I was hitting the unfortunate beast; he charged readily, but as he persisted in keeping in such thick stuff only my companions from the tree tops had a good view of him.

Time was getting on; the monsoon day is short and I could see that the Kurbers were beginning to funk it, the gaur having quite got on their nerves. "This is a *bala ketta* (very bad) *karti*!" they would whisper, as they led me up to it; "tread as silently as you can;" and after pointing it out would promptly disappear.

However, everything must come to an end, and so did the strip of grass and dwarf bamboo in which the *karti* had found refuge. There was quite an open space it would have to cross to enter the next strip. This was taken advantage of and I quickly went round and got in position. The Kurbers had to drive the animal out; this was comparatively safe and easy work to them, for climbing from tree to tree they were soon over the gaur; by shouting and flinging branches at him they induced him to make a move, of which there was no necessity to inform me, for I heard him coming.

As the mighty beast lumbered across the open he afforded a very easy shot and I had the satisfaction of seeing him go over, clean as a rabbit, with the first barrel.

And thus ended a day full of exciting events. I was soaking wet, hungry and thirsty, but all this was soon forgotten. The head was promptly taped and found to be 78 inches from tip to tip across forehead, with a spread of 38 inches. Now that the excitement was over I gazed regretfully on that great mass of enormous muscle, typifying virility and

strength—one of God's most beautiful creations, lying limp and inert. A feeling of inexpressible sadness came over me, and gladly would I, were it again possible, see the old bull jump up and bolt away in all its vigor. Calling Goobay up, I took a nice long whiskey, a sandwich and a cigarette. The Kurbers, who were highly elated, removed portions of the liver and other titbits for the night's consumption, and then away we went, best leg forward, reaching camp just as the shades of night were closing in.

ENOUGH

HE STRUCK; the startled reel shrieked to the strain
Of taut and throbbing line. The tortured cane
Uplifted, curved into a splendid bow,
And stooped to conquer best the wily foe.
With cautious strain he urged him from the deep,
Or lowered tip to meet each savage leap.
With skilful wrist he guided from the maze
Of lily-tangled shore the monster's ways.
Vain is his strength; the very race he runs
Brings him exhausted to the net he shuns.

"A noble bass," the Fisher quoth, and gazed
Into the cool green depths. He turned and raised
The gasping fish, and in a gentle way
Ere my astonished hand could move him nay,
"We have enough," he said, "and life is good,
Else he had fought less hard. We kill for food
But not for wanton sport," and put him back
Into the crystal water.
Sharp the crack
Of heavy rifles through the tingling air;
Light fallen snow traced to his hidden lair
The fleeing deer, whose life blood oozing free
Told the quick pang of mortal agony.
The day was good. Red shone the setting sun
On many a trophy when the hunt was done.

The homeward path with tired content was slow
And all relaxed; when, clear against the snow,
Of steep and woodbare hillside there uprose
A stag. With startled mein and lifted nose
He sniffed suspicious, keen to human scent
And turned a tempting flank. The finger bent
Instinctive to the trigger; the quick aim
Almost had filled its mission when there came
Late recollection. "'Tis your shot!" I said.
The Hunter smiled, and from its frozen bed
A pebble drew and launched in harmless flight.
Across the hill the deer in sudden fright
Dashed forestward. Homeward the Hunter led
And lightly laughed; "We have enough," he said.

—*Paul Harold Woodruff.*

TOM GAUGHAN'S BEAR FIGHT

By C. P. Maginnis

SOME years ago while driving over a public highway in company with an old pioneer who formerly came directly from Ireland to Northern Wisconsin, he told me the following story, brought about by meeting a traveling Italian accompanied by a large brown dancing bear, which he led along with a common halter without a muzzle of any kind. After the meeting, when I had reduced my frightened team to a reasonable gait, I chanced to say that I personally had no wish to apply for the Italian's job, as I would not care to be eaten some day by his bearship if trade failed to supply the larder. My companion informed me there was no possible danger as he, himself, when a young man, had beaten a large wild black bear in a fair fight with nothing but a hickory hoop pole. Knowing him to have been an unusually rugged, athletic man and absolutely fearless, I asked for the story and will tell it in his own way as nearly as possible.

"When I first settled in St. Croix county, Wisconsin, after coming from the old country, my wife and myself were both young and our boy was about ten. I had very little money, only enough to buy a cow, a yoke of cattle and some pigs. The first fall I had eight or ten shotes—fine ones, big and fat. One day I missed one, and soon after another. I said to my wife, 'tis the bears it is.' She laughed at me and said no bear could get one of them, they were so strong and big. Howsoever, I built a good strong pen for the pigs and fastened them in.

"That very night after going to bed we heard a racket in the pig pen. 'Ha,' said I, 'the lad is after another pig, and divvil a one will he get.' Out of bed I jumped, waiting for nothing,—but just as I was. The first thing I grabbed was a hoop pole, a fine tough stick which I took to the pen with me. There I met me bucko outside the pen with a fine shote in his arms. There he sat, the pig squealing like blazes and he hugging him tight. We were not five feet apart. I could talk both English and Irish and I swore and called him names in both while he said nothing; but we both understood one thing, and that was whoever kept that pig had a fight on his hands.

"But my temper was up and I would not run from all the bears in Wisconsin. I gave him a whack across the nose with the stick, and the grunt he let out of him could be heard a mile; faith, I lost no time in giving him five or six good ones, until he dropped the pig and made after me. For my good luck there was a clump of brush at hand: around that I goes, he after me, but they are clumsy divvils, indeed, they are! I could go around the bush twice to his once, and every time I came up to him I laid the stick on his back the full length. By gorry! He soon had enough and started for the woods, but dang him if he didn't turn towards the house where my wife had given the gun to the little boy Mickey and the boy was bringing it to me.

"When he headed towards the boy my heart stood still for fear he would tear the child before I could stop him. I put on an extra spurt and got alongside of him and whacked him good. You could hear every blow ten rods. Faith I turned him to one side and he ran by the very door, but I was that winded I could not follow another step. I guarantee he had a sore back for many a day, as he never troubled us again."

I could well believe it, for although at this time he had passed the allotted age of three score and ten, the light of battle was in his eye as he recalled the incidents of the fight, which was but one of many he had had with bears, Indians and red-shirted raftsmen of the early '50's.

A TOAST TO CALIFORNIA

I STOOP and pluck a flower of sunset shades,
And lift its cup so filled with golden beams
My eyes are dazed; and o'er this field that gleams
With yellow bloom and glistens down the glades,
My spirit floats—floats down the dim decades
In thought, to those who saw this land in dreams
And westward came. Their silence now, that seems
Though true to law so sadly strange, pervades
This, their loved home. And now this shining flower
That gave them hope gives us new thought, new light
As emblem of our State. Sound then her praise,
As she enfolds the glow of evening's hour
Within her chalice fair! Eschscholtzia's bright
Gold cup to California dear I raise!

—*Mary Emerson Doble.*

FRESH PASTURES

By "Montezuma"

PART IV.—(*Concluded*).

MAN proposes and Chance disposes. When we pulled out into the Verney Channel we were fully resolved that we would simply outfit at Hartly Bay and then returned to Gribble and its mysterious white fauna but when we arrived at Hartly Bay we suddenly changed our plans as will appear further on.

The tide was running high. All the waters of the vast Gardners Inlet were rushing through the narrow passage, and for a land-lubber like the writer it was a rather startling experience to be at one moment in the bottom of a ten foot well and at the next perched on the ridge of a razor-backed wave above. But the other two were Ancient Mariners, and I hadn't shot any albatross, so we rode that tail race of Gehenna without any incident further than again encountering our friends the whales, who derisively flicked a good-by with their tails and went on decimating the billions of little crustaceans and animalculae which the nature sharps say they alone can swallow.

It was night when we rounded Hawkesbury Island, and as it was quite a pull to the settlement we decided to land and make supper. It was as black as a pocket—no moon till late—and the seven mile stretch of water without a single light in sight to guide our course was not inviting. Fortunately there was no swell at all, the bay being as still as a mill pond.

While we were eating supper we were entertained by the grunting and plunging of innumerable grampuses, the general effect being that of the milling of the Bulls of Bashan. There was about half an hour of this groaning Inferno and old Sourdough Ned actually had the gall to try to get me "buffaloed" over it, saying that he wouldn't take chances out among those beasts, in the dark, in an open boat. So insistent did he become, and so earnest did he appear, that I actually thought the old villian really meant it, and I was just getting ready to open on him when I got the

side-light from our fire on his grin-contorted mug. Then I thumped instead of cussed him, and in revenge appropriated his share of our last forty-drops of Scotch.

I had just knocked out the heel of my last pipeful of tobacco when away up to the nor'-nor'west I saw a tiny flicker on the horizon—a Siwash's lamp in his hut at Hartly Bay. Instantly we laid our last bearings and were soon re-embarked for our last pull.

I shall long remember that night's wonderful experience. It was as black as tar but very clear though the stars were mere pin points. We had gotten about a half knot from shore when suddenly the drip from our oar blades took fire and our wake was a jewelled fan of multicolored flames. Against the jet of our surroundings the phosphorescence contrasted most exquisitely, and we all gave exclamations of delighted wonder as a grampus, rolling some hundred rods to starboard, was revealed to the minutest detail, outlined in luminous color. Everywhere were leaping salmon irradiated with the beautiful iridescent fires and our oars dripped opals, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires at every recovery. The display lasted about twenty minutes then suddenly ceased and we were in utter darkness again. Anon we would catch an evanescent flicker ahead and we held our course straight as a die, pulling up to the little Siwash dock just about midnight. We had just made down our beds when a Siwash, attracted by our lantern-light, ambled up. To our no small interest he informed us that in about another hour a south bound steamer, whose name we misunderstood from his almost unintelligible mouthings to be the "Benson", was expected in port.

In the flickering flare of the candle light I caught Betten looking at me with a certain diffidence. "There's no supplies worth considering to be obtained here," he said hesitatingly, "and you know I'm due to judge the Northwest trials in 'steen days. We can always come back and we will! Still, if you insist on staying—"

"There's not a toothful of budge nearer than Vancouver" interjected Ned tentatively, and I succumbed.

"Pack up your duffel, you two old Nostalgists, and do it *poco pronto*. There's the *Benson's* whistle outside the point now." In an hour more we were on the boat—she proved to be the *Venture*—headed for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The *Venture* people were of the same stripe as the *Camosun* folk. They treated us royally and we made many choice acquaintances aboard her, among the passengers, several of whom we found to be sportsmen and good fellows, whose acquaintance we shall certainly cultivate on our return to the land of big fish and many bears. One of the most pleasant experiences on this return trip was the picking up at some way station of that prince of good fellows and clean sportsmen, F. M. Kelly, who was just returning from his summer's mooch in this delectable northland. Mr. Kelly has for years been one of Western Field's most valued contributors, and this opportunity of meeting him in the flesh was one of the most enjoyable features of the whole trip. To him I was later indebted for the fine picture

The Gardner Inlet Region

A Typical Siwash Village—Alert Bay

and clear, concise description of the Gribble Island white bears which appeared in a previous paper. Among others whose *Venture* acquaintance I value are Mr. William Edwin Curtis of Ladner, B. C., a typical English sportsman and affable gentleman and a cannery-owner of importance by the way—to whom, as well as to another cannery-owner, Captain Stapledon, whose plant is on the mouth of the Naas River, I am indebted for many courtesies including cordial invitations to "come again and stay longer at our places."

The voyage down was without any particular incident and we were very generously treated by our Vancouver friends on our arrival at that port. By way of variety we went to Seattle by water, taking passage on that particularly fine boat the *Iroquois,* whose officials leave nothing lacking to the comfort of her passengers. The purser of the boat was a relative of both my companions, a most charming gentleman, and we got the cream of everything.

So ended one of the red letter trips of my life. It wasn't particularly resultful in the way of trophies, but we didn't make it with that end especially in view. We got all the trophies we needed and had the time of our lives. Above all, we learned the country, the way to get there, what to do and how to do it. The next time we reach out for the aurora borealis and bears, we'll land!

A last word as to special equipment peculiarly desirable and we have done. Things imperative are water-proof receptacles for matches and the foods most susceptible to moisture. Waterproof clothing—"Duxbak" is the best—and waterproof cover and bag for bed and clothing. A good axe and dependable compass. Warm woolen clothing and underclothing. Rubber boots, thigh or hip, with leather soles well hobbed with nails on soles and short stout caulks on heels. (Light foot wear, moccasins, etc., are useless here.)

Take a *full* supply of medicines, tobacco, spirits, etc., Remember that you want to take all your supplies with you. There is no source of their replenishment, nearer than Vancouver, that can be depended on. Take plenty of ammunition and fishing tackle, with spare rods and guns. Leave revolvers and shotguns behind. Go any time from April first to September first. The last date will give you ordinarily a full month of good weather, sometimes more.

Remember you will have only two methods of transportation, by water and on foot. Horse and dog teams are impossible in the sections under consideration. And above all don't pay the first price that your Siwash retainers demand for their services. They may ask you ten dollars a day when really *Sitcum dollar hyas closhe!*

Go up and find out what that last jargon means.

SONG OF THE EARTH-MOTHER TO THE WEST-WIND

O WIND! Blow out from the golden West
Bring up the damp of the silver sea,
And leave it pearled on my sun-dried breast!—
So cool! so cool! blow over me!

Shake off the dust from my smallest flower,
Make rustle the leaves of my tallest tree,
And kiss my maids in their June-rose bower!—
Ah sly! so sly! blow over me!

Pipe up your music; a merry dance
Lead off o'er meadow, and brook, and lea,
And make my pretty children prance!—
So gay! so gay! blow over me!

Waft on the breath of the columbine,
Catch up the scent of the rosemary,
And blind them all in a perfume fine!—
So sweet! so sweet! blow over me!

Blow high! blow low! sweet, sly, and gay!
Blow on o'er valley, and hill, and lea,
And sink to rest with the dying day,
So tired, tired, over me!

—*Bernard F. Trotter.*

THE WORLD WHEREOF I DREAM

THERE'S the morning's roseate hue,
There's the sunlight's golden glow,
There's the night tide and the dew,
And the gentle winds that blow.
There's the shadows in the wood,
There's the music of the stream,
And God's golden solitude
In the world whereof I dream.

There's the forest's leafy ranks,
Where the shadows come and go;
There's the fern embowered banks
With the silver streams aflow.
And to while the hours along,
Through the shadow and the gleam,
There's a wealth of rippling song
In the world whereof I dream.

There's green vales that stretch away,
And the woodland's bud and flower,
There's the golden dream of day,
There's the gentle twilight hour.
There's the tender peace of night
Kissed by distant stars agleam,
There is hope and joy and light
In the world whereof I dream.

—*Harry T. Fee.*

"When the Tide is out the Naturalist Finds Most of Interest"

ON THE BEACH

THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE

By Jessie Porter Whitaker

II.—THE GARDEN OF THE SEA

IT IS a great moment in a man's experience when he awakes to the wonder of the world about him and begins to see it with his own eyes and to feel afresh its subtle and penetrating charm."

Thus speaks one who possesses the rare gift of making his readers see, as through his own well-trained eye, the charm of nature. "The world," he says, "steadily widens and grows in wonder and mystery to the man who forms the habit of observation."

A ramble beside fence-borders rioting in plant life, draws from one observer the comment, "nothing but weeds!" To the trained eye it is a walk in that wild garden which one comes to love at last as he loves no bit of cultivated soil, however ordered and kept.

In the zoological gardens of the sea one of the most interesting families of the tribe of pinchers is that called the *Maidae* or spider crabs. These odd creatures, which are thick and round and covered with spines and hairs, are really deserving the name of gardener crabs for they have a most remarkable habit of gathering seaweeds and other organisms which they transplant upon their own backs. They display the skill of a gardener in removing such as will bear transplanting without injury, and a wonderful intuition teaches them to select those which will best serve their purpose of concealment. One which was covered with bright-colored algæ was seen to remove them and replace them with sponges, when transferred to the locality of the latter where the former did not grow.

This gardener's method of transplanting is unique. He gathers the plant or sponge in his claw, holds it to his mouth while he moistens it with mucus, then places it on his back. If it does not stick he moistens it again and keeps on trying it in new spots until he succeeds. The spines and hairs, some of which are hooked and others serrated, assist in holding the plants in place. When thus transformed into a traveling greenhouse or conservatory the *Maidae* who—unlike others of their tribe—are lazy creatures, can wander among their enemies as leisurely as they please, secure from attack.

It is the method of concealment by simulation which makes the zoological garden of the sea so wonderfully interesting. These zoophites or animal plants are all included under the division *Coelenterata,* a word derived from two Greek words meaning hollow

and intestine, which describes their anatomical structure, and are commonly known as polyps. Some species are stationary, some move by the aid of tentacles and others by the contraction and expansion of the soft body. To this family belong the hydroids which are colonies of associated animals living a communal life. They have been called the nurses of jelly fishes, although the two forms do not appear alike; but through the stems and branches,—which so closely resemble the plant-life of the sea that they are often gathered and preserved as sea-weeds—runs a thread of animal substance which connects the zoöids or individuals of the community. There is division of labor, for some of these zoöids have mouths and do the feeding for the entire colony, while others have no mouths but reproduce by maturing and sending forth small swimming-bells which become jelly-fishes.

Most beach strollers have picked up clusters, four to six inches in length, which resemble brown ostrich feathers, with the remark: "Isn't it wonderful how much these seaweeds look like feathers?"

Yes. But still more wonderful when you realize that they are not plants but animals, belonging to the division of *Plumularians* among the hydroids. These are feather-like in the manner of branching, short, lateral branches being arranged on each side of a long central stem. The species which is found on the Pacific Coast is among the most beautiful of the hydroids. It varies in size and color, but always suggests a small ostrich-plume, which is the meaning of its long name, *Aglaophemia struthioides*. Examined under the microscope, rows of little cups will be found on the short branches, the rims of which are furnished with sharp pointed teeth.

A most interesting polyp, to the beach stroller, is the sea-anemone, belonging to the class *Actinozoa*, which includes many of the corals. These animals are carnivorous and feed on small shell-fish which they draw in with their tentacles, armed with stinging cells, and then suck them out of their shells. We have all seen these little circles of color—purple, pink, blue and green—plastered on the side of a rock. They seem to resemble in shape the compact center of a sunflower rather than the graceful "windflower"—anemone—and are often covered with pebbles and small shells as if to conceal their brightness from the eye of the passer, and thus escape a poking from the stick of the small child who likes "to see 'em shut up."

Shell of Spider Crab with *Plumularian Aglaophemia* and Leaf of Porphyra

Sometimes one entire side of the rock is covered with a layer of these pebbles, beneath which is a nursery of baby anemones. These animal flowers are soft and contractile, containing no skeleton, but have a muscular power so strong that you cannot pull one from the rock without the aid of a knife.

Sea anemones are found on every coast, although larger and more brightly colored in tropical waters. Some species are found in tide-pools of rocky caverns, others on piles of wharves or on rocks which are exposed at low water, and two species lie on the sea-bottom with bodies horizontal and mouth-end and tentacles erect. Still another species is parasitic on the folds of the membrane which hangs from the mouth of the large jellyfish *Cyanea orctica*. This is the largest jellyfish known, some of them measuring seven and a half feet across the disk with tentacles, of different colors, over a hundred feet in length. From the mouth hang four long and very broad, thin curtains in folds and ruffles, sometimes covered with eggs which give them an appearance of being embroidered.

Probably no marine animal appears, to the casual observer, more wonderful than the jelly-fishes with their beautifully tinted, transparent bodies, varied in form and draped with long appendages, floating rhythmically with the ever-surging tides. They have been called

Medusae because of these appendages which suggest Gorgon locks and the names "sun-jellies" and "sea-blubbers" have also been applied to those which float upon the surface when the sun is high.

Jellyfish, which vary in size from a pinhead to six or seven feet in diameter, are in general shape like a mushroom. From the umbrella-like top the central organ, like the stalk of the mushroom, projects downward; this is the mouth and stomach of the fish. From its top radiate tubes which extend around the margin of the umbrella on which, at intervals, are small bodies supposed to be eyes, although it is not fully determined to what extent they can see or feel. From the margin of the umbrella depend the tentacles,—those long arms supplied with stinging-cells containing nettle-like threads which convey poison fluid to benumb their prey, the small crustaceans and fishes. In some species these cells are so powerful as to be comparable to an electric battery.

The muscular zone around the lower surface enables the animal to open and close his umbrella and this accomplishes locomotion. For this poor creature (fish or animal) has neither fins nor legs. In fact, to him as to all the polyps—whose organization is so simple that it is difficult to distinguish the organs of the body—might be applied Shakespeare's description of old age:

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

(To be concluded.)

THE OLD SIX-SHOOTER

YOU kin bet I love it, pardner, from its checkered wooden grip
Stickin' out o' that ol' holster, to its shiny bar'l tip!
An' the singin' uv her music 'neath my trigger-pull, fer years
Wuz the sweetest notes uv rapture ever poured into my ears.
Nothin' fancy much about it—it is battered, nicked an' marred,
Thar' are scratches on its bar'l, an' the stock is worn an' scarred;
But among my priceless relics 'tis the dearest one uv all,
Is that ol' six-shooter hangin' in its holster on the wall.

Down in palmy Arizony, in the days uv '81,
Wuz the time that ol' six-shooter hed its share o' fight an' fun.
Sev'ral "bad men" felt the stingin' uv its deadly leaden pills,
An' wuz carted to the boneyard minus all their 'arthly ills.
Ev'ry time I pressed its trigger thar wuz never no delay
With the spiteful, sassy message that went whizzin' on its way.
An' more'n one Apachy went to glory by a ball
Frum that ol' six-shooter hangin' in its holster on the wall!

I hev packed it on the desert when I felt the lure uv gold,
Through the stiflin' heat uv summer an' the dreary winter's cold.
Danglin' in that worn ol' holster, ever ready, at my hip,
It hez proved my sole salvation out on many a mountain trip.
Frum the creakin' frontier stage-coach it hez barked its way to fame,
When the nervy highway robber tried to play the hold-up game.
An' I've seen a quick quietus put on many a bar-room brawl
By that ol' six-shooter hangin' in its holster on the wall!

Yes, I love that ol' six-shooter. Why, fer nigh to twenty years
'Twuz my only boon companion when I worked at punchin' steers.
On the drive an' on the round-up, in them wild an' woolly days
It hez saved me frum destruction in a thousan' diff'runt ways.
When the night-herd got stampeded an' rushed headlong in its flight
Through the storm-swept, pitchy blackness uv a moonless, starless night,
I hev got the herd to "millin'" an' hev stilled their frightened bawl
With that ol' six-shooter hangin' in its holster on the wall.

Now my eyes are gittin' misty, an' I feel the hand uv Time
Soon will beckon me out yender to a fairer, dearer clime;
To the Home 'Ranch uv the Blessed, jest across the Great Divide
Which the gospel sharps inform us lies upon the other side.
When I've passed my chips in, pardner, an' you plant me 'neath the soil,
An' my sperrit seeks that country whar' 'tis free frum pain an' toil,
Lemme tote jest one thing with me ez I answer Gab'rul's call—
'Tis that ol' six-gun a-hangin' in its holster on the wall.

—*E. A. Brininstool.*

WHALING IN THE NORTH-WEST PACIFIC

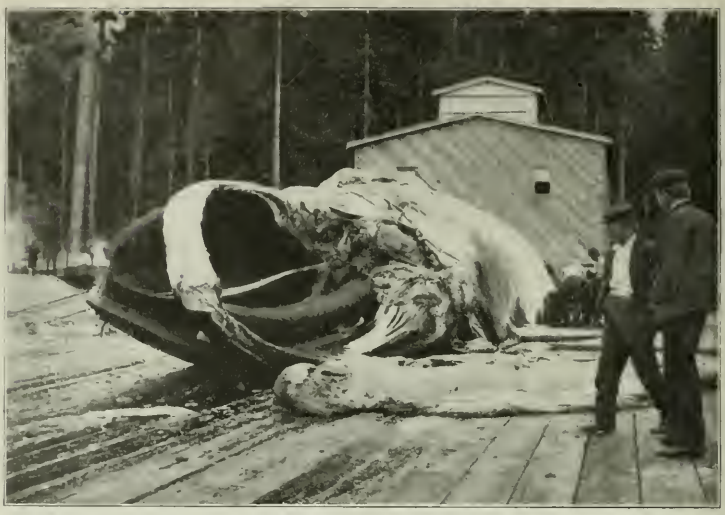
By F. M. Kelly

WHEN the sea is tossing hills-high, the white-lashed spume flying from the wave crests before the driving gale, the man behind the pen goes forth to kill the whale. Then the conditions are ideal for him; for the death of the ocean leviathan, to his mind, should be accompanied with strenuous action on the part of the elements. Above all things, romance must run through his story. Not so with the man behind the harpoon-gun. For him, such conditions are far from being ideal. Strenuous action enough awaits the vessel and her crew on an even sea; and while romance is ever there in plenty, it is hardly observed; for whaling in the Northwest Pacific is conducted on a business basis; the man who fires the gun is part of a machine and probably sees no more than his "lay" during the mighty struggle which takes place on the fishing grounds after the whale has been struck.

Two modern whaling stations are located on the west coast of Vancouver Island; one being at Sechart, Barclay Sound, the other at Narrow Cut Creek, Kyuquot, while whaling operations have recently commenced at a third station near Nanaimo, on the Gulf of Georgia. All three stations are controlled by the Pacific Whaling Company of Victoria. On account of the wild storms which ravage the ocean coast of Vancouver Island, the whaling people have decided to close down the stations at Sechart and Kyuquot for the winter months, operating the inside station only. The most complete in the world, these plants are located near the principal haunts of the whale — the banks where the small fish swarm.

In connection with each station, the object of most interest is the little steam vessel built especially for the whaling game. Of a hundred and fifty tons burthen only, all too small they appear; yet they are stoutly built, steel-ribbed and plated, with powerful engines to drive them rapidly through the water. When the weather is favorable the boat leaves her berth at the station wharf about two hours before daybreak. Under a good press of steam she is able to be on the killing grounds just when the light begins to get strong. It is then that the most important personage on the little craft overlooks his harpoon-gun, invented by a Norwegian named Foyn to replace the hand-harpoon of the old-time whalers. He has scarcely concluded his examination when the lookout man in the crows-nest at the foremast head calls out "Whale on the starboard bow!" or "Whale on the port bow!" as the case may be. Instantly every man takes his station—becomes a part of the little craft. To get within range requires considerable skill on the part of those handling the vessel; for the whale may become alarmed at too much commotion, such as the vibration the propeller causes as it churns the water, and be the cause of a long chase. Cautiously, then, the whaler is maneuvered within striking distance. It is largely a matter of guesswork to get this distance properly at the right moment, for the whale does not necessarily move in a straight line nor has it any fixed time between blowing periods. This uncertainty is about the only excitement known aboard the whalers.

When all is ready, the moment when the glistening back of the ocean mammal is arching as it rolls lazily along, the gun is fired, and six feet of harpoon, wrought from the best of Swedish iron, is hurled against the quarry. As the harpoon speeds on its way, the "foregoer" uncoils from the bow directly beneath the muzzle of the gun. This is the rope fastened immediately to the harpoon. It is made of



Flensing an 80-foot "Sulphur Bottom"

the very finest Russian hemp, is light, very flexible and withal able to stand an enormous strain.

The marksmanship is good, rarely is there a miss, and the whale starts wildly as the iron penetrates its body. Never has it felt anything so terrible as this thing; for it is not of its element, a thing to be combated and perhaps overcome. It is a one-sided battle, the result inevitable. Against it, however, the whale sometimes puts up a terrific struggle. With the bomb exploded, the irons of the harpoon spread and hooked securely, it often takes hours to see the finish. An illustration of the gigantic strength, of the wonderful vitality of the whale, I had from one of the whaling captains. Fairly struck, an eighty-foot sulphur bottom kept him and his vessel busy for fully six hours. At first it tried every possible way to break the stout cable, as even a trout will strive to break a fishing-line. It would "sound;" then it would come to the surface, breaching its full length into the air. Tired of this at length, it started to swim away with the vessel. At the rate of six miles an hour, with the engines going half-speed astern, the whaler was towed through the water for a full four hours.

When the unequal battle has ceased, the whale is winched alongside; and if there are other whales about, an air-pipe is inserted through the mass of blubber and the body inflated. It is then marked with a flag and cast adrift. Afterwards it is picked up and towed to the station. There it is hauled out onto the slip, and the work of cutting-up is begun. A score or more of Chinese, Japanese and Indians with great sharp knives swarm around the carcass. Some of them work on the sides, some climb on top. From head to tail the blubber is slit into five-foot widths. At the end of these sections of fat a hook is then fastened. This hook is attached to a wire cable leading to a winch. The cable tightens, and with a peculiar crackling sound the great strips of fat are torn from the body. This is called "flensing." The strips are then cut up into little square blocks and sent in carriers to the trying-out vats. Some of these pieces, by the way, never see that part of the whaling establishment. At the close of the day's work, more than one Indian may be observed making

for his hut carrying a piece of blubber. To him, whale meat is the most palatable of all food.

In former times much of the whale was discarded, only the oil and bone being retained. Now every part of it is utilized. This has been made possible owing to the efforts of Dr. Reismuller, a noted German chemist, and what was formerly waste is now made of considerable value. Even the entrails are converted into a fertilizer by the Reismuller drier process. This fertilizer is extensively used on sugar plantations, it being especially valuable in the cultivation of sugar, as it contains a large percentage of ammonia.

Oil, of course, is the chief product of the whale, one specimen yielding as much as ninety barrels. At twenty-two dollars a barrel, such a whale, in oil alone, is worth nineteen hundred and eighty dollars. Besides the oil, there are anywhere from three hundred to three thousand pounds of whalebone in the mouth of each whale. This is worth anywhere in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars a ton. For the whale meat, of which there are some ten tons, the whaling people get sixty-five dollars a ton. This meat is salted in brine and finds a ready market in Japan, the natives of Nippon being particularly fond of it. In that country the tails are also sold, the price averaging about fifty dollars per ton. Then there are some four tons of guano, made from the contents of the stomach and all refuse pieces of flesh, which brings about forty dollars a ton. The large bones also make a splendid fertilizer, which does not, however, bring so good a price as that obtained for the guano.

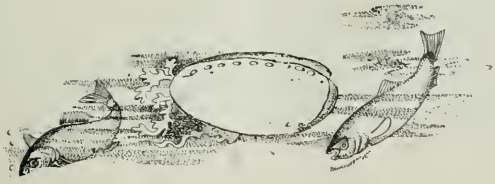
Of all the whale kind, the bowhead is said to be the most valuable, for bone and oil to the value of twenty thousand dollars have been taken from a single specimen. Second in importance comes the right whale, valued at something like ten thousand dollars in bone and oil; while the sperm whale comes third. From its head alone, which seems to be fully one-third the length of the animal, as many as sixty barrels of pure oil have been secured. These three varieties were the principal ones hunted through the romantic years of the hand-harpoon, and are somewhat scarce today; but with modern appliances, the commoner varieties, such as the sulphur bottom, finback and humpback, have become of great commercial value. At the Vancouver Island stations the latter varieties are principally taken, where off Sechart alone as many as nine have been captured in a single day.

TO A TROUT

THOU, who hath paid the price of gluttony,
And, gasping, writhe before me here, couldst thou,
With all thy wiseness gained, be taken, now,
By sympathetic hands and passéd free
Into yon brook, what then? Why, thou wouldst see
No moral in the escapade, but bow
Again unto fell appetite—allow
Again some gaudy fly to cozen thee!

A baleful greed of thine. O, wolfish fish!
I, who am skilléd with a rod and line
And reel, shall woo thee servéd on a dish
Of purest china when I next do dine:
A gourmand thou, and this thy reckoning,
And all the epitaph thy lust may bring!

—*Stacy E. Baker.*



ENGLISH SPORT

By R. Clapham

PART IX.—GRAYLING FISHING.

HAVING spoken about trout and salmon fishing, I must not omit to mention one other member of the *Salmonidae*—the grayling.

It is the general opinion of most anglers that the grayling is much inferior to the trout as a sporting fish, yet this fish possesses an advantage over the trout, at least from a fisherman's point of view, in that he is in first-rate condition when the trout is out of season, and as such, unfit for the table. Trout spawn during the late autumn and winter months, and grayling during April and early in May, when they come up the gravelly scours in great schools.

The grayling is rarely so much out of season as to be unfit for food, and can be fished for practically all the year round. As regards external appearance, there is no real comparison to be made between trout and grayling. The grayling is covered with more of a silver tint than is the trout, and the scales are large and very like those of a chub.

When in prime condition, in October or November, the grayling when fresh taken from the water is one of the prettiest of fish. The back is a deep purple color, with irregular dark spots on the sides; the stomach is intensely white, with a fringe of gold, and the tail, ventral, and pectoral fins are of a rich purple hue. The dorsal fin is disproportionately large, and is covered with scarlet spots and many lines upon a red brown ground. The back fin near the tail is dark brown or purple, and the whole body, when viewed in different lights is shot with copper, violet, and blue reflections.

The grayling possesses a peculiar odor, from which it derives its specific name of *thymallus*, as the smell is said to resemble the scent of thyme, though I cannot say that I could exactly catalogue the odor myself, even when I have noticed a peculiar scent on fish I have caught and seen caught.

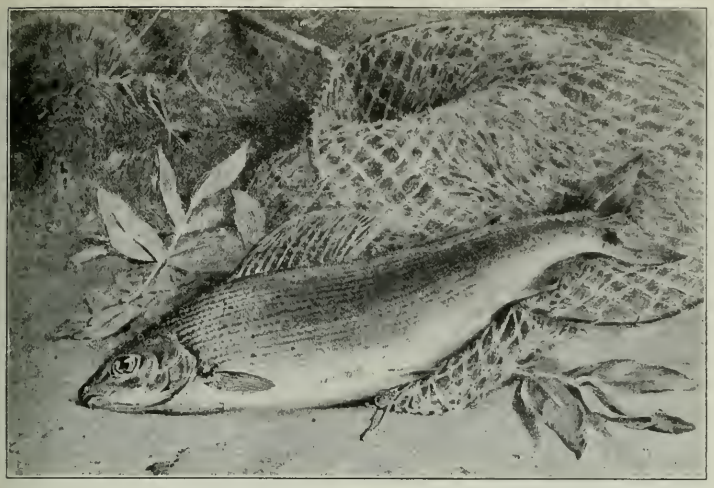
The grayling is quite a local fish in England, as compared with the trout. It thrives best in rivers which have bottoms of sandy gravel or loam. Stony and rocky bottoms are not good for it when breeding, and this probably accounts for there being none of these fish in Scottish and Irish waters; at least I know of no such waters where grayling are to be found.

The south and west of England contain the best grayling waters, and about a dozen or so names will cover the streams fit to be classed as grayling rivers. Herefordshire and Shropshire contain the best of these, the former include the Lugg, Dove, Ervon and Wye, and the latter the Teme and the Clun. In Hampshire and Wiltshire this fish is found in the Wharfe, Test, and the two Avons. In Lancashire in the Ribble, and in Yorkshire the Derwent, Ure, Wharfe, and Whiske. In Yorkshire Wharfe I have myself had good sport with the grayling.

As a table food, a well-grown grayling ranks quite as high, if not even higher than the ordinary river trout, though as a game fish and fighter his powers are far inferior to the trout. When hooked, a grayling usually bores down towards the gravel, working up-stream, without any of the flurry and dash shown by a trout in like circumstance; though there are of course exceptional cases where fish in small streams have been known to fight quite as lustily as any trout.

I cannot say that I have had a great deal of experience myself with grayling, as I confined my operations mostly to trout, but on some few occasions I have landed my share of the former with the fly. Fly fishing is the most sportsmanlike method and takes good fish, though undoubtedly the heaviest are caught with other lures such as the gentle, grasshopper and worm, which are worked with a "sink and draw" motion. By pointing a fly-hook with an ant's egg or a gentle, many fish can be landed, though on club waters this mode of procedure is often prohibited.

I will not bore my readers with a lengthy



The Grayling—From painting by A. W. Cooper By Courtesy of W. J. Cummins

account of rods and tackle, or enter into many details of the various modes of bait-fishing for grayling, as I consider that the fly, if fish are "on the take" at all, is far superior from a sportsman's viewpoint than any other method of capturing fish.

In my own case, some years ago, I used to accompany an angling friend who was an adept at the art of throwing a good line, in fact he was a thorough all-round fisherman, and under his tuition I was initiated into the mysteries of grayling fishing. The rod used, at least on my part, was an ordinary fly rod such as I carried for trout, and the tackle was the same, but rather fine, as "fine and far off" is a good maxim to follow when bent on the capture of grayling.

Many of the favorite trout flies kill grayling well, but as a rule grayling flies should be small and rather marked in appearance. The Orange Tag, Red Tag, Fern Fly, Red Ant, and Silver Blue are all good grayling flies, and a bright red spinner is a good killer in the evening.

One evening some years ago I paid a visit to the Wharfe in Yorkshire, accompanied by the friend previously mentioned. It was in September and the fish were in pretty good condition, though not as good as they would have been in October and November, but in the Yorkshire rivers grayling will not rise at all well to the fly after the end of October, and bait-fishing must then be resorted to to obtain anything like a decent basket. Grayling feed on flies, worms and caterpillars, besides the larvae of dragon-flies, May-flies, and other ephemera.

We left the town of Leeds about one o'clock one Saturday morning, en route to the Wharfe for an evening at the grayling. At that time I was ostensibly learning the rudiments of surveying and architecture, with a well-known north country firm, though I am afraid I learned far more about sport in general than I did of office routine, as the confined indoor business did not appeal to me in the least, and any chance to get away to the river or after hounds was eagerly seized on my part, often getting me into hot water with the heads of the firm.

It was a very bright, sunny afternoon as we pulled in on the train at the little station, and as our tackle was hardly fine enough for long casting in such a bright light, we whiled away some time bait fishing for eels in the river above where we proposed trying for the grayling. In those days I never used waders, but was content to wear knickerbockers and thick

stockings, and take the water thus equipped.

We were out for an idle day as well as for fishing, so smoked sundry pipes by the deep pool where we did no very great execution amongst the eels inhabiting it, getting if I remember rightly, but a couple out of its depths. As the sun began to lose its power, and the shadows to lengthen, we fixed up our tackle and with a Red Tag as a dropper, and a Red Spinner as tail fly we wended our way to the stretch of water above the bridge. The river there ran in a long, smooth stretch, below the tail of a pool, and was about three feet deep, with a sandy, gravelly bottom. Grayling usually lie near the center of a stream, and the fish we were after were no exception to the rule. It was a case of wade or get no fish, so we waded in and began operations; my friend above me and myself lower down towards the bridge. When fishing for grayling it pays best to cast straight across the stream or ford where the shoal of fish is lying, instead of up or down stream as is usual when trout fishing, and we employed just such tactics.

Grayling are gregarious, so it is advisable to always use at least two flies, and even three can be used to good advantage. If a fish misses the fly, it is best to keep on throwing over him, for he will invariably take it in the long run. You can cast over grayling far oftener than with trout, without fear of scaring your fish.

The long run above the bridge was alive with fish, and we had splendid sport for about a couple of hours, basketing 29 fish between us before we were obliged to quit in order to catch the train back to town. The heaviest fish weighed just under two pounds and the others from about a quarter of a pound up to about three-quarters.

At first I threw my flies across the ford and let them travel down with the current until almost straight downstream, and though I raised and hooked a good many fish, I was behind my friend in the count for some time, until I discovered that by allowing the fly to sink towards the bottom the fish took it far more greedily, which often happens with grayling. I had other days at the same place but never quite enjoyed an evening's fishing as I did the one here described.

Both for trout and grayling fishing, the White Moth fly will often kill well when fishing after dark though many people consider that a dark fly is more suitable for the night hours. I know that fishing for trout with a White Moth and a Black Gnat on the cast, I found more than once that the dark fly was the one chosen by the fish; though no doubt the live moths are also taken by fish during the evening and night hours. Having seen the "Coaxer", Trout flies manufactured lately in America, I consider that they would be a very satisfactory lure for grayling, and I hope to give one or two of them a trial on trout during the coming season in Northern Ontario, having read sundry articles which crack them up as the "real thing" to kill fish.

Bait fishing, as previously mentioned, is a deadly method of killing the larger grayling, but not so interesting to my thinking as the use of a fly. When both trout and grayling inhabit the same stream, very good sport can be had with both, as where the water is not so likely for trout, the grayling congregate, and the uncertainty of which fish will rise to your fly adds an additional charm to the sport. Though inferior to trout fishing, the sport afforded by grayling is good and the fish when caught are both beautiful to look at as well as for the table.

SPRINGTIDE

When Death Comes Up The Wind

by S. A. White

THROUGH the green colonnades of Miramichi firs the morning light came down to the snow. Ah! how sharp and bright it came; and under its gleam, forms and trails that night had concealed turned clearly into definition. Looming blackly against the remotest ridge of the vast forest a bull moose stood, nostrils to the wind.

The large but sensitive muzzle inhaled each drifting current of air and tested it for the man-scent, but it was free, free as the giant sun-orb now risen above the fantastic tops of evergreen thickets.

Satisfied that nothing was near, the monster sought his breakfast, and of a certainty there was need for the meal to be ample. Seven feet to the maned ridge of his shoulders he measured, a king of his class. His huge palmated horns spread out to a width of far over fifty inches, and set upon head and shoulders of majestic proportions they made a trophy such as a hunter pictures in his dreams.

The massive, muscle-corded chest was covered with shiny black hair which extended over the sloping back and down the flanks, meeting the tawny tint of the belly in a sharp line. Legs of enormous length and iron endurance supported the colossal frame, ready at the slightest sign of danger to tear miles off the runways and throw them behind with the flying crust.

He was a royal specimen and with delicate taste he chose a royal meal from the sweet-smelling twigs of the tenderest birches. In dreamy contentment he browsed along the juicy sapling tips, unconscious that his great form was marked by a keen eye far, far off on a parallel slope.

The heart of the distant hunter thrilled at the bulk of the pasturing moose and he headed in its direction, hidden by the fringed curve of the friendly ridge. A half-hour's tramp brought the eager sportsman near his game, and crossing a clearing where the hemlock bluff slid down to the sere, frozen marsh, he could see him plainly where the fir slope rose skyward.

The range was still too great. Down went the man on his stomach, worming through the reeds across the marsh to a little low ridge, heavily timbered, that ran out like a spur toward the main one. Once in the thick cover, it was equal chances for man and beast.

Warily the brown serpent wound through the water growth where the new morn cast pink flushes on the open spots and turned grey stalks to mauve. He reached the spur and vanished in the thick aisles.

Meanwhile the moose was breakfasting, and the voracious appetite which the crisp morning air had given him was somewhat appeased. The wind freshened to a blustery half-gale and the savory birch-tips batted his nose and ears. The wind had risen, perhaps that was why he stopped eating. Releasing the sapling he had bent, the huge bull looked about. His expanded nostrils went north, south, east and west. No man-scent reached them. Then the great ears listened. No sound. As far as his clear eye could see he searched each slope, but there was nothing. Below in the marsh near the old yarding-ground the wind was stormily shaking the weeds.

Yet some intuition prompted him, some secret air-spirit whispered him—to leave the birches and his meal. A last sniff and the moose turned suddenly over the crest and broke into a shambling run. The click of his cleft hoofs sounded out sharply as he went downward.

Skirting the beaver meadow, one of his favorite haunts in summertime, the forest

monarch sped on to the shore of the well-known lake where the lily-pads he had cropped so often were dark blotches in the ice. On along its circular margin, out through scrubby swales he ran till the hemlock bluff came in view. Describing a half-circle the bull-moose neared it, mounted the length of a canopied alley and reached the top.

There he halted while the fine exultation of vigorous exercise ran through each artery and muscle. The quick pace had sharpened his half-satisfied hunger and over beyond the timbered spur ridge to his right he knew there were seedling birches, rich, tender and aromatic. He could almost think he smelled them ar-1 so he launched down the descent and out over the frozen marsh.

Almost across, he jerked to an abrupt stop with a quick breath of terror. There in the snow at his feet was the trail where something strange had wormed through and, oh!—at the same instant the dreaded man-scent filled his nostrils, coming down the wind—for he had circled below his pursuer.

A shuddering seized upon him and his limbs for a second remained paralyzed. Then, with a surge of shame at heart, the knotted muscles sprang to life and the vast bulk shot like an arrow down the marsh, up the slanting ascent and out on a shrouded runway, fleeing down the wind, urged by the horror he had almost stumbled on above. The stroke of his hoofs recovering from their spread grew to a staccato tune but the moose never paused.

He swept on down the wind from the terrifying scent. His antlers back, muzzle outstretched and eyes widely dilated, he crashed on and the smoke of his breathing hung in clouds after him.

Farther and farther from the menace he got, and crossing a second marsh he went up the silent, woody steep of the next ridge. Up through the defile his mighty shoulders brushed their way and low hanging twigs tapped his horns as he mounted. On the crest the runway opened straight into the sun and when the fiery glare filled his eyes with blindness the moose stopped. A ringing *crack!* broke near, and some stinging pain smote his chest with awful force, so awful that it threw him to his knees.

The red blood swelled to his nostrils, and

One of His Favorite Haunts in Summer-time

the sense of ear and eye seemed failing, yet some vague stirring of the brain told him it was man. With the swift wilderness thought he half-twisted his body instead of rising and slid down the way he came and into the fir fringe at its base, where he staggered to his feet. The terrible pain was still in his breast and it almost forced him to his haunches at the first step, but, steeling every fibre, the brave old ranger started through the cover.

Another splitting crack! Something whistled through the thick boughs, scattering the twigs. It must have reached him, for he felt a sharp pain thrust from flank to flank. Another report came, another, another—a perfect fusillade. From blind instinct the bull dropped to his knees in the soft snow while the lead rained harmlessly above, and there, to his great surprise, a second moose-form flashed by him, thundering out along the ridge bottom and forth across the burnt limit in plain view of the man on the top of the slope.

Our stricken bull heard a succession of shots rung out again, but the invisible missiles did not slash down round him. No, they were aimed at the other fugitive bounding over the blasted area, disappearing in the swale shrubbery beyond. Wild with excitement the hunter dashed down on the trail. He thought this fleeing bull was the same one he had fired at first. Who would not? for he broke from the fringe where the first lay still, and plainly written in scarlet signs on the spotless snow along the trail out over the burned area was the truth that at least one bullet had reached its mark. Indeed, one had, for the hunter had struck truly into the shoulder of this second bull as he crashed from the fringe.

In hot haste the man trailed mile after mile, all through the long afternoon and when night fell the track was still lying before and showing the stains more faintly, telling the bleeding had stopped. Sorely disappointed, the trailer gave it up and set his compass for the homeward path to camp.

Back in the fringe of tenebrous fir branches, the wounded monarch lay in the same spot. All the hours of the silent afternoon a stupor had deadened his senses and he knew nothing till the tingling frost air of evening waked him—waked him to a nameless fear, the fear of death. He thought of his folly, how in fleeing from one enemy he had blundered blindly into a second, but soon the thoughts of regret left him, since the nameless, growing horror chilled every sense.

For there in the lone heart of the Miramichi region, without strength enough left to raise a hoof to rend or swing the formidable antlers in his own defense, Death, in the form of a gigantic gray lynx, came up the wind.

SPRING

THERE'S a rain of the Cricket's notes on the meadow;
There's a piping of Frogs from pond and brook;
There's an Owl's serenade,—"To woo and to wed, oh"—
There's the Whip-poor-will's soul-stirring call from the shadow
And Fire-flies gleaming from nook to nook.

There's a flitting about of the Fay and Faery;
There's a going forth from the Goblin homes.
The Elves and Pixies are making merry;
From the Sprites comes a swelling of music airy
And glee from the ground-born Gnomes.

Let us join tonight in the Spring's mad revel,
While the pipers play and the singers croon;
Let the warm blood surge to the Spring flood's level—
We'll dance to their tunes with a glad dishevel,
In the light of the elfin moon.

—*Charles Elmer Jenney*

Salmon Fishing, at Monterey Bay

PACIFIC COAST SALMON

By Harry H. Dunn

WITH the possible exception of the codfish in point of food value, and of the tuna or the tarpon from the angler's standpoint, the salmon of the Pacific Coast—from Monterey to Alaska on the American side, and down to China on the Asiatic—is the greatest fish that swims.

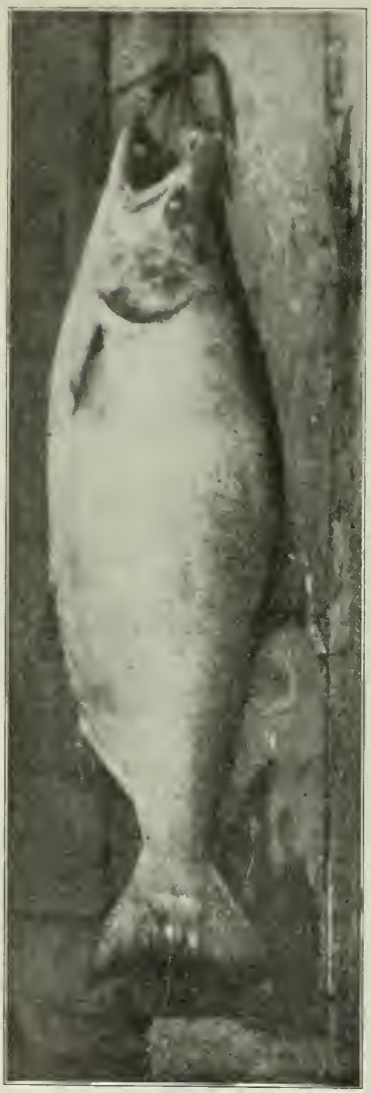
Scores, if not hundreds, of anglers have crossed a continent to wet their spoons in the bay of Monterey in the pursuit of the quinnat; thousands and hundreds of thousands have fed on the canned salmon which the West yearly pours out to the East, but of all of these there are few who know the whence and whither of the salmon's existence, or anything at all of its life, the most mysterious of any of the finned dwellers in the sea.

On the Pacific coast of the United States there are five species of salmon: The quinnat known also as the chinook, tyee, king, Columbia River and Sacramento salmon; the blueback salmon, called sockeye, a corruption in all probability of the Indian name "saw-qui"; the coho or silver salmon; the hump-back salmon, and the dog salmon, the last two of little value as food or game fish.

To begin at the beginning, one should bear in mind that all Pacific coast salmon, in contradistinction to all other large fish of their own or other tribes, die when their spawning time is over. They spend all their growing time in the ocean, where is not definitely known, but supposedly near the mouths of the streams in which they were hatched. At spawning time, however, they one and all seek the waters of ice cold mountain streams, making their spawning beds on the riffles, often so shallow that the water seems scarcely sufficient to cover their bodies.

Practically nothing is known of the ocean life of these fishes, except that it is the only time at which they will take the hook, and, consequently, about the only time the sportsman is interested in them. Monterey, California, despite the famous salmon streams of the north of England and Scotland, holds the palm for salmon fishing.

To this bay, in June, come the big quinnats, full fed and yet eager to dash at the shimmer-



A 48-Pound Salmon, 4 Feet, 4 Inches Long. Caught at Monterey

ing spoon. Then the pretty harbor is filled with boats and royal sport is to be had, fighting fish which range up to 30 pounds in weight. Market fishermen have invaded this field within the past five years, but this does not seem to have affected the sport, though hundreds of tons are salted yearly.

Inasmuch as the quinnat is the leader, both as a food and as a game-fish, it seems proper to discuss it and its habits first; but, before doing so, it may be well to consider another point or two concerning the general group of the Pacific Coast salmon.

When these fish reach maturity—and how long this development process requires is not known—they, of course, seek fresh water in which to spawn. After quitting the ocean which has been their home for months, possibly years, they never taste food, a habit peculiar to the Pacific Coast salmon and a fact which ends only with their death.

Upon entering fresh water the digestive organs of these salmon begin to shrink and in a short time they are barely visible. The fish lose all their fat, the skin becomes much thicker and the flesh changes from its pink hue to a sickly white. Usually the trip up the stream to the spawning bed costs the salmon from a quarter to a third of its weight, no light matter when the fish in question weighs from twenty to thirty pounds.

Peculiar, too, is the habit the male quinnat has of growing big canine teeth on his jaws, which become elongated and hooked on the ends. The body becomes more or less flat, the flesh flaccid and the skin of the male a rusty, grayish red. The female, too, changes color, but puts on a sort of gray shade instead of the red of her mate.

From even the immense catches of the five species of Pacific salmon which are caught up and down the Pacific Coast, one can form no idea of the hordes which pass up the streams at spawning time. A salmon stream at high water is one of the most inspiriting sights on which an enthusiastic angler ever gazed. Hundreds and thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of the great fish are seen hastening, pushing and crowding each other just like humans, each one eager to be first at his own grave.

After the eggs are laid about fifty days are required for the hatching. The young has a large yolk-sac on its body on which it subsists for several weeks and this makes it helpless

until all the food supply shall have been exhausted. These young are known as "alevins" and they spend the first month or six weeks hiding as best they can in the bottom of the stream where they were hatched. At this time, of course, the alevin makes very acceptable food for trout or other full grown fishes in the brooks of their nativity.

When the yolk-sac is gone the fish becomes a "fry," is able to swim and eat and is about to begin his journey to the sea. This journey may be four or five miles or it may be 1000 or 1500 miles down the Columbia or some other mighty stream. Some of these fry, for little-known reasons, remain at the place of their hatching several months after others of their kind have begun their trip to the sea. Eventually, however, these, also, slip away to the ocean.

The writer has argued in vain with several men who had caught these fingerling salmon while trout fishing in the Northwest and who claimed from this that young salmon always stayed in fresh water for some time after hatching. It is hard to disprove this idea by any practical method, as the salmon fry travel down stream almost entirely by night, giving even the most careful observer little opportunity to see them. All the migrating fry seen by any one who has ever discussed the subject with the writer were moving backward and traveling at about the speed of the stream.

Judging from this, it must take these tiny salmon many months, possibly more than a year in some cases, to reach the sea from the headwaters of long streams. Fry which leave the mountain fastnesses wherein the Columbia is born must lose thousands from their ranks on the long journey to the sea. But this loss never seems to affect the numbers which return each season to the fresh water streams of the coast to reproduce their kind.

And now, to return to the quinnat, which we left in Monterey Bay: This is the largest and most valuable of all the family; its flesh is the standard for color—a real "salmon pink," and it brings the highest price of all the salmon taken on the West Coast.

Weighing up to seventy-five pounds, a powerful swimmer and a voracious feeder, the quinnat ranges from Monterey on the California Coast clear up through Bering Sea and south on the other side the Pacific to China, at least, and possibly further down the rim of Asia.

Quinnat salmon are most usually found during the spawning season in the large rivers rather than in the smaller streams. Another peculiarity of this species is the queer dwarfs known locally as "grilse." These fish, always males, are always deprived of some part of the sexual organism. What brings about this deformity is also unknown, along with about all the rest of the salmon's life history. These "grilse" are small, seldom running above six pounds, often as low as one. (The term "grilse" is properly applied only to normal young salmon on their first return from salt water to fresh.—Ed.)

After the quinnat comes the blueback salmon, weighing, on the average, about five pounds. It is one of the most valuable of the world's food fishes. Its flesh is deep red and probably more of its members are canned than of all the rest of the five species put together, but it does not command the price set by the quinnat and, therefore, is not so valuable. Instead of spawning in the riffles of streams as do other salmon, the sockeye will ascend only streams which flow from lakes and in these natural reservoirs will spawn, seeking deep water for the process.

The blueback or sockeye is most abundant farther north, notably in Alaska, and immense hauls are made by seine in the shadow of the Circle. As many as 50,000 sockeyes have been taken at one drawing of the seine, while 10,000 is merely the average take in one indrawing of the huge net, which is handled by steam.

The silver salmon (coho), while almost as large as the quinnat, is of a pale color as to flesh and of little value. Neither is it of any importance as a game fish, seldom frequenting waters within range of the average sportsman.

The humpback salmon is so called because at the beginning of the spawning time a hump forms on the back of the male. Its flesh is worthless and it is about as game as a German carp in the Chicago drainage canal, if such a combination be possible. (The author errs in the matter of the food value of the humpback. Among the white cannery men its flesh is preferred to that of any other salmon and it is a prime favorite with the Siwash natives.—Ed.) In the southern part of its range, the humpback spawns only every other year; farther north it is said to spawn yearly.

The dog salmon, also worthless save when packed under false names, ends the list.

AN EASTER LILY

O WAXEN bud of perfect mold!
O, blossom wondrous fair!
A chalice wrought of snow and gold,
Perfumed with incense rare,
I like to think that first you grew
In gardens of the skies,
Along the starry path that leads
The blest to Paradise.

I gaze upon the bulb to which
Yet still the damp earth clings,
And marvel that so pure a flower
From mould and darkness springs;
So our immortal souls shall rise
From tenements of clay,
And, robed in glory, seek the light
Of everlasting day.

—*Minna Irving.*

COON HUNTING

By N. H. Crowell

THE coon is a small, retiring animal covered with untanned coonskin. He has a very prominent tail with broad stripes running crossways of the goods. On a perfectly dark night the coon looks very similar to a knothole in a barrel of coal tar, but by employing an artificial light the coon's optics will be brought into strong relief. A healthy coon's eyes resemble the tail lights of an automobile, when you see one unexpectedly on a limb across the path. The bare sight of a coon's eyes has been known to set a man back three years' steady growth.

Hunting these animals is great sport, if you like it. Otherwise it is physical torture done up in large packages. The hunting is done at night. True, a fine mess of coon might be picked at noon provided it was dark enough so you couldn't see your naked hand behind your head. Nothing is dearer to a coon's heart than soft, mellow moonlight—he prefers it to chocolates, ice-cream or railroad passes.

The hunter goes to bed early—say 8:30 P. M.—in order to get a fine rest. At 9:30 he gets up and whistles for the dogs. These come in herds, each herd being in charge of a sleepy negro. When the moon gets up over the hog lot the hunt begins. The dogs are held back until the sombre depths of the primeval forest are reached. They are then cut loose and told to scat. In just one-twenty-seventh of a second the dogs pick up the scent and break out into a series of the most soul-harrowing yips that human flesh can be exposed to. They then make a bee-line for the coon.

The noise made by the hounds gives the coon an inkling that he is wanted at headquarters and, being a contrary beast, he immediately settles up his business affairs and tries to beat his shadow to a safer climate. But Nature has constructed the coon too close to Mother Earth to shine in a straightaway race, and by shoving on every pound of steam available the dogs soon get within speaking distance.

At this point in the obsequies the coon takes to a tall tree. He is built tapering so that he can go up a tree at a high rate

of speed, considering the steep grade. As no hound has ever been found who will follow a coon into the branches, the chase simmers down to a mere howling match at the foot of the tree. The echoes are so rudely awakened by this time that they give up all attempts to go back to sleep again.

In the course of time the weary hunters appear with the honest sweat of effort standing carelessly about on their faces. Immediate preparations are put under way for a decrease in the coon census. A lighted lantern is shoved up on a pole to shine the victim's eyes and thus locate his whereabouts. If the coon was real smart he would keep his eyes shut and stay with us longer, but a scairt coon invariably keeps his optical organs peeled back to the last notch. Presently two yaller gleams tell the crack shots below that the coon is hugging a limb about forty feet up and a little to the right.

A gun is trained in his direction, all the triggers pulled at once and the deceased begins his weary journey earthward. By nimble footwork the dogs are restrained from eating and digesting the coon and he is then stowed in a bag for future reference.

By this time the dogs are off on a new trail and the same thing is gone through with. A good covey of canines will harvest as many as seven coons in an all-night hunt, but four coons is about all the average man wants. This will be enough to feed the family for a whole week and keep the visitors so full that they can't close their eyelids.

Occasionally an exciting coon-hunt is held in the Southern States wherein the ring-tailed variety does not figure so conspicuously. The coon referred to is quite dark in color, even cloudy, possesses a distinctly oleaginous feel and is thatched with curled cushion-stuffing. This brand is not considered eligible as an article of diet and their hides are worth about six cents less than a hole in a vacuum, but they furnish the most exhilarating sport known south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Half a Week's Supply

Some authorities insist that this species of game should be protected by a close season and state that the present all-the-year-round, no-license conditions are barbarous. In the northern districts, where this game is more thoroughly domesticated, such hunts are very rare.

One Day's Bag

(Geese are not regarded as game birds in California. They are deemed vermin and destroyed as such.)

THE BIG GAME OF HAWAII

By Theo Brand

IT IS not of big game and the strenuous chase one usually thinks in connection with Hawaii, *Hawaii nei,* fondly termed by those who live there the "Paradise of the Pacific."

"Hawaii nei—of many one thou art,
Each scattered fragment an essential part;
No jewelled setting is more fair than thee,
O, emerald cluster in a beryl sea,
Thy life is music—Fate the note prolong!
Each isle a stanza and the whole a song."

So said Geo. W. Stoddard long ago. And of one particular place, another singer, Rollin Daggett, sang as though he loved it:

"O, Waikiki! O scene of peace!
O home of beauty and of dreams,
No haven in the isles of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes;
For houris haunt the broad lanais
While scented zephyrs cool the lea,
And, looking down from sunset skies
The angels smile on Waikiki."

Nothing, certainly, in these songs, would call the dogs from their kennels or lure the hunter from the *lanai* shade. These, with so much more we think of about Hawaii, are foreign enough to the huntsman's spirit. Of mild-eyed lotus eaters, *sans souci,* as the essential genius and spirit of Hawaii we too often dream. As a matter of fact this idea of idleness and ease is but the poet's link in the long chain of mainland misconceptions of insular life.

For work in Hawaii there are commercial and industrial enterprises that invite the energetic and able; and, for recreation toward which the live sportsman would turn, the mountains and forests abound in big game to challenge the hardiest and most brave.

The topography of the islands is such as to make natural game preserves of large areas that reach from the inland boundary of the sugar lands to the mountain summits. Here are the mountains and forests that afford hiding and feeding places for game of all kinds known in the islands.

First above the plantations come vast cattle ranges; above these in wild and broken regions, abounding in lava crags and fissures, deep glens and lofty cliffs, is the home of other game in the pursuit of which the hunter may find for himself and his dogs all he desires of danger in the chase, and enough to test his nerve when he drives to bay the angry quarry.

The hunting grounds are not hard to reach in point of time and distance, but unless the hunter is able and willing to attempt some vigorous climbing it is well for him to be content with the gentler sport of shooting birds which frequent the foothills. Of these he will find in abundance, turkeys, pheasants, quail, plover, and snipe.

In the pursuit of big game the hunter should first be prepared to meet wild cattle. These, of course, are not native to the islands. None were there a hundred and thirty years ago, or before Vancouver arrived with the first the natives had ever seen. These were liberated on the big islands of Hawaii with a ten years' protection placed over them. During this *tabu* the animals were unmolested. They roamed at will and free from harm in rich and abundant pasturage and in the ten years' period multiplied wonderfully. Many of them, however, roamed away and remained hidden and free in the fastnesses of the high mountains, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. From these anarchists of the herd came the hardy descendants who have remained until now rebellious and untamed. As a challenge to

Hawaiian Words—Lanai, a porch or veranda; kamaaina, old-timer or pioneer or native, haole, white man or foreigner or new-comer. Waikiki, local name for the beach and district between Diamond Head and Honolulu.

the courage and skill of the hunter they are not outclassed by the moose, elk, buffalo, or any other big game in the world.

In a few places about Honolulu may be seen tusks of the fierce wild boar, trophies of valiant fights. Now and then one hears stories of wild adventure, of accidents to men and horses and hounds, stories of stirring scenes in which for a time some great boar held the field.

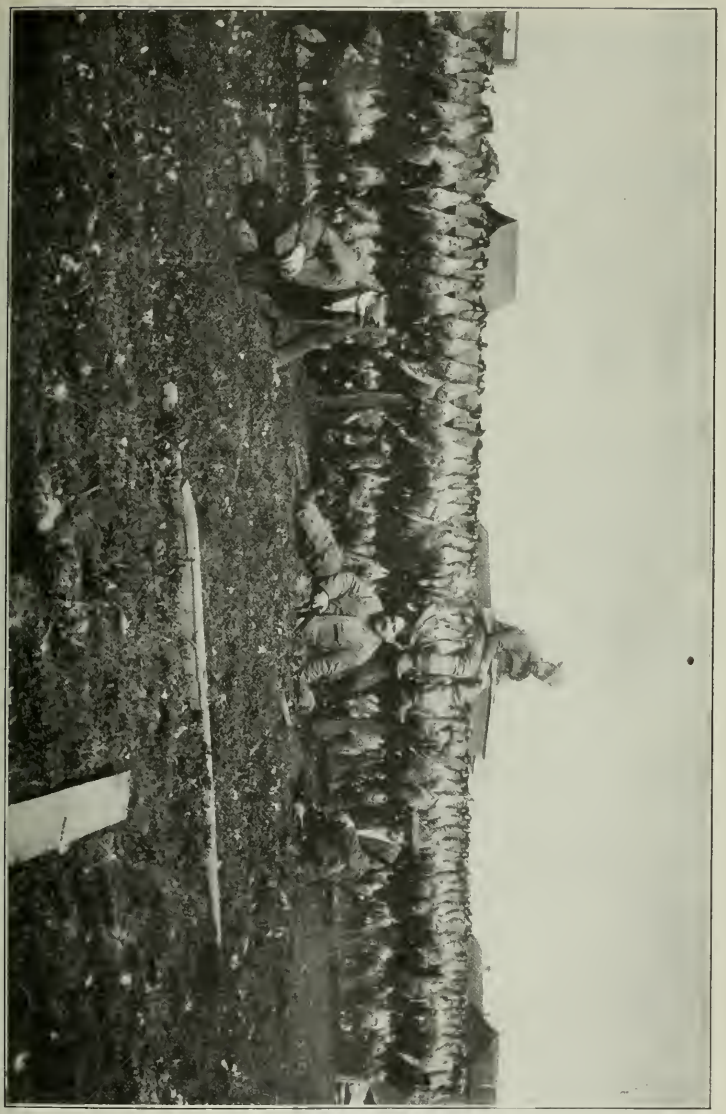
These animals, like the cattle, are not natives "to the manor born" but are descendants of ancestors who, landed by some whaler and early answering the call of the wild, refused to live longer with man either on ship or ashore, civilized or savage. Perhaps they sensed the universal treachery and tragedy in the ways of a man with a hog, and in self-defence abandoned humanity for good and all. Whatever the reason, they are to this day the Philistines of the wilderness, savage and untamed, though sometimes conquered.

Little sought for as game, and yet to be classed with it, are the wild dogs of the mountains. Among them nature's sure law of reversion to type is seen in operation. Here are shepherds, hounds, mastiffs, on their way back to the primitive pack, all destined to become wolves at last. These wolf-dogs are not ordinarily dangerous, though when they do assume the offensive the hunter had better keep to his nerve and be sure of his aim.

More wildly distributed about the islands than any other big game are the wild goats. They are found among the green clad sierras of Oahu, as well as out in the secret, dreary recesses of the lava flow. In the desolation of ancient craters they also make their home. Hunting wild goats is sport for the hardy mountaineer with true vision and practiced marksmanship.

A great deer preserve is found on the island of Molokai. A long time ago a number of deer were sent from the Orient as a present to the King of Hawaii. These were set free on Molokai, where they were protected until their number had greatly increased. Now deer hunting may be enjoyed there by the sportsmen as much as he likes. Of course if many specimens of the "genus game hog" should be admitted conditions would be changed in a very short time. Happily not many such pests are known in Hawaii, and if they were, the island sportsmen would not be likely to tolerate them long.

It is proper to mention with the big game of Hawaii one variety that is not an importation, one that preceded man himself, namely, the shark. Shark hunting was a red letter sport with the ancient Hawaiians as it is today one of the most popular and exciting for the *kamaaina* and the *haole* alike. These monsters of the sea, twelve feet, some specimens even twenty feet long, with sufficient capacity of jaw to easily hold a human body, put up a game the hunter or fisherman will not soon forget. They are first caught with baited hooks and when drawn near the boat are shot. A blow with a sharp hatchet just above the dorsal fin helps them to be quiet. But they do not "lie down easy;" it is a real fight to the finish. The first one to be captured usually becomes a lure for the others who follow him, a vicious, hungry procession to the same fate, until the hunter has taken enough.



An Early Day Kill Near Willows, Cal.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

THE GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

JUST now it is amusing, as well as exceeding pleasant, to watch the actions of the strangers within our gates; to note the unconcealed pleasure and astonishment in their eyes as they gaze open-mouthed at the magnificent buildings, either finished or in course of erection, which have replaced the shacks of the old-time Warder of the Gate.

On all sides there are evidences that San Francisco is at last evolving to her logical grandeur, solidity and international importance. The character of her improvements is not only that of permanence but of beauty as well. Each builder seems to be striving to outdo every one else in the massive proportions, artistic finish and architectural excellence of his structures, and the result is that in San Francisco today may be seen the grandest and most imposing edifices in America.

This is as it should be. Second only to New York in maritime importance, first in climate, panoramic location and other natural advantages, this city is destined to become within the next decade one of the New World's monumental communities.

Hail—and thrice hail—to our beautiful Queen of the Pacific in her new habiliment, with the exquisite tints of full convalescence on her glowing cheek!

* * *

THE OUTLOOK

WITH the exception of ducks, whose numbers are annually decreasing in an alarming ratio—owing, we firmly believe, to the pernicious statute which permits their being sold in open market—the general game conditions are good and the outlook promising. Quail are reported plentiful in the more favored localities and deer are fairly abundant. Snipe, never very plentiful in these territories, are on the sharp decrease, it is true, owing to the vicious clause in our statute which permits a certain faction (at whose instance the wretched legislation was perpetrated) to murder these beautiful birds forty-five days longer than common decency and natural requirements justifies.

Fish are plentiful and their general run of size and weight very satisfactory. From all indications we are going to have good trout, steelhead, black and striped bass and salmon fishing this year—better than for many years past, say those eminently qualified to prophesy.

The Board of Fish Commissioners are displaying a most commendable activity in the matter of the introduction of desirable new species of game birds, etc., and in the replenishment, from their various excellent hatcheries, of our streams and waters. Being now in possession of ample funds their opportunities are many and we are confident that these will be fully and judiciously improved.

Taken all in all everything looks good ahead. We have laws that in the main are good and can be made ideal with a very few modifications; the general public seems to have awakened to a realization of the value of our game and the wisdom of observing the game laws in their entirety. The officials have plenty of money to carry on the good work and

everything seems to nick in nicely all along the line.

We congratulate brother Californians on the prospect ahead. We have good times coming, in more ways than one, and the silver lining of our long persistent clouds is beginning to show through.

* * *

BOUNTIES ON VERMIN

IT IS significant that the regular annual agitation of the question of state bounties to be paid for the destruction of vermin always originates among the class of men best qualified to pass upon its merits, viz: the practical hunters and woodsmen who have assuredly the best and most opportunities for learning the true conditions. These men are always close and intelligent observers, and the deductions and conclusions of any one of them are worth more than all the agglomerated theories of all the nature-faking closet naturalists in the world, whose vaporings only excite riotous mirth among the old woods loafers whose cold, hard, prosaic business it is to get at the real facts in the case.

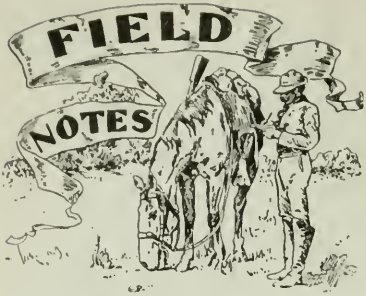
The man who makes a living in the woods is usually not overburdened with sentimentality. He knows that a cougar, for instance, kills more game in one season than the law allows a human sportsman to kill in twenty—and he asks you rather shortly: "What good is a cougar to humanity? What beneficent purpose does he subserve in the scheme of Nature under the present evolved and evolving conditions? He is not good to eat; his hide is worthless for any utilitarian purpose except decoration of some musty 'den' where it soon moulds, gets moth-eaten and usually constitutes a nuisance on general principles. He is a detriment to mankind in every sense—vermin in every interpretation of the term, and his extermination would be a public benefit. Put a bounty on him!"

So likewise with the wolf, fox, skunk, raccoon, weasel, mink, lynx, wild cat, etc., whose pelts, acquired only at the cost of game birds, mammals and fishes worth a hundred times the paltry revenue they yield, are articles of luxury confined to only the ultra-rich classes in these days of long prices and short wool. And it is logically not a good public policy to keep a favored few warm at the expense of all the rest of the people.

Any fisherman who sees aught else than fish in his peregrinations astream will tell you that water snakes kill more young trout in any given stream than do all the anglers who fish it; and of what use in the social economy of man is a water snake? Rattlesnakes kill all manner of young birds and mammals, sometimes even "bruising the heel" of the seed of woman. And of what earthly use to anything on earth, or above or below it, is a rattler? He is, on the contrary, a constant menace, an animated lethal threat to every other living thing, and a handsome bounty should be paid on him.

Although the actual intrinsic value of our game is enormous, its real worth to mankind cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. Its pursuit brings revenue to thousands of deserving people, brings health, strength, vitality and vivacity, contentment and mental and physical enjoyment to all who engage actively in it. Therefore the game should be preserved at all hazards and bounties offered for the extermination of such of its enemies which have no counterbalancing virtues.

As a rule nearly all predacious animals should be destroyed. Of course there are a few notable exceptions, one of these being bears. Upon the ursine family no bounty should be offered. They do but very little damage to our game supply and are great vermin destroyers themselves. Besides, they are game animals in every sense, their flesh is edible and their pelts are valuable. They should really be protected, not more than two bear in a season should be the bag limit fixed by law. Just now we have plenty of money available—*for game protective purposes only*, be it remarked—in the hands of our authorities. A fair portion of it should be devoted to bounties as above outlined, this being one of the most practical and efficient forms in which it could be utilized. We respectfully suggest to the state authorities that they take this matter under close and prompt consideration.



OUR FISH AND GAME LAWS

MUCH has been said and written of late about our fish and game laws and many comments have been made upon the manner in which they have or have not been enforced. As yet your humble servant has not bored the readers of the local press nor any other publication with his views on this grave and important subject —important not only to the sportsman but to the entire commonwealth.

The protection laws of the state of California for fish and game are very good, but there is still room for improvement. The writer is in favor of a state bounty on all creatures that walk, fly or crawl, who prey upon our game and fish. Put a price upon the head of each of these destructive animals and birds that will justify the hunter and trapper to go afield and hunt them down to their speedy extermination. And more game and trout will be saved than is killed annually by the gun and rod.

One full grown panther is good for two deer a week the year round while the younger ones prey upon grouse, quail, squirrels and rabbits. One large lynx or wild cat will kill from ten to twenty deer a year, while the smaller cats are living on our small game.

The coyotes are quite numerous, and destroy much game. They do not kill large deer like the cat family, but are very destructive to young fawns and game birds. One fox will get into a flock of young grouse or quail and devour the whole covey. And one skunk will destroy more bird nests than sixteen bad boys. And would you believe it, one little striped water-snake will catch more trout during the open season than some anglers I could name can catch with a $30 Leonard. Minks, kingfishers and fish-ducks are also a menace to our trout streams.

The above statements, my fellow sportsman, are facts, and not overdrawn, facts that the writer has gleaned from careful observations while living in close touch with these denizens of the woods for the past half century. I have long since been alive to the necessity of destroying the things that prey upon our fish and game.

This article is written in hopes of getting the sporting men, gun clubs and our game protective associations interested, so they will lend a helping hand to push this good work of extermination; and the writer will be glad to exchange views with any good citizen on this topic.

The question will arise; where is the money to come from to pay the bounties? I think that is easy. Just advance the price of the gun license to five dollars, and we will have it. Turn this money over to the fish commissioners to be used as a bounty fund. Let the commissioners send out instructions as to how to take care of the pelts, and when a quantity has accumulated let them be shipped to an eastern fur dealer and so get a good part of our money back to be used again for bounty or some other purpose that will protect our game.

There would be the same opposition to advancing the price of gun license as there was when the present license law was passed, but the poorest of us will dig up the "V" when the open season comes. Just let a man know that if he is lucky enough to kill a panther or wildcat he will get his money back doubled or more, and he will pay the five more cheerfully than he did the one dollar.

If we are to have a license law, why not charge enough to amount to something. I am in favor of a law requiring every person, who acts as guide to any sporting party or parties or club, to pay a guide license of not less than fifteen dollars a year. This would augment the bounty fund materially. And the guide (if he is worthy the name,) will pay it cheerfully.

The coyote is a greater menace to the small farmer, stock grower and poultry man than he is to the game, as his favorite diet is a young calf, lamb, kid, pig or chicken. Therefore it would be well for the farming and stock raising counties to continue their coyote bounty, also all other bounties, and with a good state bounty the vermin hunters would get busy, and the pests would soon be a thing of the past, or nearly so.

The state reward or bounty of twenty dollars a head on panthers, with an additional county bounty of five or ten dollars is sufficient, and will soon rid our woods of panthers, mountain lions or cougars as some prefer variously to call them.

A man must live among the trout streams, as the writer has done for a lifetime, to be able to guess one half of the destruction of fish by snakes, kingfishers, fish-ducks and minks. The otter was the arch enemy of the smaller of the finny tribe forty years ago, but the value of his pelt has made him almost an unknown quantity. There are still a few on the McCloud and an occasional one found on the waters of the upper Trinity. They are so few however that the otter is not to be considered.

The things we must battle against fellow anglers are those numerated above. To wage a war of extermination against these reptiles, birds and animals would populate our trout streams many fold more than the hatcheries we are now supporting.

In offering this article I appeal to the Western Field and to the local press throughout the state; to sporting clubs and game protective associations, to transportation companies and proprietors of summer resorts; in short, to every business man within the bounds of our great and glorious state.

Wake up, gentlemen, and lend a hand in this good work! The more you do the prouder you will be of your accomplishments.

Many people may sneer at the idea of putting a bounty on the head of a water-snake, but my word for it the water-snake is the first thing to consider if we wish to increase our trout. A twenty-five cent bounty on the water-snake would be a picnic for the small boys for a year or two, but it would be a paying investment.

And now a word about the enforcement of the laws. Few people realize the difficulty in enforcing our fish and game laws. The first and greatest task was to edueate a people who had for years been permitted to catch and kill at will, regardless of kind, time or number. And it is a satisfaction to know that the commission has been a good educator. They have accomplished much in this direction. As a matter of course there are some who boast of being law breakers and, think it is a mark of shrewdness to evade the law, especially the game law. Then again there are still left a few old fogies like myself, who think it an undue hardship that we are not permitted to catch a mess of fish or kill a deer for our own table whenever we may have time and opportunity. I would still be in favor of such a clause, if it could be properly adjusted.

But most of us have become convinced that the dividing line is too fine to be drawn. The writer wore the commission's deputy badge for a number of years, and knows something of the difficulties that our fish commission runs up against in their efforts to enforce the laws. It is only in the past few years that a jury could be found who would convict a violater of the game laws, and in many parts of the state it is impossible to get a conviction today. My experience has convinced me that a man don't want to be a game warden, a guide and a good citizen at the same time. A conscientious warden must be a good citizen, and when a man thinks the guide business will mesh in the same cogs he is fooled. I tried it and in a short time I found my occupation, like that of Othello's, was gone.

I was foolish enough to think that the better class of sportsmen would pat a guide on the back for requiring a rigid adherence to the requirements of the game laws, and I suppose they would if the guide would allow each individual to do as they pleased while afield. Don't criticize the commission too severely, gentlemen, for not enforcing the laws. I am convinced that the best of you have violated the sacred rites of the law to some extent while afield. However let us bury this hatchet and put our shoulders to the bounty wheel and roll it up to the next legislature with a determination that will compel that honorable body to respect our needs.

Since writing the above the February Western Field came to hand, and I see in the field notes a communication from Mr. H. W. Docker, that is right to the point. Mr. Docker is a man after my own heart. I hope he will keep it up.

W. SCOTT CONWAY,

(Pioneer Guide of the North West.)

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

THERE is now in process of organization a sportsman's club which promises to attain to considerable eminence owing to the exceptional advantages which it offers its members in all branches of field sport. It has been called the "Gualala Hunting and Fishing Club,, and its holdings comprise some (6000 acres) of the best preserved land in this section, the preserve covering the larger part of the North Fork and South Middle Fork of the Gualala River and nearly all of Wolf Creek—streams that have become proverbial among California sportsmen for the excellence of the fishing they afford. The mountains contiguous to the streams are full of deer and quail, and particularly is this true of those contained within the Gualala Club's preserve, these 6000 acres having been posted land for years. In short we know of no club in the state which has as good fishing and hunting assured for years to come.

The preserve is 27 miles nearly due west from Geyserville and some 14 miles due east from Stewarts Point. It can be reached easily and comfortably in one day from San Francisco, via Geyserville and Skaggs Springs, members reaching the preserve in time for dinner.

The club is unique in that it has no monthly dues to pay, and the cost of membership is ridiculously small considering the advantages enjoyed. The personnel of the Club is very high; among other gentlemen who have acquired membership are: Newton J. Tharp, C. A. S. Frost, Fred H. Daniels (Alameda), Chester W. Burks, Dr. James A. Black, Dr. S. S. Bogle (Santa Rosa), Royden Williamson, H. T. James, Luther Elkins, C. L. Newcomb Jr., J. H. White (Petaluma), C. H. House, P. H Jordan, W. G. Chamberlain, Dave D. Gibbons, Louis L. Burnham, R. F. Wells, and L. M. Woodward (San Francisco).

Mr. W. G. Chamberlain, who we believe is the Secretary of the Club, (his address is Room 805 French Bank Building) will doubtlessly be glad to give more specific information to any one interested.

* * *

STRIPED BASS IN SAN ANTONIO CREEK

THE good striped bass fishing in San Antonio Creek which has been enjoyed by a large number of anglers visiting it during the past months induces me to think that perhaps even a short and imperfect history of bass fishing in that creek, made up from my personal experiences and observations, might be of interest to some of the readers of Western Field.

The primary cause which has inspired me to write this communication is the satisfactory size of the fish taken this winter, rather than their numbers. Not but what we have caught "big ones" here each season, for the average as to size I believe has been better at all times than in any other waters visited by our anglers. But the rule, until now, has been under twenty pounds, not many fish having been taken weighing more than that.

When the late Fred Bushnell, some years ago,

made the record catch of 29½ pounds, I predicted that it would be a long time before that record was beaten, and so it has been, for he was "high-hooked" until November 14, 1906, when Mr. Will Burlingame killed one of 30½ pounds. And that year 1906, the year of disaster, was the poorest fishing season I have known in San Antonio creek since the bass were discovered in its waters. I do not think that more than two dozen fish were taken during the entire season. I succeeded in catching one lonesome fish of eight pounds weight. Various gloomy predictions were made at the end of that season; it was asserted that "bass fishing in old San Antonio was a thing of the past; a few stragglers might be caught each year," etc., etc. But the splendid results of the last four months, have, I think, convinced some of our bass anglers that the more they think they have found out about striped bass, the less they really know.

Burlingame's record was quickly beaten. I can recall about a dozen fish that weighed from 25 to 31 pounds, three or four of 31 to 31½ pounds and one of 32 pounds, caught by Penn of Petaluma, while those weighing from 20 to 25 pounds ceased to excite much comment. No man remained champion more than a week or two, until it fell to the lot of the writer to capture a splendid specimen of 36 pounds, and which, up to this writing, has not been beaten, though it is liable to be beaten at any time, for I am confident there are others in the creek as large or larger. (One of 41 pounds has since been taken at San Pablo Bay by H. Brause and Fred Murray.—Ed.)

The fish was a female in splendid condition, measuring 45 inches in length, and put up a splendid fight (as have most of the fish taken this season) fighting from start to finish, until at last when reeled up alongside the boat it turned on its side exhausted, and never quivered when the gaff entered its jaw, nor "kicked" when drawn over the gunwale of the boat. I had been years waiting for "a big one," my previous record being only 23 pounds, until it had become common for me to say that "a big one was waiting for me somewhere"; so it can be imagined that I experienced considerable satisfaction in its capture.

In addition to the big fish taken in the creek this season, there have been many "clean-outs," and it is a common thing at the end of a day's fishing to hear, first one, and then another, relate how he had been "cleaned out" by a "big one;" and now and then there is an angler who seldom shows up with a fish, but each time reports that he lost a "big one." But those "clean-outs" of his have always occurred in some out of the way place, where on one else saw the fight. I think most of these bona fide "clean-outs" are caused by striking too suddenly and hard, and thus breaking tackle or tearing out the hold; or by the attempt to "hold", or "stop" a big fish when he starts to run.

Personally I have not made a big record as to numbers this season. Up to December 31 it was 32 fish weighing 219 pounds. In this connection it has occurred to me that a statement of the fish I have taken in San Antonio creek, might be interesting to other San Antonio anglers, as a comparison with their own catches and recollections of the years as they have passed by. I regret that the disaster of April 18, 1906, deprived me of many notes which would be interesting now; at least I would like to have them again. I, however, happened to save a very much condensed record which I herewith give; and it must be understood that these figures do not include fish taken by companions fishing from the same boat with me, and whose catchers have, I think, in the main equaled mine, and often exceeded it.

1899—November, first and only trip that year	3 fish
1900—June, one trip	5 fish
1901—December, one trip	5 fish
1902—January 7, February 3, May 5, July 5, August 16, October 2, November 38, December (6 trips) 43	118 fish
1903—February 1, April 1, June 4, August 18, September 9, November 6, December (two trips), first trip 6 fish, second trip (one day's fishing) 20 fish weighing 127 pounds	64 fish
1904—January 26 fish, 208 pounds; June 1, July 1, August 8, September 26, October 27, November 30, 183 pounds; December 42, 183 pounds	163 fish
1905—January 2, July 1, August 7, September 7, October 4, November 27, 300 pounds; December 8, 64 pounds	56 fish
1906—December	1 fish
1907—September 1, October 22, November 5, 70 pounds; December 4, 34 pounds	32 fish
Total	463 fish

This shows a total of 463 fish taken by one man out of San Antonio during nine years; virtually it is only six years, as the first three years can hardly be counted in the record. The most of this fishing has been done with a companion in the boat with me, who has generally fared as well as myself.

It will be noticed that I have, in some instances, given weight and and not in others. My complete record, which was burned, showed all weights, but the synopsis saved only shows remarkable weights.

Previous to 1904 there has always been good summer fishing in San Antonio, the fish however running small. The catches of others during the time covered by my record have in many instances been as good as those shown above, for I have made a practice of learning as far as I could what had been done by others, and in many cases preserved notes of the same.

The bass this season seem to be later than usual in spawning, hence fishing has been good during the month of January, which is not usually the case; in fact it has never been good in January except in 1904.

The old reliable and juicy clam continues to be the killer, the spoon having become so unproductive that but few even try it; I, however, never fail to work a spoon occasionally, for I would rather catch one fish on a spoon than a dozen on bait; the fish however ignore it almost altogether, as I have taken this season only four or five on the spoon.

W. R. M.

FROM THE UPPER SANTA ANA

Editor Western Field:

In some respects that man Hatfield has made a holy mess of our weather down here in the south end of the State. Why bless your heart, it does nothing but rain from October 'till June. Rain—real old moist, soggy, juicy rain. Morning, noon and night it pours down, reminding one of the verse:

"For weeks the clouds have raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
'Till all the woods are wet with mists
And all the brooks complaining."

"Fine weather for ducks!" you say? Why, yes, of course, but not so fine on duck hunters. I sorter reckon our old skeleton coats ain't worth very much no more. Lad gum! I'm going to get me a whole suit of Duxbak. These blue days are not so all-fired nice ones for quail, either. We have been trying to connect up with some over at San Jacinto and I can tell you that what you need to hunt them old boys with is a greyhound and a .30-30. Fly! Not much; it's a game of sprint you're up against these days.

Say! Where can a fellow get shoes that will turn water and at the same time be light and fit the foot? What you want to do these days is to rid yourself of all the superfluous weight possible. Throw away the 12 gauge gun and get a 16 or a 20. If you know how to hold, a good 20 will do the work. I was out close to Lakeview a few days ago and found a fine covey out in the flat land and I managed to lay out 23 birds with 25 shots out of my little 20 gauge, one-trigger Smith. Gee! but you have to point it straight, though.

Any man is silly to carry a gun that weighs over 6 pounds these days. You don't want to cripple the entire flock anyway. What's the use? Leave some for the next time or the next fellow. The days of flock shooting are past and gone forever. But I am afraid the game butcher still lives and thrives.

I hear some talk of the Hungarian grouse and wild turkey being introduced into these old "hog-backs." Why don't they bring in the masked bob white of Sonora, too? That's the bird I want to hear whistle once more! Give us the masked quail.

Well, I started in to growl about the rain. It has had the effect to make these old foothills look like a green wheat field. Today the snow is down to the edge of the green grass and weeds. What a sight! Snow lying all among the green grass! Well, I reckon it's good for the hay and the fruit, and as I ain't no way of keeping the rain away I guess I'll just let 'er come on down.

THE RAMBLER.

Conducted by AUGUST WOLF

SPORTSMEN returning from the hills in northern Idaho, western Montana, northeastern Oregon and the boundary country report the most successful season of the new century. They found plenty of big game, such as deer, bears, mountain goats and sheep, and many specimens of the cat family, bringing back with them also tales of the unbroken trail which will keep the responsive blood of the enthusiast tingling until the opening of next season. Deer were in abundance not only in the mountain wilds but in localities near mining and lumber camps. The killing of several elks is reported from American Creek, but as a rule the huntsmen gave their attention to deer and bear. Down in the Pendleton district in Oregon the coyotes were so numerous that the sheepmen offered bounties and as a result hundreds were killed. The ranchers also poisoned several hundred by the use of strychnine on baited meat, their dogs being muzzled or kept within doors during the poisoning period in January. Half a score of cougars were also killed in the Spokane country. The big kill of the cats was made by Tom Hopper of Spokane, and C. D. McGregor of St. Maries, Ida., who had an exciting time in the Priest Lake district. They bagged three cougars, the largest measuring nine feet six inches from tip to tip, also killing a lynx. Black and white tail deer and bears are numerous in the Bitter Root mountains, where bands of elk were also seen recently. Newton Schofield of Twisp, Wash., killed fifteen lynx in the last three months, thus establishing the record for Okanogan county. Julius Pfefferie, a rancher near Republic, Wash., killed a big cinnamon bear and a five-foot lynx at Mud Lake, recently. A party of Harrington sportsmen, including C. W. Bethel, John Schrimpsher, George Wilson and H. C. Turner, killed seven deer and a bear in Stevens county, north of Spokane. Two of the animals carried nine and seven points respectively. Turner bagged three deer and a bear.

Official sanction to the plan of appointing deputy sheriffs as county game wardens in the state of Washington and paying salaries out of the game protection fund is given in an opinion by the attorney general's office. The law providing for the appointment of a county game warden and similar

appointive offices has been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court and the plan of appointing a deputy sheriff has been generally followed. The opinion says in part:

"The commissioners are enjoined to apply the game protection fund to the propagation and protection of game in their country. With these purposes the manner of expenditure is left entirely to them. The object and policy of the law is to be kept and ought not to be defeated by any technical construction.

"By the selection of an additional deputy sheriff and assigning to him the special enforcement of the game laws, and the paying of his salary out of this game protection fund, whether the salary is against the game protection fund or by transferring sufficient moneys from the game protection fund to the current expense fund, and then drawing warrants for the deputy's salary against the current expense fund would appear immaterial, the evident purpose of the law should be subserved. Certainly the money in the game protection fund is not to remain idle. It is to be used to protect game.

"The attorney general is of the opinion that the appropriation of it in payment of the salary of such deputy sheriff as herein indicated is in he power of the county commissioners."

How well the game laws in Idaho are being enforced is probably best illustrated by the sentence meted out to E. M. Clarke, chief ranger of the Clearwater forest reserve, who when tried before Justice Roberts at Stites was fined $50 and costs and forced to surrender his position and be mustered out without honors for killing a deer t of season. The complaint filed by McH. Harbaugh, deputy state game warden, charged Clarke with killing a deer July 7, 1907, and hiding the carcass in Salmon river. Harbaugh worked on the case several months, the first information being given by an Indian who complained because the reds were prosecuted for game violations, while the whites were allowed to go free. The Indian told his story in court. He and Clarke were riding along a trail in the Bitter Root reserve when a large-eyed fawn crossed the trail followed closely by the mother. Clarke leveled his rifle and shot the doe to death, and then threw the cracass in the river. Three days later the animal floated down the river, the Indian was accused of killing the deer. He accused Clarke and furnished information which resulted in the conviction.

Considerable interest has been aroused among sportsmen in the Northwest by the amendments to the Oregon game laws proposed by A. Campbell of Portland. The plan to have the duck-shooting season begin October 1 instead of September 1, as is now the case met with general disfavor. Duck shooters say that few mallard, teal and widgeon ducks get as far south as the Oregon lakes in September, while in some localities, wood ducks are plentiful in that month, but disappear soon after October 1. It is also purposed to extend the season to March 1. This is favored. Another proposed change that will meet with considerable opposition is that of reducing the number of ducks that may be killed in one week from fifty to twenty-five. Hunters argue that such change in the law would be unjust to those who expend $150 to $200 a season in feeding a lake, hiring a watchman and buying ammunition and who get out only once a week. They contend the best hunters will not average twenty-five ducks a week for the season, while during the season just closed few of them have done that well. Practically all of the hunters are opposed to legalizing the sale of ducks, as pot-hunters and market men could not be kept out of the preserves, with the result that in a few years a wild duck in Oregon would be a curiosity. The Oregon Fish and Game Association, headed by Dr. W. Churchman, has the matter in hand, and will make recommendations to the next Legislature.

Hunters and trappers are pleased over the announcement that a fund of $2000 is available as a bounty on predatory animals, in the panhandle of Idaho, and many of the woodsmen will set their traps and oil their guns as the additional compensation paid by the state for the predatory animals is an extra inducement for the hunter and trapper. Reports from the mountains show that the animals are numerous, so that extra efforts will be made to destroy many of those placed under the ban by the Legislature. The state game warden has sent out this notice to county auditors:

"This department has decided to spend $2000 of the $5000 appropriated by the last Legislature for the destruction of predatory animals in Northern Idaho. You will please let the people of your county know that this office will pay $2 each for wolves, coyotes, bobcats and lynx pelts, until the $2000 is exhausted. Hides must be turned over to us by April 1, 1908. They must be preserved in first-class condition and in skinnig the animals they must leave the two front feet with the bone up to the knee attached to the hide. You will please receive any such hides from any one in your county who presents them to you."

Though not a member of any gun club, Mrs. Paul Blaurat of Spangle, Wash., near Spokane, proved that she knows how to handle a rifle. She lives on a farm a short distance north of Spangle and has a fine flock of poultry. After feeding them and about to return to the house, a coyote made his appearance in the chicken yard with the evident intent of securing a square meal. Mrs. Blaurat lost no time in taking down the rifle which hung in the kitchen and opened fire on the prowling animal. Only one shot was needed, the ball going through the coyote's body. The animal limped off a little distance but was soon finished by the pet dog. The six-year-old son of Mrs. Blaurat left the scalp at the county auditor's office in Spokane and received the bounty. Chief Deputy Auditor R. W. Butler, for several years a resident of Spangle, will recommend that Mrs. Blaurat be made an honorary member of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver Club and the Spangle Gun Club.

Bearded like pards, with fire in their eyes, and literally armed to the teeth, Tom Hopper of Spokane, big game hunter and arch-enemy of the bear family, and T. A. Ireland, the crack rifle shot of the Palouse wheat belt, will invade the mountain wilds of northern Idaho in a few days to determine who is entitled to the blue ribbon as the premier cougar slayer in the Pacific Northwest. Following this there will be a rifle match at 100 yards, with a muzzle rest, 50 shots, string measure, for $1000 a side. A side bet of $500 is involved in the cougar-killing stunt.

The contests are the result of friendly banter.

originating when Hopper challenged a statement by Ireland, who declared he would wager $500 he could catch a cougar with poisoned meat. Hopper had just returned form an expedition with several scalps, for which he received $5 each from the county treasurer as bounty. Hopper was stung to the quick, and, taking his trusty goose-quill in hand, he dashed off a challenge and like the armored knight of olden days he flung it into the arena. Stripped of its verbiage this is what he said:

"You talk like a sportsman and you are addressing one. I will bet $500 that you cannot get a cougar with poisoned meat. You are to go with me where there are plenty of cougar signs, so there will be no chance for one to be brought in captivity and say it was poisoned by you. I will give you ten days in which to carry out your boast and you can take pork, beef, mutton or venison. If you cannot poison a cougar in ten days, you can't poison one in a dozen years. I am ready."

It should be explained that in the beginning of this encounter Hopper maintained that a cougar will not eat meat other than that killed by it. This sounded like "nature faking" to Ireland, who retaliated with a couple of remarks, indicating a hungry cougar will eat cowhide bootlegs without condiments or dressing. Hopper again busied himself with quills, inkpot and parchment, the result being that another gauntlet was flung at the feet of his tormentor. His words without the frills follow:

I will shoot with you for a side bet of from $1 to $5000 anywhere outside of the city limits of Spokane, 60 to 200 yards, any time you put up the money. Bring your bank roll as you will have no trouble in finding takers for all the money you want to bet."

Those within the sound of Ireland's voice say they heard sentences like this: "Gee, but this looks good to me;" "it's easy money, beau;" and, "say, but the old man is game; guess he's got a roll stowed away somewhere!"

Summoning his private secretary, Ireland indicted th following:

"Mr. Tom Hopper: I made the statement I could trap or poison a cougar by using meat other than that killed by it, but I would be foolish to take a bet to do this in ten days, as you might show me plenty of tracks and there would not be a cougar pass the same way in a month. But I will bet you $500 to back up my statement and every nickel of it goes. I will also accept your challenge for a rifle match. Now if you mean business come through with the coin."

Bing!

Articles of agreement containing the conditions of the match and permitting the use of either open or pee sights by both contestants, were drawn and signed and sealed in the presence of witnesses. Each of the men will have a second, and Tom B. Ware may officiate as umpire in the cougar-slaying combat, while members of the Spokane Rifle and Revolver Club will preside as judges at the target contest. There will be free gates at both exhibitions.

"It would appear to an outsider peeking from the uppermost limb of a tall jack-pine that somebody has started something," whispered a lank individual with a twinkle in his eye, "but then 'every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more.'

"But what's the use of wasting all these precious hours tramping over the foothills and holding the bag for Mr. Cougar to come along, expecting him to sign his own death warrant and then carrying out the sentence by tackling a square meal of doped stuff? Why not submit the arguments of both sides in writing to Dr. Long or one of his Indian affidavit-makers and then invite President Roosevelt to pass judgment on the decision reached by either of these worthies?

"Much good ammunition could also be saved by calling the rifle match off, and having the combatants don eight-ounce mitts and fight three rounds in a dark room, the battle to continue until one yells 'enough!' We know they can shoot; we ought to see if they can scrap as well as make noise."

AT THE TRAPS

THE LEAGUE TOURNAMENT

THE clean sport of trap shooting promises, during the coming season, to be a greater attraction than ever for a large number of Coast devotees of the shotgun. This statement is prompted by an evidence of general activity shown by our gun clubs in arranging programmes for tournaments and regular club shoots for the season of 1908; the organization of numerous new clubs in many cities and towns; the enthusiasm of members; and, best of all, the infusion of new blood in the ranks. The veterans, as noticed already at this early date, have not by any means shown an inclination to sidetrack the opportunity to hear the more or less melodious refrains of "pull," "broke," etc. There is a certain, a potent charm, in the associations attendant indulgence in this healthful recreation, that, once under the spell, few men put away the gun willingly.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated in appropriate style by a representative gathering at the Ingleside grounds, of San Francisco trap shooters and visiting sportsmen from interior points, where under the auspices of the Trap Shooters League of the Pacific Coast, a two days' blue rock tournament marked the first of a series of League shoots and started the local opening of the 1908 smokeless powder burning season.

The programmes for both days were attractive, the main features being seven trophy events. Weather conditions were very favorable, although on the second day a cloudy background made the mud saucers a bit elusive for some of the boys. Scores, generally, were of excellent averages.

For the opening day, 10 races were listed—seven 15 and three 10 bird races, the latter being trophy contests.

The Achille Roos trophy (Event 5) was finally annexed by "Billy" Varien of Pacific Grove, who pointed his "pump" to victory after shooting off three ties. Tony Prior, Clarence Nauman and Varien each cracked out 20 straight. In the next race each scored 19 out of 20. Nauman and Varien again broke 19 out of 20, Varien running out in the next event with 14 out of 15.

The Hunter Arms trophy (Event 6) ended with Emil Holling and F. W. Sheard of Tacoma tied on clean strings of 20 targets. The "farmer boy," erstwhile from Davisville, smashed 19 to the northern shooter's 17; a win for the trophy is now down to Holling's credit.

Otto Feudner and D. Ruhstaller of Sacramento tied with 20 straight in the Peters Cartridge trophy shoot (Event 7). The ex-seal hunter connected with 14 out of 15 in the tie shoot. The Sacramento shooter was not up to "gilt edge" form and dropped five birds. Feudner now has a look-in for the Peters cup.

In the first argument at 15 birds not a straight developed. Sheard made the initial full count in the second race; he followed with two more straights. Feudner turned loose in the third for 15 and following with another. Dick Reed 2), Varien, Holling, Haight, Justins were also 15'ers in the forenoon. The 15 men in the afternoon were: Webb (2), Holling (2), Varien and Haight.

Varien was high average for the day with 155 out of 165. Holling broke 152, Feudner 151, Reed 150, Nauman 147, Webb and Sheard 145 each.

Shooters and

The second day's schedule provided four 15s, one 20 and four 25 target events, the 25 bird events were all trophy shoots.

Tony Prior's Remington automatic accounted for the only clean score of 25 in the "Dick" Reed cup match (Event 5). Feudner was runner-up with 24 breaks. Prior's win was a popular one.

The Du Pont trophy contest was a warm one. Feudner, Schultz, Varien, Holling and Reed were the tie competitors on 24 out of 25 each. Varien's 19 out of 20 shut off the others; a credit win for the powder cup is now chalked up to the Monterey shooter.

Holling and Varien came together again in the Sorensen champion diamond medal contention (Event 8). Turn about is fair play; Holling scored 24 again, Varien centered 22. Emil now has a peg in the medal.

Ballistite made Ed. Schultz get an extra spurt on. In the Ballistite cup race (Event 9), Holling, Nauman and Schultz turned loose for 24 out of 25 each—one refractory bird will slip through a pattern. The following 20 bird race, when the smoke drifted away, put Schultz in the lead with 19 to two 18's.

A perusal of the day's scores will show a better average than on the first day. Straight 15's were tallied by Feudner (3), Prior (2), Sheard (3), Nauman, Will Golcher, Greene (2), Varien, Reed, Hillis and Justins. Prior, Golcher and Justins shot the only 20 straights.

Feudner's 186 out of 200 was the day's high average. Prior 185, Holling 185, Schultz 183 Sheard 182 were the next men up.

The high averages for two days were: Varien 340 out of 365, Feudner 337, Holling 337, Reed 328, Sheard 327.

Edgar Forester superintended the tourney. "Billy" Ashcroft and "Pete" Smith were the referees, and Clarence Nauman looked after the office work. As a result, the shoot was conducted without a hitch from start to finish. Trophy ties were carried from event to event until finally decided. Purse divisions were Rose system, 10-7-3 for 15's and 12-8-5-3 for 20 bird races. Side pools were optional, high guns, 4 moneys. Trade representatives shot for birds only.

Among the out-of-town visitors were W. H. Varien, W. A. Greene of Salinas, D. Ruhstaller (Capital City Blue Rock Club), W. A. Hillis (Peters representative), F. W. Sheard, Messrs. Willet, Wood, Davidson and Garrison of Modesto (Owl Rod and Gun Club).

The scores were the following:

First day, Saturday, February 22nd, 1908—

Targets—	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	15	15	15—165
Event—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
W. H. Varien..	13	15	14	13	20	19	19	14	15	13—155
E. Holling.....	13	11	14	15	16	20	19	15	14	15—152
M. O. Feudner..	14	14	15	15	17	16	20	14	12	14—151
Dick Reed.....	14	15	14	15	18	18	17	12	14	13—150
C. C. Nauman..	12	11	11	11	20	19	19	12	14	12—147
W. H. Sheard..	13	15	15	15	17	20	17	11	12	12—145
A. J. Webb....	12	12	13	14	16	16	18	15	15	14—145
Hip Justins....	14	12	12	15	18	18	19	14	11	14—142
C. A. Haight..	12	11	14	15	18	18	18	13	15	11—140
D. Ruhstaller...	13	12	14	13	14	18	20	10	12	14—140
G. Sylvester....	11	14	11	12	19	14	18	13	14	14—140
Ed. Schultz....	10	14	14	10	16	17	19	13	14	13—140
Tony Prior	13	12	14	14	20	19	17	13	14	12—139
W. A. Hillis....	12	9	13	14	19	17	16	12	13	14—139
E. Hoelle.....	12	13	14	10	18	14	19	13	12	13—138
M. J. Iverson..	12	12	9	7	17	14	15	14	13	15—129
W. F. Willett...	12	10	13	12	12	16	15	9	11	12—127
E. A. Fano....	9	11	7	9	14	16	16	13	11	10—116
H. L. Stelling..	8	12	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	9—...
J. B. Kinniff..	.	..	4	9	13	10	10	9	11	10—...
D. W. Thomas..	.	..	..	..	..	14	12	13	11	11—...

Second day, Sunday, February 23rd, 1908—

Targets—	15	15	15	15	25	25	20	25	25	20—200
Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Feudner	15	15	13	15	24	24	17	23	23	17—186
Prior	14	15	15	14	25	23	20	20	21	18—185
Holling	14	13	14	14	22	24	18	24	24	18—185
Varien	13	15	14	12	22	24	19	24	22	19—185
Schultz	11	13	14	14	23	24	18	22	24	19—183
Sheard	15	15	15	14	23	22	19	21	22	16—182
W. E. Greene..	15	12	14	15	22	22	18	22	22	19—181
Reed	13	14	15	12	21	24	19	21	21	18—178
Haight	13	13	12	12	23	22	18	22	23	20—178
Webb	13	10	12	14	22	23	18	23	22	19—176

Spectators at the Tournament

The Trophy Winners
Messrs. Varein, Holling, Fuedner, Schultz and Prior

W. Golcher	13	15	13	14	21	23	11	22	22	20	—175
Hillis	14	12	15	12	23	21	18	22	21	16	—173
Nauman	11	14	12	15	21	21	19	17	24	18	—172
Justins	15	13	13	13	21	22	15	22	22	14	—172
Hoelle	13	9	12	14	22	20	17	21	18	17	—163
Iverson	9	12	12	14	22	20	17	22	18	17	—163
Ruhstaller	8	12	13	13	20	18	18	21	21	18	—163
Garrison	10	14	12	11	18	17	17	21	19	15	—154
D. Daniels	12	10	8	12	22	20	15	23	10	15	—147
Davidson	9	11	9	11	15	18	14	15	15	13	—135
Willett	12	10	10	9	20	15	10	14	17	17	—134
Wood	11	11	5	11	19	10	14	14	17	12	—124
Kenniff	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	10	15—...

The trophies and medals shot for in the League tournaments aggregate in value over $1,000. These prizes must be won three times by a shooter before becoming personal property. The record of wins up to date is as follows:

Du Pont trophy—1907, Feb. 23, A. J. Webb; May 10, M. O. Feudner. 1908, Feb. 23, W. H. Varien.

Hunter Arms trophy—1907, March 10, S. A. Huntley; April 14, C. C. Nauman; May 10, Ed. Schultz. 1908, Feb. 22, E. Holling.

Peters Cartridge trophy—1907, Feb. 22, C. M. Troxell of Rocklin, Cal.; May 10, Ed. Schultz. 1908, Feb. 22, M. O. Feudner.

"Dick" Reed trophy—1907, Feb. 22, S. A. Huntley; May 11, Gus Knight of San Bernardino. 1908, Feb. 23, Tony Prior.

Achille Roos trophy—1907, Feb. 22, Tony Prior; March 10, Tony Prior; April 14, Edgar Forster. 1908, Feb. 22, W. H. Varien.

Ballistite trophy—1907, Feb. 24, A. J. Webb; May 10, L. Holdsclaw of Fresno; 1908, Feb. 23, Ed. Schultz.

Sorenson diamond medal—1907, Feb. 24, A. J. Webb; May 12, Fred Mills of Long Beach, Cal. 1908, Feb. 23, E. Holling.

The following trophies have been won outright:

Remington auto-loading shotgun—1907, Feb. 22, tie between Feudner and Huntley.

Special match, gold watch, for trade representatives—1907, Feb. 23, E. Holling.

Winchester trap gun—1907, March 10, Ed. Schultz.

M. O. Feudner trophy—1907 May 11, Fred Mills.

Parker gun—1907, May 12, Tony Prior.

League handicap trophy, value $100—1907, May 12, Frank M. Newbert of Sacramento.

Amateur high average medal—1907, May 10-11-12, M. O. Feudner, 427 out of 475.

Professional high average medal—1907, May 10-11-12, Dick Reed, 415 out of 475.

THE ART OF SHOOTING

By An Old Devotee

PART III.—THE SHOT GUN

(Continued.)

TWO things are imperative to the successful shooting of any firearm: regularity in physical holding of the weapon, and the avoidance of all spasmodic jerking in the "pulling" of the trigger.

A gun shot from the shoulder, be it rifle or shot gun, should be grasped always in the same place, in the same way, and held against the shoulder with the same firmness and pressure. A weapon fired at arm's length (pistol and revolver) should be grasped always alike and held with unvarying firmness, not gripped with flesh-bruising force one shot and suffered to lie loosely in the hand for the next. And the trigger on any weapon should be *squeezed* to release its sear instead of being *pulled*. Paste this in your hat: Never Pull the Trigger—close your whole hand with a steady and firm squeeze as though you held an egg in it and were trying to crush it with gradually increasing pressure. Squeeze stock and trigger alike and at the same time. This of course is subject to modification if one is using a hair-trigger on a set-lock rifle, when the trigger finger alone moves with a gentle pressure *but never with a pull.*

Assuming now that you are in the duck blind, with a properly fitted and correctly loaded gun in hand, let us inquire into the reason, which at first blush seems paradoxical, of why you don't want to aim directly at a moving object which you wish to hit, such as a fast flying duck for instance.

The firing of a successful shot at a flying bird involves five things which entail a radical departure from a direct aim *at* the bird: First, the distance of the bird from the gun; second, the angle, speed and direction of its flight; third, the time lost in mentally determining those previously mentioned factors and the amount of time that elapses between the brain signal that your gun is correctly aligned and the pulling of the trigger; fourth, the amount of time consumed between the explosion of the primer and the arrival of the shot at the muzzle of the gun; and fifth and lastly, the time that it takes the shot on its departure from the muzzle to transverse the distance intervening between the muzzle and the bird.

As these papers are not written for hair-splitting integral and differential calculus crank ballistic sharps, but for the common average field shooter, it is enough to say that if a man swings his gun along the plane of the bird's flight instead of pointing it stationarily at some infinite point ahead of his object, we can afford to entirely ignore all the preceding factors except those of distance, angle, speed and direction of flight, and the velocity of the shot after it leaves the muzzle. But for those who are curious in this matter of psychological delays it may be stated that the scientists have in some mysterious way arrived at the conclusion that just about .0040 of a second is wasted by the average shooter's brain processes before he pulls the trigger.

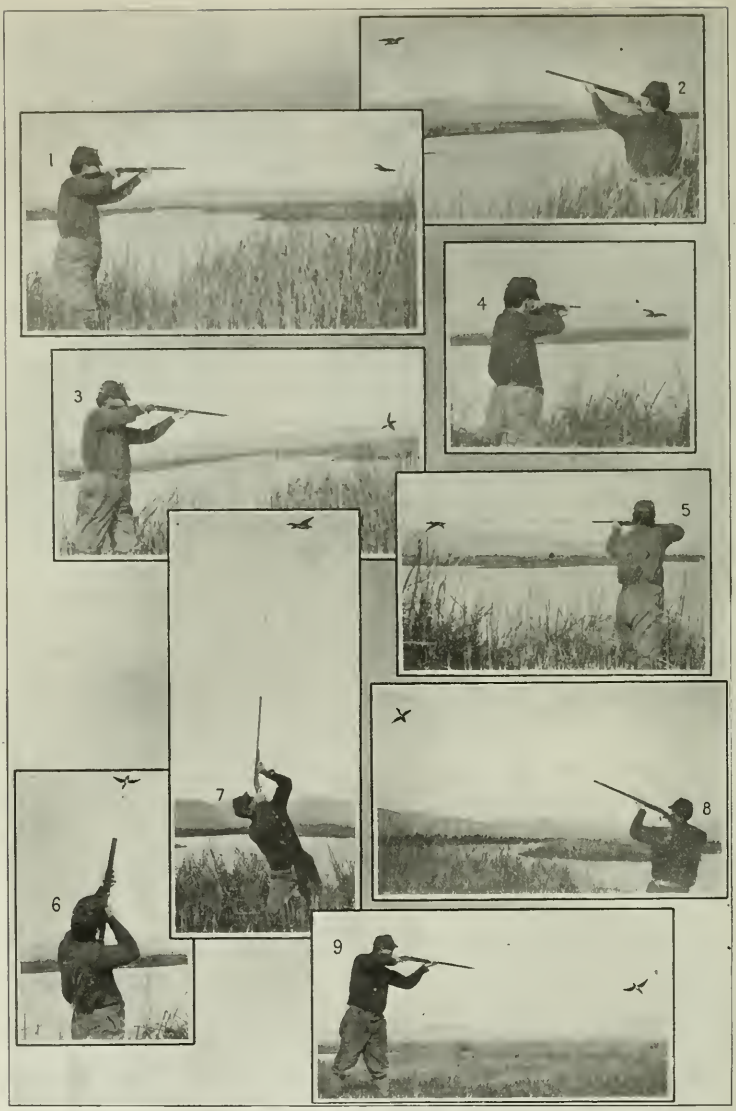
The writer is of the opinion that the speed at which most birds fly is greatly over-estimated, he inclining to the belief that in more than 90 per cent of birds shot at under ordinary field conditions the flight is actually under 40 miles per hour, which is equivalent to about 60 feet per second. Assuming this to be correct, we must now ascertain the velocity of the shot pellets and how this velocity falls off at increasing distances.

By a series of carefully conducted and exhaustive experiments made by the London *Field* a couple of years ago, the average velocity of No. 5 English shot—which practically corresponds to No. 6 American make—was as follows:

VELOCITY OF SHOT
Distance from Muzzle in Yards.

20	25	30	35	40
1050	1003	959	923	882

(All velocities are given in feet per second.)



How to "Hold"

From this it is very easy to calculate the number of feet a bird, going 40 miles per hour, will travel during the time that elapses from the fall of the hammer to the arrival of the shot at the distances given above:

Distance of Bird from Muzzle When Hammer Falls

20 Yards	25 Yards	30 Yards	35 Yards	40 Yards
3 ft. 8.0 in.	4 ft. 8.7 in.	5 ft. 10.5 in.	7 ft. 1.2 in.	8 ft. 4.9 in.

(Distances flown during passage of shot at ranges specified.)

Therefore, making an infinitesimal allowance for brain waste of time it is easily deduced that when shooting with No. 6 shot at a duck flying across at the rate of 60 feet per second you must, in order to hit same with the center of your charge, "hold ahead" 3 feet 8 inches at 20 yards; 4 feet 9 inches at 25; 5 feet 11 inches at 30; 7 feet 2 inches at 35, and 8 feet 6 inches at 40 yards.

Experiments also showed that this allowance is correct for shot up to No. 4 in size at 40 yards, but the velocity of the smaller-sized shot falls off very rapidly at distances over 25 yards, and your allowance at 40 yards (with say No. 8's) must be at least 2 to 3 feet more than when shooting No. 6. It was also determined in this test that the larger sized shot had higher proportional velocity at all distances over 20 yards, with greatly increased striking force and penetration at all ranges.

So much for the scientific formula; now for the actual practice.

The shots which offer themselves to the shooter in actual field experience may be classed as follows:

Direct approach ("straight head on").
Rising approach ("rising head on").
Descending approach ("falling head on").
Quartering approach ("quartering head on").
Direct passed level ("straight away tail on").
Direct passed overhead ("level tail on").
Rising passed ("rising tail on").
Descending passed ("falling tail on").
Quartering passed ("quartering tail on").
Level crossing.
Rising crossing.
Descending crossing.
Quartering crossing.
Ascending shot ahead.
Descending shot ahead.
The ziz-zag or flaring shot at snipe, etc.
The bounding shot at rabbits, hares, etc.

There are certain variations of each of these but the general principles to be laid down will cover them all sufficiently.

The Direct Approach Shot

This is one of the easiest shots that offer.

It is only necessary to cover the bird's head with the front bead and shoot without delay; the bird should not be allowed to get too close and this shot can be taken at rather longer range than ordinary as the bird actually flies to meet the shot and the pellets have consequently more penetration than in any other shot at equal range. (Fig 1.)

The Rising Approach

In this shot the gun should first be swung directly on the bird's head and then raised quickly so as to completely "blot out" the whole bird if at short range, with considerably more allowance if the bird is thirty or more yards away. As in the latter case it will be impossible to "lead" the bird by sight, it being not in the shooter's vision, the lead must be a matter of judgment and of habit acquired by practice. A long distance shot of this kind is a very difficult one and the beginner will do well to make an unusually large allowance. (Fig 2.)

The Falling Approach

This is one of the most commonly occuring shots and one that is easy to make. Get the gun well down and under the bird, giving always a little more allowance than you think necessary, as most misses on this shot are occasioned by shooting over and so actually behind the bird. Have the gun firmly at the shoulder when firing, and see at least three feet of daylight between bird and muzzle of gun, *keeping the gun swinging downward as you pull.* (Fig 3.)

The Quartering Approach

A bird approaching in a quartering angle is, paradoxically, a very difficult shot to calculate and yet—to the writer at least—a fairly easy one to make. Despite the fact that a modifying allowance has to be made for the lineal direction of its flight in addition to the regular "lead" for velocity, I have found it a safe rule to merely hold a little closer than I ordinarily do for the straight crossing shot, and let the "pattern" of the gun take care of

the rest. Whether the angle be acute or obtuse the rule is the same. A quartering bird will logically be longer in the danger zone of a proper "lead" than will a right angle crosser, for reasons apparent to all. I attribute my personal success on these shots to the fact that I *more nearly* hold "dead on" than I have to do on crossers, and so don't make so many mistakes in my estimation of the proper lead. Right here I may say that as over 95 per cent of all men are quicker on a dextrous (right) than on a sinister (left) wheel and swing of the gun, most of such "right-handed" shooters will find it very advisable to make more allowance on any bird which flies from left to right than one which flies from right to left. I know many men who are absolutely dead shots on everything going directly ahead or flying to the left, who dismally "fall down" on right quarterers, either in the field or at the traps. (Fig 4.)

The Direct Passed

This shot has three variations which have to be treated differently. The first is that of a duck, for instance, which has flown over your crouched form in the blind at a height which is just about level with your head when you jump up to clear the tules and shoot. This is an easy proposition as to aim, but the shot must be made quickly or the bird will get so far away that the trajectory of the shot will make them curve below it to a miss. The proper rule is: "blot him out completely and pull." (Fig 5.) The second variation is the high passed level direct shot. Here you have to shoot well *under* the bird so as to get the shot ahead of him. *Always* allow a *little* for the drop of the shot at long ranges. (Fig. 6.)

The third variation, the perpendicular directly overhead passing shot, is the most difficult to make cleanly that the sportsman will encounter should he have but a short notice on which to prepare for it. When you "connect" on it, however, it generally is a clean kill, as the most vulnerable parts of the bird are exposed. Always, when possible, shoot this shot in a standing position; throw back the upper half of the body to an angle of 30 degrees, resting the whole weight on the right leg, the left foot just toeing the ground to keep the balance, the left hand brought well down the barrel, holding it just about the end of the fore-arm—this to allow of the gun being kept in the proper alignment with right eye; if the gun is grasped too far up it will pull the barrel to the left out of alignment and the shot will go to the left. Cover the bird; then with an easy swing bring the muzzle smartly ahead of him to the proper "lead"—give him a plenty lead—and pull without checking the swing of the gun. It is a spectacular and always particularly pleasing shot to the shooter—when he hits! (Fig 7.)

The Rising Passed Shot

In this the gun must be held well over the bird. This is a very common occuring shot and in conjunction with the descending passed shot, constitutes the bulk of one's duck shooting; as whether a duck merely flares up at your approach to the water, or swings away at your first barrel, he is nearly always rising and the general tendency is to shoot too low. Give all ascending birds a good allowance, for they are not only getting higher but farther away as well at the same time. (Fig 8.)

The Descending Passed Shot

This is the commonest occuring shot to duck shooters and one that in my judgment is the hardest to make with certainty. Of course, if the bird intends alighting within range it is easy to keep the gun beneath him until he almost touches the water—gets say 2 feet above it—and then pull. But if he comes in at a flat angle and aims to alight at a point say 80 or 100 yards from your blind, it is vastly different. The aim must be more nearly *at* his body, with but small allowance ahead, and the best rule is to cover him, drop the muzzle say a foot or 18 inches under him, and pull the trigger while *slowly* swinging the gun downward. The gun must be well up to the shoulder and the eye close down to the rib, or overshooting will surely occur. My practice is to blot him out, lower the muzzle, and as soon as he is clear of the rib and in sight again, pull. (Fig 9.)

The Quartering Passed Shot

The same general rules which apply to the quartering approaching shot are applicable here with this single exception which must be carefully remembered: the birds are getting farther away instead of nearer, and so more allowance for distance must be given. In any approaching shot shoot slowly and deliberately; in any passed shot get a "move on". The quicker your "time," the better.

(*To be continued.*)

SELF-LOADING ARMS

By "Smallarms"

INVENTIONS and improvements in the mechanical arts, during the past twenty-five years have been nothing short of marvelous. Greater strides have been taken along these lines during the past quarter century than at any previous time in the world's history, but the inventive genius that has been so prominent along other lines has almost entirely failed to show itself as applied to arms and ammunition.

From a strictly military standpoint, the improvement in arms and ammunition has been great, although not in the same proportion that other branches of mechanics have gone forward. The application of the reduced bore and high pressure cartridge in military small arms has added greatly to the efficiency of the soldier, while the improvements in the breech loading cannon have made the much harassed armor maker hustle himself to keep apace with the destructive powers of the new weapon, and to prevent one well-directed shot from penetrating the sides of the ships for which he is making armor, and sending her and her crew to the bottom. However, there is nothing startling in these new types of guns and really much less progress has been shown than in any other line of mechanics. Improvements in the appliances for printing, for instance, make the progress in gunnery look foolish, and compared with the wonderful changes in engines and in electrical machinery, advancement in arms appears to be almost nothing.

It is when we come to consider the arms the civilian is directly interested in, the rifle, the pistol and revolver, and the shotgun, that we find what little progress has been made. Practically the only noticeable change in this class of arms has been the introduction of the military high pressure small calibre cartridge for hunting and as to whether or not this is really an improvement, opinions differ greatly.

Improvements in the shotgun may be summed up in a word. The hammerless principle has been refined and applied in a practicable form. The bolting devices have been improved a little. Methods of barrel making have changed but little, with the small exception of compressed fluid steel, which is used in making a barrel a little more reliable than the old Damascus. Smokeless powder has gone ahead a few steps, so that the sportsman can shoot with a little more comfort and with the absence of the erstwhile cloud of baffling smoke.

These are but minor differences and the sportsman of twenty-five years ago would have no reason to fear a competitive test between his weapon with its black powder load and the modern breech-loader, with its hammerless locks and smokeless powder—as far as actual test on game is concerned.

As far as revolvers and other types of the hand gun are concerned, the total sum of the improvements consists in a little refining of outline and design, with the introduction of smokeless powder, which lessens the recoil and noise. Thousands of the old types of revolvers in use twenty-five years ago are turned out annually by the two principal factories in the United States, and there are many revolver cranks of the present day who do not hesitate to say that the old single action gun of the cowman and the desperado is a better gun than the lighter, double action arm as at present manufactured for the United States Army and Navy. So progress along the lines of revolver making seems to be largely a matter of the personal opinion of the individual shooter, rather than any real advancement in effectiveness. In any gun store one will find the Smith & Wesson Military or New Century Model, or the Colts Officer's Model or New Service, the last word in revolver construction. Right beside these modern types of revolver designing, will be the Colts Frontier or Army Models, the guns of the plainsman, used twenty-five years before, and as far as effectiveness and reliability are concerned one might just as well close his eyes and grab blindly. Balance and outline are merely matters of personal taste; there is little to guide one in his selection outside of these two points.

When it comes to the rifle, the branch of the gun family where one looks first for improvements and where one would naturally expect to find the very last word in gun construction, there has been practically speaking, but one great change in the past quarter century; and whether that change was a step forward or not, in arms designed for hunting and sport, is again largely a matter of personal opinion.

With the one exception of the introduction of the small bore, high pressure cartridge, the rifle is about as it stood twenty-five years ago. The military type of cartridge, with its flat trajectory, great penetration and great danger zone, was heralded with much blaring of trumpets as being the ne plus ultra of modern ammunition. For a few years after its introduction the new cartridge and its variations were in a fair way to crowd the old big calibres out of their established places in the hearts of the shooting fraternity, but at the present time, the older type of cartridge is holding its own and proving its effectiveness with the modern types of small bores. It is safe to say that twenty-five per cent of the hunters going afield after deer and bigger game are armed with rifles using the old large calibre cartridges, with their soft lead bullets, low pressure and high trajectory; sad to say, they seem to bring in about as much meat as the hunters armed with the very latest thing in high pressure small-bore rifles.

While the new type of ammunition is a fine one, and while the newer cartridge will eventually crowd out the old black powder or low pressure cartridge with lead bullet and slow twist, yet for effectiveness in hunting there is but little to choose, and the main difference in favor of the newer cartridge is in the reduced weight, lessened recoil and noise, and increased chances of hitting the game, due to its in-

creased velocity and consequent flat trajectory. Once the bullet has found its billet there is but little to choose in killing qualities. So to sum up, like the revolver, improvements in ammunition for the rifle are mostly a matter of personal taste and experience.

In the types of rifles in which to use the modern ammunition or the older cartridges, there has been but little change, startlingly little, when one considers the wonderful changes in other machinery.

Between the Winchester Company's Model 1873 and its latest type of lever action rifle the only differences are matters of detail. The Model 1886, made some twenty to twenty-two years, has never been improved upon, and in the opinion of the writer this company has made more rifles that are inferior to this model, than it has that are improvements over it. If this company had adapted its 1886 model to all the popular cartridges of the present day, as could have been easily done with the possible refining of a few of its parts, it would have found no occasion to build any other model for high pressure or heavy calibre cartridges. No man who is a good judge of rifles would ever select the freak box magazine gun, if he could secure the cartridge he desired in this older but more preferable model, the '86.

The Marlin Company improved its rifles in several minor details, which are to be expected in the natural course of things, but there is nothing new nor startling about the latest model Marlin, over the repeaters in use twenty or twenty-five year ago.

The Savage Company has brought out a hammerless model rifle, with revolving magazine, which is an improvement over the older models of tubular magazine rifles in several respects, but even it presents nothing startling in the way of departure from the old accepted ideas of rifle designing.

Of late years, however an entirely new style of arm has put in its appearance, and like the coming of the high pressure small bore cartridges of earlier years its progress has been heralded by much blaring of trumpets and much use of printers' ink in exploiting its supposed strong points. To speak mildly, a good many of these same strong features are in the ink, not in the gun itself.

The first application of the self-loading or automatic principle in firearms was in the machine gun of Maxim, and later of the Colts people; and used strictly in a military sense, as applied to machine guns where terrific rapidity of fire without great accuracy is desired, it is an excellent idea. But applied to small arms, to pocket weapons, where the user's life depends upon the absolute reliability of his weapon; or applied to shotguns with their terrific loads of powder, when any defect in the mechanism means the death or disfiguring of the sportsman; or applied to big game rifles, where possibly nothing but the rifle and the cartridge therein intervene between the hunter and some maddened beast, its inherent defects more than counterbalance any virtues which it is supposed to possess.

This autoloading principle is used in one make of American shotgun, two makes of American pistols and in two makes of American sporting rifles, besides the numerous foreign pistols and rifles, using the recoil to function the ejecting and reloading mechanism.

Theoretically, the idea of using the recoil of a firearm to prepare it for the next shot is a most happy one. The recoil is something which we do not need, the moving of a lever back and forth or opening of a gun by hand is a nuisance. Therefore, by taking this useless recoil and making it do the work which we would otherwise perform by hand we rid ourselves of two nuisances at once.

But there are other elements entering in the equation which spoil this shooter's dream of a firearms Heaven. It is too much like the man who invented the wonderful patent medicine and who figured that as there were eighty million people in the United States, if he could but sell a bottle of his stuff at a dollar per, to only one person in every eighty, he could still make a million dollars.

Until we get "jamless" machinery that can't get out of order, allowing any firearm to fly open at the breech at the moment of discharge is a very risky thing. The weakening of a spring, the breaking of a screw or an over-load in the cartridge, all of these probable at some time or other, may result in the loss of the shooter's eyesight, if not his life. If we used this machinery in a box somewhere, or in a factory where the user did not have his head within three inches of it, the principle of utilizing the recoil might be a comparatively safe one. But in the cases of self-loading firearms we have two things to think of, first the object shot at, secondly the gun, close to our eyes, where all the machinery is utilized. If the object shot at is a grizzly or a desperado we don't want to take any chances about that second shot. Like the Texan's revolver, we may not need this secoond shot, we'll trust that we won't, but if we do need it, we'll need it bad! No self-loading arm, from the very nature of the power used to function its mechanism and the unavoidable irregularity of its ammunition, both in power of load and evenness of the brass case, can place its second shot at the disposal of the shooter with the absolute certainty of a lever action, hand-functioned rifle, or a double-barreled shotgun or a reliable make of revolver. That there must be *some* jams with the best self-loading arm made cannot be denied, and it then becomes merely a question of good or bad luck, whether the jam comes at a critical moment or not.

Then, again, comes the question of safety to the shooter himself. When he places his head and eyes within three or four inches of an arm shooting twenty-six grains of a high pressure powder like Ballistite or Infallible, or shooting a two hundred grain bullet and thirty to thirty-five grains of the strongest of high pressure rifle powders, and believes that this gun can fly open at the breech, under the awful blow of this explosion, as many times as he chooses to try the experiment, trusting to the screws not working loose, or the springs of the mechanism not breaking, or some of the cartridges not having a double load of powder therein, and trusting that no accident will ever happen, he is displaying a trust in Providence and a disregard of the laws of chance that is touching in its innocence.

Even with the old types of repeaters, with lever action and breech bolts locked solidly against the shock of the explosion, accidents were not infrequent; and with the new types of autoloading arms

the chance for accident has increased greatly. Of course, it may be urged that no accidents have occured as yet with the new guns, but this is no argument. Comparatively few of the self-loading arms are in use as compared with the weapons of the older type, and the new weapons have been in the hands of the shooting fraternity but a short time, not long enough to demonstrate their faults thoroughly.

The first arm to come into general use, comparatively speaking, which used the self-loading principle, was the pistol; and it must be said that an enormous number of these weapons have been sold since their introduction—but very few to men who were thoroughly acquainted with the revolver and pistol.

It would be hard to find a more over-rated weapon than this self-loading type of hand weapon. Glowing claims are made for it which cannot be substantiated; it is ascribed wonderful virtues which fail to work out in practical use; and, all in all, the differences between the self-loading pistol on paper and in actual use is the difference between the lion on the fence in the circus poster and the miserable, mangy beast that you find inside the canvas.

It is hard for the average man to realize the great truth of that aphorism, "The shot that hits is the shot that counts"; that a hundred inaccurate shots per second are not as effective as the one shot that hits the object which it is intended to hit. In a weapon solely designed for self-defense, the point is not how many shots can be fired per second—it is just as easy to miss with six shots as with one—but whether the first shot will hit what it is fired at; and, secondly, how quickly the first shot can be delivered, when the time arrives to shoot.

Of course the makers of the self-loading pistols claim to have these points of superiority in their weapons—rapidity of first shot and accuracy. It will be noted, however, that the man who has to carry a hand gun in his business, and who is thoroughly proficient in the use of his weapon, does not select a self-loading pistol in spite of the claims made for it by the manufacturers. Nine men out of ten who buy "automatic pistols" are men who "pack a gun because they are out late at night," or who want a pistol around the house for burglars. It is the rare exception that a peace officer, who has to handle bad men and who knows that a second's delay may cost him his life, uses one of these automatics. And this is not on account of any old fogy prejudice. A man who carries his life in his hand is as a rule looking for the best weapon obtainable.

The first claim of the manufacturers is that the "disturbing effect of the recoil is done away with, being used to manipulate the mechanism of the pistol." This, to a man who has used one of these weapons is a huge joke. The recoil *is* done away with in part, but there is sufficient recoil left to effectually throw the gun off the mark shot at, and once this has taken place it is far easier to bring a well balanced, well fitting revolver back onto the objective point than it is to twist an ungainly automatic back into position. Both types are thrown off the mark by the recoil; the question then becomes simply which arm handles the best and in this the revolver has the best of the argument.

The second claim is accuracy, "on account of the arm being less affected by the recoil," the makers going on to say that the muzzle of one first-class .38 revolver is pointed *three feet* below the object shot at, at twenty yard range, and therefore any variation in gripping the weapon will result in the shot striking high or low.

Any user of the revolver knows how absurd this last statement is. No revolver is pointed three feet below the object aimed at, with the possible exception of some "Bulldog type" which is designed merely for noise. A revolver is affected more or less by the recoil, but the recoil is straight up in the air. The marvelous work of the experts with this weapon proves how little effect the recoil has on the accuracy of the arm, scores of ninety to ninety-seven or ninety-eight being common, which means that in the ninety score, all the shots strike in a circle some five and one-half inches in diameter, shooting at fifty yards, and in the ninety-seven score, seven shots strike in a circle three and one-third inches in diameter, the other three being in the five and a half inch circle.

That the self-loading pistol is not accurate, in spite of the claims made for it, is easily proven. In all the winning shots competing in the United States Revolver Association contests, held each year, but one man appears as using a pistol of the self-loading breed and he only used this weapon in a match where a premium was placed on rapidity rather than accuracy. It should be remembered that the competition in these matches is keen; the men shooting are always on the lookout for anything new that will improve their scores; and if one-half of the claims made for the self-loading pistol were true, the revolver would take its place along with the match-lock and the crossbow. But unfortunately, they are not. The recoil of the self-loading arm is a peculiar twisting, side throw, which no amount of firm holding will overcome, and the metal-cased bullets which are used in all ammunition for these arms quickly destroy what little accuracy the arm possessed in the beginning. Even in rapidity of fire there is but little difference. In Conlin's gallery in New York, several years ago, a little contest in rapid firing with revolvers was held and some of the scores were marvelous, the five or six shots being delivered in a second or a fraction over—a record which no auto-loading pistol can excel.

The revolver is better balanced, more accurate, less liable to jam or otherwise get out of order; in the hands of an expert the first shot with the revolver can be fired more quickly than is possible with the self-loading gun. As far as safety goes, witness the death of a prominent surgeon, engaged in relief work in San Francisco after the fire, caused by dropping his self-loading pistol from his pocket while walking up a flight of stairs. No revolver could have killed him any deader than did this "Absolutely Safe" automatic pistol.

The self-loading principle as applied to shotguns is absolutely uncalled for. It offers no advantages and has so many draw-backs that it is a wonder the makers have found it profitable to make shotgun using this system, at all. On paper this arm, like all other arms using the recoil to function the mechanism, has wonderful rapidity of fire, but the question arises: to what end? Rapidity of fire in a machine gun, to stop a charging regiment of cavalry, might be an excellent thing. In a pistol, used primarily for self-defense, *accuracy* and rapidity

in delivering the shots contained in the arm is desirable; but who cares for the extreme rapidity in a gun built for sport? You might be able to slaughter more game under certain circumstances with such a gun, but where does the sport come in? One good clean shot, where you took the gun down and told yourself with a congratulatory pat on the back that the kill was due to your skill and not to any patent-self-acting squirt gun, is worth a dozen kills where you simply blaze away with a gattling gun until a chance shot lands the bird. When you take a gun into the field you are looking for sport first, for meat last. If you are a genuine sportsman you will find as much pleasure in your fine gun as in the game itself, but any man who could learn to love "A Mess o' Guts" as one shooter characterized the self-loading shotgun, is a rather peculiar individual. The writer confesses to having owned one of these guns and to having used it through the quail season and once or twice on ducks. After six months' trial, the only advantage the gun appeared to have was the one point of the lessened recoil and the single barrel, which made it an excellent gun for trap shooting. It is by no means intended to convey the impression that the recoil is entirely gone. Far from it! there is kick enough left to effectually throw the gun off the object shot at and to pound one's shoulder black and blue, but the sharp tap of the smokeless is eased to some extent for an all day siege at the traps.

For quail, the gun was a veritable "Spoil-sport." A covey would flush, and instead of being careful and cutting down one or two particular birds, with all the accompanying thrills thereof, the unhappy possessor of this freak gun would take a poor aim at the first bird and in all probability miss cleanly, in his anxiety to utilize the second and third and fourth shots on the birds whirring up all round; and when the noise died away and the last quail settled in the brush out of range, the net result would usually be one quail or sometimes less, without the usual fun of hitting the bird fairly and watching him fall. To apply the epithet "Game Hog" to a man using one of these weapons is a rank injustice. He may be a game hog at heart; but the use of one of these guns, except in rare circumstances, will net him no more game than if he were using a good double gun, and he will be missing a whole lot of fun.

Finally, shooting one day at blue rocks, in the teeth of a stiff breeze, the writer had his right eye badly burned by a piece of burning powder which flew from the open breech of the gun, and the lesson persuaded him that a gun which stayed closed at the breech until all the explosion and burning of powder was over, would be good to tie to in the future.

The shooting qualities of these guns cannot be excelled, and the mechanism is a marvel of cleverness; but the opening of the breech almost simultaneously with the explosion is a constant menace to the eyes, and the gun has no marked advantages to compensate for this risk. It balances abominably, is an infernal nuisance to take down and put together; it is too heavy for most shooters, weighing over eight pounds with the magazine full, and it looks like a nightmare. The man using one of these weapons is running a grave risk in every shot he fires—and for what?

The latest and most refined application of the self-loading principle is to hunting rifles; but in these arms the makers have encountered difficulties that the makers of the other members of the auto-loading family did not have to face; up to the present time there are several good reasons why self-loading rifles in the more powerful calibres are extremely undesirable. In the .22 calibre the self-loading rifle is a fine little weapon, its only drawback being the unreasonable cost of its ammunition and its insatiable appetite. When adapted to the more powerful cartridges, however, problems have arisen which are as yet unsolved. One has his choice of two evils in the self-loading rifles at present on the market. Either a rifle with a moving barrel, and the sights attached to a separate outer barrel or jacket, adding complication, weight and inaccuracy, or a rifle having a stationary barrel, but with the breech absolutely unlocked, and only unsupported against the terrific strain of high pressure cartridges by the weight of the bolt, and the spring used to close the rifle after the shell is ejected. No shooter cares to pack around a pound or more of hardware in the form of a heavy bolt, unnecessary if a neater and more refined type of breech mechanism could be designed. The makers of this latter rifle advertise it as adapted to a cartridge of .351 calibre, shooting a bullet weighing 180 grains and having an initial velocity of 1861 foot seconds. Now to obtain this velocity with a bullet weighing 180 grains, it is necessary to use a powder charge that will develop in the neighborhood of 30,000 pounds pressure to the square inch, all claims of the makers of this rifle, to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is not necessary to state that firing a cartridge giving this terrific breech pressure, in a rifle which does not lock the breech but merely depends upon the inertia of the heavy bolt and the compression of the bolt spring to withstand the shock of the explosion, is a very risky and dubious procedure. Such a rifle is all right while it is all right, but mistakes or faults in the breech mechanism, when using high pressure cartridges, is no joking matter. The makers of this rifle make the shells adapted to it a little heavier at the breech to withstand the pressure, as the shell is partly out of the chamber before the explosion is entirely over. Enough said. Anyone who is familiar with the properties of smokeless powder, its terrific energy, its treacherous qualities, and enormous increase in power when compressed, will quickly recognize the fact that a rifle using this powder, and depending upon the integrity and evenness of the factory loading for the safe functioning of the breech mechanism, will sooner or later come to grief—and it will be fortunate if the grief of the surviving relatives is not thrown in also. It is an interesting question as to what would happen if a heavily over-loaded cartridge should be fired in a rifle of this type—and heavily over-loaded cartridges are not entirely unknown, even at this day of improved ammunition.

Again, the accuracy of the big game cartridge used in this rifle is open to doubt. The bullet used in the .351 cartridge is very short and stubby, almost as much so as the old poor .44-40, firing a short, stubby bullet—one poorly balanced at that—through a rifle

with quick twist and using a heavy charge of high pressure smokeless powder behind the bullet, would not appear to be conducive to accurate shooting. It must be said that this rifle is pleasing of outline, neat in every detail and well balanced, although about two pounds too heavy for a hunting rifle. It must also be admitted that so far no accident has been chargeable to rifles of this type, but is difficult to see how a man, knowing the properties of smokeless powder and the bolting system used in the rifle, could cuddle his face down to the stock and squint along the sights with the perfect confidence necessary for accurate and pleasurable shooting.

As to the other rifle, one look at the queer beast was enough to prejudice the writer against it.

There are but two types of self-loading rifles at present in existence and it is difficult to see how any other plan of breech mechanism is possible. Either the breech-bolt is locked solidly to the barrel, as it should be, at the moment of explosion, but which requires that barrel, bolt and all move to the rear with the explosion; or else the barrel is stationary but with the bolt not locked at the instant the gun is fired. It is difficult to conceive of any other plan. To lock the bolt until the very instant of explosion and then unlock it, as is done on a foreign make of pistol and carbine, is equivalent to having the gun unlocked altogether. Either the bolt must be locked to the barrel—with the disadvantage of a moving barrel in a weapon of precision—or the gun must be unlocked against the explosion, with the constant danger to the shooter.

In the type of rifle using the locked bolt the makers have a comparatively safe arm, but they seem to have gone out of their way to produce a rifle that would scare the game into fits before the gun was fired. This rifle has a knob protruding from the side of the breech, about three-fourths the size of the knob of your front door, providing the knob is a large one. This protuberance is guaranteed to catch on everything "catchable" such as brush, clothes, etc. and looks as much out of place as Taft at a Democratic convention. Not satisfied with this work of art, the designers put an extra cover or jacket over the barrel, making the rifle appear just a trifle smaller than a six-pounder rapid fire gun at the muzzle, and correspondingly large the whole length of the barrel. On this outside cover, they put the sights. As the barrel and the sights are happily independent of each other, the effect on the shooting may be imagined. The shooter who knows how much difference the smallest fraction of an inch in the lining of a rifle's sights will make, may be pardoned for feeling some doubt as to ability of this arm to make bullseyes at a thousand yards—or very many at a hundred yards.

There appears to be no good reason why this outside cover should not have been left off the gun entirely and the sights be placed on the barrel, even though it does move back at the explosion. The shooter would lose his sights at the moment of firing, but the explosion would bring this about in any event through the recoil, and as long as the shooter has to catch his sights for the second shot, anyhow, matters little what kind of cavorting they go through at the moment of explosion. A Lyman or Marble tang sight would simplify matters still more, as then only the front bead would have to be caught for the second shot. The movement of the barrel is as quick as a flash, too quick for the eye to follow, and the sights would be lined again on the object to be hit, as quickly as on the ordinary type of rifle, having the recoil of the high power cartridges. The knob, used to draw back the bolt for the first loading movement is inexcuseable. But one movement is necessary to place the first cartridge in the barrel and cock the rifle, and a small sightly piece that could be grasped easily but yet would not protrude like a sore thumb, would be sufficient. The rifle is "Self-loading" and it is only necessary to seize this piece when placing a new supply of cartridges in the magazine.

As to the advantages of the self-loading type of big game rifle of any make, it is easier to find them in the catalogues of the makers than in actual use. Their rapidity of fire is but a trifle greater than the lever actuated gun in the hands of a proficient rifleman. The recoil, which is present in abundance, is amply sufficient to throw the sights off the object shot at, and the difference in time between the second shot—accurately aimed—fired from a self-loader, and a lever action rifle, is but the wink of an eyelid—not enough to make any difference in the result. Anyone who has used a lever action rifle in the field knows that the best repeater made will jam on occasions and there is no reason to suppose that the self-loader will be as exempt from this trouble as the simpler hand-actuated rifle.

As to safety, appearance, power, accuracy and certainty of operation, the self-loading rifle is far behind the lever action arm.

The self-loading arms are wonderful examples of mechanical ingenuity, but their advantages over the older and more reliable types are nil. The revolver stands unsurpassed as a weapon of self defense, in spite of all the claims made for the squirt-gun type of pistol.

The self-loading rifle, while the highest type of the recoil-functioned arm as yet produced, leaves much to be desired; and balanced against the older style of rifle, by the sportsman who admires a rifle for its own sake; who desires to get his game in a sportsman-like way; and who prefers to take no chances of personal injury for the sake of carrying a mechanical curiosity as a weapon, the self-loader will come out second best.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CORONADO COUNTRY CLUB IN 1908

By Arthur Inkersley

THE fourth annual tournament for the men's amateur golf championship of the Coronado Country Club was set to begin on Monday, February 3, but a storm on that day caused its postponement to Tuesday, the 4th. Twenty-six players entered the qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal score, on the morning of the 4th, the most notable being Robert E. Hunter of the Annandale Golf Club, Pasadena; Alvin B. Daniels of Denver and Coronado Beach, runner up in 1907 to Merrill K. Waters, then champion of Vermont; W. A. Alexander of the Exmoor Golf Club and the Annandale Country Club; Alexander Reynolds of the San Diego and Coronado Country Clubs, and E. N. Wright of the Annandale Country Club, Pasadena, which was represented by nine players. The American Navy was represented by Rear-Admiral Jewell and the Royal Navy by Lieutenant Dalglish and Dr. Ricard from the British sloop-of-war Shearwater, which stayed a few days at San Diego on her way to Valparaiso. Of the three gallant tars only one, Lieutenant Dalglish, qualified. Among those golfers who were expected to take part, but did not appear, were Merrill K. Waters, the 1907 champion; Thomas P. Mumford of the Annandale Country Club of Pasadena, runner-up in 1907 to C. E. Maud for the men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association and Captain of the Annandale golf team; Percival Thompson and Gale Thompson of Chicago, who, while returning in an automobile from a hunting trip in Mexico, got stalled and did not reach Coronado Beach in time to enter the qualifying rounds. Robert E. Hunter returned the best score, 39, 39, total 78, tying bogey in both rounds, and won the gold medal offered by the Coronado Country Club for lowest returns in the qualifying rounds. Alvin B. Daniels was second with 42, 41, total 83. The full details are given in the table:

Men's Golf Championship. Qualifying Rounds.

Competitors	Club	First Round	Second Round	Total	Place
Robert E. Hunter	Midlothian.	39	39	78	1
A. B. Daniels	Coronado	42	41	83	2
W. A. Alexander	Exmoor	44	42	86	3
E. N. Wright	Annandale.	47	44	91	4
Alex. Reynolds	Coronado	44	47	91	5
Arthur J. Brander	Coronado	46	46	92	6
W. L. Thurston	Coronado	46	47	93	7
Eli Forbes	Coronado	45	48	93	8
R. C. Vroom	San Diego.	48	45	93	9
F. F. Auten	Annandale.	47	47	94	10
N. E. Barker	Coronado	45	50	95	11
W. S. Thomas	Coronado	47	48	95	12
Geo. Sturges	Coronado	50	45	95	13
C. S. Byington	Annandale.	48	52	100	14
Lieut. Dalglish, R. N.	.....	45	55	100	15
Capt. J. S. Sedan	Coronado	51	50	101	16
W. A. Strachan	Annandale.	52	49	101	17
W. I. Morrison	Annandale.	52	49	101	18
Geo. J. Williams	Elmhurst	54	50	104	19
Ernest Hilliard	Ardsley	49	56	105	....
Dr. Ricard, R. N.	.....	55	51	106	....
W. T. Tiers	Annandale.	54	55	109	....
Chapman Young	Coronado	57	55	112	....
Wheldon Biddle	.....	57	60	117	....
Admiral Jewell, U. S. N.	.....	*	....	....	....
D. J. Walker	Annandale.	*	....	....	....

* No returns.

By reason of the retirement of Robert E. Hunter and F. F. Auten, two places in the sixteen were left vacant and were taken by W. A. Strachan and W. I. Morrison of the Annandale Country Club, who qualified 17th and 18th. W. A. Strachan retiring, his place was taken by George J. Williams, who stood 19th. Had Robert E. Hunter remained, there is little doubt that he would have won the championship, as his medal score in the qualifying round was five strokes better than that of A. B. Daniels, who took second place, while in a team match in which he was paired against Daniels, he won 4 up on eighteen holes. For the first round of match play, which took place on Wednesday morning, the players were paired according to their standing in the qualifying round, number 1 against number 9, number 2 against number 10, and so on. The winners in the first match round were Daniels, Brander, Forbes, Sturges, Reynolds, Vroom, Thurston and Alexander. Only three of the matches were at all close, Daniels beating Barker 2 up 1 to play; Reynolds beating Byington by the same margin, and Alexander winning from Thomas, an English visitor at the Hotel Del Coronado, 2 up.

In the second match round Daniels beat Brander, Sturges beat Forbes, Reynolds beat Vroom and Alexander defeated Thurston, all by good margins.

In the semi-final round Sturges retired, giving the match to Daniels by default; and Reynolds beat Alexander 5 up 4 to play. The final round was played over thirty-six holes on Saturday, the 8th, eighteen in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. On the first eighteen Daniels was 4 up, and in the afternoon he increased his lead to 5 up at the 27th; making the third nine holes in 37; on the fourth and last nine Reynolds played a very strong game, reducing Daniels' lead to two at the 34th. Daniels took the 35th hole and won the match 3 up 1 to play. Reynolds' card showed 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4, 4=37, for the last nine holes. Daniels won the title of champion amateur golfer of the Coronado Country Club for 1908; the honor of having his name engraved on the championship trophy and a silver replica of it of smaller size. Reynolds, as runner-up, won a silver medal of the Coronado Country Club. The men's golf championship trophy (a hand-

A. B. Daniels, Champion

Alexander Reynolds, Runner up

some hammered silver pitcher with straps and nails) now bears the names of Walter Fairbanks of England and Denver, Col., winner in 1905; James Gardner of Chicago and Coronado Beach, champion of 1906; Merrill K. Waters of New York, winner in 1907, and Alvin B. Daniels of Denver and Coronado Beach, champion in 1908. The full details are given in the table:

MEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MATCH ROUNDS.

Place in Qual. Rds.	First Round	Second Round	Semi-Final Round	Final Round	Winner
1	A. B. Daniels	Daniels 2 and 1	Daniels 6 and 4	Daniels by default	Daniels, 3 and 1
9	N. E. Barker				
5	A. J. Brander	Brander 5 and 4			
13	Lieut. Dalglish				
7	Eli Forbes	Forbes 4 and 2	Sturges 5 and 3		
15	W. A. Strachan				
3	E. N. Wright	Sturges 5 and 4			
11	George Sturges				
4	A. Reynolds	Reynolds 2 and 1	Reynolds 4 and 3	Reynolds 3 and 4	
12	C. S. Byington				
8	R. C. Vroom	Vroom by default			
16	G. J. Williams				
6	W. L. Thurston	Thurston 4 and 3	Alexander 3 and 2		
14	Capt. J. S. Sedam				
2	W. A. Alexander	Alexander 2 up			
10	W. S. Thomas				

On Tuesday afternoon a match over eighteen holes was played between teams of nine men representing the Annandale Country Club and the Coronado Country Club, the former team being headed by Robert E. Hunter of the Midlothian Golf Club, Chicago, and the latter by Alvin B. Daniels. Three of the Annandale team, Robert E. Hunter, W. A. Alexander and E. N. Wright, won their matches 4 up; F. F. Auten of Annandale and W. S. Thomas of Coronado ended "all square;" but Captain J. S. Sedam, Eli Forbes, Alexander Reynolds, George Sturges and Arthur J. Brander won 31 holes for their team, leaving the Coronado Club winner by 19 holes. The details are shown in the table:

TEAM MATCH.

Annandale Country Club *vs.* Coronado Country Club.

Annandale	Up	Coronado	Up
Robert E. Hunter....	4	A. B. Daniels.....	0
D. J. Walker.....	0	Capt. J. S. Sedam...	7
W. A. Alexander.....	4	N. E. Barker	0
E. N. Wright.....	4	W. L. Thurston	0
C. S. Byington.....	0	Eli Forbes	3
F. F. Auten	*	W. S. Thomas	*
W. A. Strachan.....	0	Alex. Reynolds.....	7
W. I. Morrison.....	0	George Sturges.....	6
W. T. Tiers.....	0	A. J. Brander.....	8
	12		31
			12
		Coronado won.....	19

The fourth annual tournament for the women's golf championship of the Coronado Country Club was scheduled to begin on Monday, February 10, but was postponed on account of stormy weather to Tuesday morning. Ten ladies took part in the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play,

among them being Mrs. Herbert Munn of New York, woman golf champion of the Coronado Country Club in 1907; Mrs. F. W. Jackson of the San Diego Country Club, runner-up to Miss Jarecki in 1906 and to Mrs. Herbert Munn in 1907; Mrs. George Sturges of Chicago and Coronado Beach and Mrs. Heber Ingle of San Diego. These four ladies reached the semi-final round last year. The scores in the qualifying round were as follows:

Mrs. Herbert Munn, 50, 53, total 103;
Mrs. George Sturges, 49, 55, total 104;
Mrs. F. W. Jackson, 53, 58, total 111;
Mrs. Heber Ingle, 58, 55, total 113;
Mrs. W. S. Thomas, 64, 55, total 119;
Miss Alice Tobey, 60, 67, total 127;
Miss Rockwood, 69, 60, total 129;
Mrs. Edmundson, 71, 66, total 137.

Miss Ada N. Smith of San Diego, who won the women's championship of the Southern California Golf Association in 1902, and Mrs. Field entered but did not play in the qualifying round, the former having an attack of the grippe. Mrs. Herbert Munn, having made lowest score in the qualifying round, captured a gold medal of the Coronado Country Club. The eight above-named ladies were paired according to their standing in the qualifying rounds, for the first match round on the morning of Wednesday, the 12th, two of the strongest players, Mrs. F. W. Jackson and Mrs. Heber Ingle, allowing their matches to go by default and thus losing the places which they would almost certainly have gained in the semi-final rounds. The results of the first round were as follows:

Mrs. Munn beat Mrs. Thomas, 5 up 4 to play;
Miss Rockwood won by default from Mrs. Jackson;
Mrs. Sturges beat Miss Tobey, 5 up 4 to play;
Mrs. Edmundson won by default from Mrs. Heber Ingle.

In the semi-final round on Thursday Mrs. Munn beat Miss Rockwood, 7 up 5 to play; and Mrs. Sturges defeated Mrs. Edmundson, 6 up 4 to play.

The final round on Friday brought Mrs. Munn

Mesdames Munn and Sturges

Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Ingle

and Mrs. Sturges, who had qualified first and second with 103 and 104, together, the closest struggle that occurred in either the men's or women's tournament resulting. Mrs. Munn gave up the first hole, won the second, lost the third, halved the fourth, won the fifth, halved the sixth and seventh, won the eighth and gave up the ninth, ending "all square" on the first nine. In the second round Mrs. Sturges won the tenth and eleventh, making 2 up; halved the twelfth, lost the thirteenth and fourteenth, making the match all even; halved the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth. Both ladies made the last nine in 50, ladies' bogey being 48. The match being all square, the fair competitors played the nineteenth, which was taken by Mrs. Sturges in 6 to Mrs. Munn's 7, Mrs. Sturges winning the match 1 up, and the women's golf championship for 1908. Mrs. Munn, as runner-up, captured a silver medal of the Coronado Country Club.

The women's golf championship was won in 1905 by Miss Rnsamond Saltonstall of Boston; in 1906 by Miss Jarecki of Erie, Pa.; in 1907 by Mrs. Herbert Munn and 1908 by Mrs. George Sturges. The winner of each annual tournament receives a replica in silver of the championship trophy.

It was hoped that Mrs. George Sturges, Mrs. Herbert Munn, Mrs. W. A. Alexander of Pasadena, and Miss Ada N. Smith of San Diego would visit San Francisco to take part in the annual tournament of the California Women Golfers' Association on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside, February 24th to 29th, inclusive, but Mrs. Munn was the only one of the four who made the journey.

On Saturday, February 15th, the first tournament

of the season of the Southern Division of California Women Golfers' Association was held on the Coronado links, eight ladies competing in a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play. Mrs. F. W. Jackson. 105 less 4, net 101, and Mrs. Heber Ingle, 109 less 8, net 101, tied for first place, while Miss Ada N. Smith, 104, returned the best gross score. Miss Tobey, Miss Rockwood, Mrs. Edmundson, Mrs. W. S. Thomas and Mrs. Herbert Munn made no returns, Mrs. Munn and Miss Smith played from scratch, the rest receiving handicaps. The winner in the play-off of the tie received a silver medal of the C. W. G. A. and the loser a trophy presented by the Coronado Country Club.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT CORONADO

By Arthur Inkersley

THE third annual tournament for the lawn tennis championships of the Coronado Country Club began on February 19th and lasted continuously until Sunday morning, the 23d. Though rain threatened on the opening day, none fell and the remaining days of the tournament were brilliant. The matches were played on two new concrete courts built near the club-house of the Coronado Country Club, the two courts near the Coronado Beach Library having been removed to make room for the grounds surrounding the new house which is being constructed for Mr. John D. Spreckels. The two new courts are not side by side, but are entirely separate, each being surrounded by a high fence of green and white posts and wire netting. The court nearer to the club-house has a grand-stand providing seats for 150 spectators on the west side. For the matches in which Miss May Sutton and her sisters took part the grand-stand proved quite inadequate, chairs and benches being placed round the other three sides of the court and many men and boys climbing to the top of the high board fence surrounding the Country Club enclosure.

The list of women players included Miss May Sutton, holder of the women's lawn tennis championships of All England, Wales, etc., etc., and two of her sisters, Mrs. B. O. Bruce (Ethel Sutton) of Santa Monica, and Miss Florence Sutton of Pasadena; Mrs. R. D. Farquhar of Santa Monica, who, as Marian Jones, was woman lawn tennis champion of the United States about five years ago and still plays a brilliant game; and Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley, a vigorous girl who was champion of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association in Women's Singles, Women's Doubles and Mixed Doubles in 1906, and was very keen to turn the tables on Miss Florence Sutton, 1907 champion in Women's Singles of the P. S. L. T. A. It was expected that Mrs. F. Seymour and Miss Seymour, of the City of Mexico, Miss Eleanor Peralta and Miss Elizabeth Ryan would be on hand, but they did not appear. With five women players of the first class, however, the Women's Singles and Mixed Doubles provided plenty of interest and much brilliant play.

Though none of the strong men players of San Francisco and the bay region appeared in the tournament, nearly all the best performers of Southern California except Nat Browne, Harold Braly and Lewis R. Freeman, were on hand. Lewis R. Freeman has returned recently from a tour of the world and is said to be desirous to take lawn tennis up again, he having been champion in singles of the Pacific States some time ago. Among the visitors to California were A. W. Salisbury and E. S. Armstrong of Salt Lake City, who had been playing at Riverside, Redlands and neighboring places for some time, Salisbury being chamuion of Salt Lake City and Utah. Armstrong was defeated easily in the second round by Charles B. Hopper, who defeated Salisbury in the semi-final round.

In the first round of Men's Singles the winners were Simpson M. Sinsabaugh, Homer Hotchkiss,

Miss May Sutton, Champion

Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Mrs. B. O. Bruce, Miss May Sutton and Miss Florence Sutton

Ernest Hilliard, F. Woodbury by the default of E. Conde Jones, Charles B. Hopper, E. S. Armstrong, Edward Dietrich and R. W. Salisbury. None of the matches ran to three sets except those in which Hopper beat Morgan and Armstrong defeated Grant.

The winners in the second round were Sinsabaugh, Woodbury, Hopper and Salisbury, two of the matches, the Hopper-Armstrong and the Salisbury-Dietrich, requiring three sets for their decision. In the semi-final round Sinsabaugh beat Woodbury easily and Hopper defeated Salisbury. In the final round, which was a five-set match, Sinsabaugh beat Hopper in three straight sets and won the All Comers' event, becoming entitled to challenge T. C. Bundy, winner of the championship last year, for the title of champion of 1908.

The challenge match between Bundy and Sinsabaugh for the championship of 1908 was played on Saturday afternoon and produced some excellent tennis. Sinsabaugh had played in fine form throughout the tournament and was believed to have a good chance of defeating Bundy. In the first set Bundy and Sinsabaugh took one each of the first two games, Sinsabaugh winning the next two, making the score 3 to 1 in his favor. Bundy won the fifth and lost the sixth game, the score standing: Sinsabaugh, 4; Bundy, 2. Bundy won the next three games, making the score: Bundy, 5; Sinsabaugh, 4. Sinsabaugh won the tenth game and the score stood 5 all. Bundy and Sinsabaugh each won a game, making it six all. Sinsabaugh won the next two, and the first set, 8—6.

In the second set Bundy made a fine start, scoring four consecutive games, the third of which was contested with great keenness, going to deuce nine

Mrs. B. O. Bruce, Runner up

times. Sinsabaugh won the fifth game after deuce had been reached seven times, but Bundy took the sixth without letting Sinsabaugh get a point; score, Bundy, 5; Sinabaugh, 10. Sinabaugh won the seventh game, but Bundy took the eighth and the set, 6—2.

In the third set, when the score stood at 4 all, Bundy won two consecutive games and the set 6—4.

In the fourth set Sinsabaugh scored 3 games to 1 for Bundy. Bundy took the fifth and sixth, making the score 3 all; Sinsabaugh won the seventh and Bundy the eighth: 4 all. Bundy won the ninth and tenth games, the set (6—4), the match and the championship of 1908. Bundy's name now appears twice on the championship trophy, which will become his property if he wins a third time.

The full details of the contest are shown in the table:

Third Annual Championship Lawn Tennis Tournament of the Coronado Country Club

Coronado Beach, Cal., Feb. 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1908

MEN'S SINGLES

First Round	Second Round	Semi-Final Round	Final Round	Winner of All Comers
Feitshans Sinsabaugh	Sinsabaugh 6-1, 6-1	Sinsabaugh 6-4, 7-5	Sinsabaugh, 6-1, 6-1	Champion 1908
Bumiller Hotchkiss	Hotchkiss 6-2, 6-1			
Hilliard Biddle	Hilliard 6-1, 6-0	Woodbury 6-4, 6-4		
Jones Woodbury	Wnodbury Default			
Hopper Morgan	Hopper 4-6, 8-6, 6-3	Hopper 1-6, 6-1, 6-4	Sinsabaugh, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2	Bundy, 6-8, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4.
Armstrong Grant	Armstrong 3-6, 10-8, 7-5			
Mooney Dietrich	Dietrich 6-1, 6-4	Salisbury 6-4, 4-6, 6-2	Hopper, 6-4, 6-2	Bundy Champion 1907
Palmer Salisbury	Salisbury 6-2, 6-2			

In the Women's Singles (open) there were ten entries, so that six drew byes in the first round. In the second round the four strong players came against the weaker ones, Mrs. Farquhar and Mrs. Bruce beating their opponents, 6—0, 6—0; Miss Florence Sutton winning, 6—1, 6—1, and Miss Hotchkiss taking her match by default. The semi-final round produced some of the best, and certainly some of the prettiest play of the tournament. In the first set Mrs. Farquhar won three games from Mrs. Bruce, but in the second her strength gave out and she lost without scoring a game. Miss Hotchkiss had a stubborn contest with Miss Florence Sutton, the first set running to eighteen games and being won 10—8 by Miss Sutton. The second set was won by Miss Hotchkiss 7—5, so that the score stood, set all. In the third set, Miss Hotchkiss wanted only one point to give her the match, but could not get it. At 6 games all the light had become so weak

S. M. Sinsabaugh

that the match was deferred. Next morning the third set was begun again from the beginning, but Miss Hotchkiss was plainly fatigued and stiff from her exertions of the previous day, so that she could not stand up against the untiring Miss Florence Sutton and lost the set and match 6—3. Miss Hotchkiss actually played a harder game and placed with more judgment than Miss Florence Sutton, but the latter's endurance, combined with her wonderful activity and power of getting about the court proved superior.

This brought Mrs. B. O. Bruce and Miss Florence Sutton against each other in the final round. It was a brilliant contest, but Mrs. Bruce was at the top of her game and beat her agile sister 9—7, 6—4.

On Saturday afternoon, shortly after 2 o'clock, the largest crowd of spectators seen during the

week gathered to witness the match between Mrs. B. O. Bruce, winner of the All Comers' Tournament and challenger, against Miss May Sutton, holder of the championship. Though the semi-final round had been full of brilliant play, the whole tribe of sight-seers from the Hotel Del Coronado, Coronado Beach, and San Diego, cared only to look at a match in which May Sutton (believed by millions of Americans to be an American girl who invaded England and taught the English lassies how to play tennis as it should be played—"inaugurated a new era in women's tennis" is the way it is expressed in journalese), holder of the women's championship of All England, etc., etc., took part. Though many of these spectators did not know even the rudiments of the game and were bent on making their ignorance known to all who were unfortunate enough to sit within reach of their voices, they were keen to see the sturdy English girl who revisited the land of her birth in 1905 and won the championship of All England, losing it in 1906 and regaining it in 1907. Though Mrs. Bruce played a strong game, she had no chance against the ferocious energy of Miss May Sutton, who plays remorselessly and untiringly. Miss May Sutton won four straight games before Mrs. Bruce took the only one she won in the set, Miss May taking the sixth and seventh and the set, 6—1. In the second set Mrs. Bruce won the first two games, but the next six, the set, the match and the championship of 1908 went to her sister, thrice successively woman lawn tennis champion of the Coronado Country Club. This third victory gave the handsome Greek vase, the women's championship trophy, permanently to Miss May Sutton, whose name is the only one engraved upon it. The details of the Women's Singles are shown in the table:

LADIES' SINGLES—OPEN

First Round	Second Round	Semi-Final Round	Final Round	Winner of All-Comers	
Mannix Bye	Mannix	Farquhar 6-0, 6-0	F. Sutton, 10-8, 5-7, 6-3	M. Sutton, 6-1, 6-2. Champion 1908	
Farquhar Bye	Farquhar				
Fenton Bye	Fenton	Bruce 6-0, 6-0	Bruce, 9-7, 6-4		
Bruce M. Balch	Bruce 6-0, 6-0				
F. Sutton L. Balch	F. Sutton 6-0, 6-0	F. Sutton 6-1, 6-1	Bruce, 6-3, 6-0	M. Sutton Champion 1907	
F. Rowan Bye	F. Rowan				
Richards Bye	Richardson	Hotchkiss Default			
Hotchkiss Bye	Hotchkiss				

Seven couples entered the Men's Doubles, the strongest being Bundy (champion in 1907 and 1908) and Sinsabaugh (winner of Men's Singles, 1908). These two met Way and Bumiller in the final round, defeating them in three straight sets, 8—6, 6—4, 6—3. The details are shown in the table:

MENS' DOUBLES

First Round	Semi Final Round	Final Round	Winners
Bye Bundy and Sinsabaugh	Bundy and Sinsabaugh	Bundy and Sinsabaugh 6-4, 6-2	Bundy and Sinsabaugh 8-6, 6-4, 6-3.
Hopper and Woodbury Dietrich and Feitshans	Hopper and Woodbury 6-4, 5-7, 6-4		
Salisbury and Armstrong Grant and Carlton	Salisbury and Armstrong 6-8, 6-4, 6-4	Way and Bumiller 6-4, 6-2	
Hotchkiss and Palmer Way and Bumiller	Way and Bumiller 8-6, 6-3		

Nine couples played in the Mixed Doubles, the strongest being Miss May Sutton (who appeared in this event for the first time this year at Coronado in an actual contest), and A. C. Way, Mrs. R. D. Farquhar and Bumiller, Miss Florence Sutton and Sinsabaugh, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss and her brother, Homer Hotchkiss, Mrs. B. O. Bruce and Bundy. Mrs. Farquhar and Bumiller were beaten by Miss May Sutton and Way in the second round, the contest, especially in the first set, (which went to twenty games) being a well-fought one. The other three couples won their way into the semi-final round, in which Mrs. Bruce and Bundy beat Miss Florence Sutton and Sinsabaugh; while May Sutton and Way beat Miss Hotchkiss and her brother in a contest that was rendered humorous by the naive exclamations of Homer Hotchkiss.

In the final round Mrs. Bruce and Bundy, who played an excellent game, beat Miss May Sutton and Way in two straight sets, 8—6, 9—7. This match was played on Sunday morning, the 23d, in the presence of a small knot of enthusiasts. The

MIXED DOUBLES

First Round	Second Round	Semi-final Round	Final Round	Winners of All Comers
Miss F. Sutton and Sainsabaugh Bye	Miss F. Sutton and Sinsabaugh	Miss F. Sutton & Sinsabaugh 6-2, 6-1	Mrs. Bruce & Bundy 7-5, 6-4	Mrs. Bruce and Bundy 8-6, 9-7
Miss Rowan & Armstrong Bye	Miss Rowan & Armstrong			
Miss Fenton and Hilliard Bye	Miss Fenton and Hilliard	Mrs. B. O. Bruce and Bundy 6-0, 6-1		
Mrs. B.O Bruce and Bundy Miss M. Balch and Mooney	Mrs. B.O. Bruce and Bundy by default			
Mrs. Farquhar and Bumiller Bye	Mrs. Farquhar and Bumiller	Miss May Sutton and Way 11-9, 6-3	May Sutton and Way 6-8 6-1, 6-4	
Miss M. Sutton and Way Bye	Miss May Sutton and Way			
Miss Mannix and Palmer Bye	Miss Mannix and Palmer	Miss Hazel Hotchkiss & Hotchkiss 6-4, 6-4		
Miss H. Hotchkiss and Hotchkiss Bye	Miss H. Hotchkiss and Hotchkiss			

play in the Mixed Doubles was excellent, being actually more interesting and pretty, if not so hard, as that in the singles. Some of the rallies were surprisingly long, reducing themselves to duels between the girls, who delighted the spectators by their returns of difficult balls. The details are shown in the table:

In order to encourage those ladies who had no chance against the Big Five, a "Ladies' Singles—Special" was added to the programme. There were six entries, the winner being Miss Fanny Rowan of Los Angeles, who beat Miss Mannix of San Diego in the final round.

LADIES' SINGLES—SPECIAL

First Round	Semi-Final Round	Final Round	Winner
Miss Fenton Bye	Miss Fenton	Miss Rowan, 6-0, 6-4	Miss Rowan 6-0, 6-4
Miss Rowan Miss M. Balch	Miss Rowan, 0-6, 6-4, 6-2		
Miss Richards Miss L. Balch	Miss Balch, default	Miss Mannix, by default	
Miss Mannix Bye	Miss Mannix		

One other event, Consolidation Singles for Men, brought a most successful tournament to a close. Eleven players entered, the survivors to the final round being Homer Hotchkiss of Berkeley and Sydney Morgan of San Diego. Morgan beat Hotchkiss, 2—6, 7—5, 6—2. The details follow:

MEN'S CONSOLATION SINGLES

First Round	Second Round	Semi-final Round	Final Round	Winner
E. J. Grant Bye	Grant	Grant by default	Hotchkiss by default	Morgan 2-6, 7-5, 6-2
A. W. Bumiller Bye	Bumiller			
H. Hotchkiss E. Hilliard	Hotchkiss 6-0, 6-0	Hotchkiss by default		
H. Palmer W. Mooney	Palmer 6-1, 6-1			
E. S. Armstrong Bye	Armstrong	Morgan by default	Morgan 6-0, 6-0	
F. R. Feitshans Sidney Morgan	Morgan 6-2, 6-1			
Wheldon Biddle Bye	Biddle	Dietrich 6-0, 6-0		
E. Dietrich Bye	Dietrich			

It was regretted that Grant Smith, winner, of the men's championship in 1906; Percy Murdock, winner with Grant Smith of the Men's Doubles in the same year, and other San Francisco players, were not on hand, the only representatives of the bay region being Miss Hazel Hotchkiss and Homer Hotchkiss. In their absence the players from Los Angeles and vicinity won all the events except the men's consolation singles. Though nearly all the participants in the tournament left Coronado on February 23d, Mrs. Bruce and her sisters had so many engagements that they did not return home until Tuesday morning, the 25th.

Miss Florence Sutton

Conducted by H. T. Payne

DERBY ENTRIES

JUST now there is a big demand for well bred setters and pointers that are eligible for next January's derby. Several of the regular patrons of the trials have asked me where they can get young dogs of the right breeding to place in the hands of the trainers for next year's trials. Young dogs for this purpose must have been whelped on or after January first 1907, and their breeding must be such as to give promise of developing into winners. If any of our readers have dogs of this kind we would advise them to let it be known through our advertising columns. If they have the right dogs they will find ready purchasers.

SHOULD MINISTER EXHIBIT DOGS

IS IT becoming for a minister to run a kennel and exhibit his dogs, is a question that has been agitating the Scotch Plains Baptist Church of New Jersey. Why not? The breeding of dogs is certainly a pleasant pastime, and just as moral as the breeding of chickens or cows, and so is the showing of them under proper conditions. It cannot be denied that there is much dishonesty in dog breeding and dog showing, but this is not the fault of the dog, but the fault of a class of selfish and dishonest men who somehow gravitate to the business and sooner of later infect the shows with the virus of their low natures. A peculiar faculty of this class of men is their ability to push themselves to the front, and thereby crowd out the better and more broad-minded fancier.

The present disgraceful situation in the American Kennel Club is a sample of this tendency and the persistency of this class of men. The honest fancier is willing to work for the good of the dog in any subordinate capacity ,but the dog broker, the trickster, the professional exhibitor, has to be at the front, has to be where he can have control, where he can choose the judge and allot the prizes or his business could not prosper. Thus it is that no matter how respectable may be the personnel of the kennel club at its inception, or the character of its membership in general, it is only a question of time until the dog broker, the hanger-on and the professional exhibitor, by the force of their superabundance of cheek, worm themselves into positions where they can dictate the management of the club's affairs to their private interests. The club suffers in its popularity, judging is done by incompetents and with favoritism, wins cease to carry with them the mark of value, the shows are run on a catch-penny principle, and the good name of the respectable members of the club is clouded by the acts of those who have no reputation to lose.

These are the reason why the Scotch Plains congregation objected to their pastor being a breeder and exhibitor of dogs. They had probably had a sample of it in their home club, and with the personnel and disgraceful doings of the so-called national head of dog showdom, they objected to the company he was in.

When dog shows are run on the principles of field trials, and professionalism and commercialism are barred from the management; when judges are selected because of their ability and unquestioned honesty, and the control lifted from the selfish, catch-penny depths to the highest plain of broad-minded sportsmanship, the public confidence in bench shows will return, and the oft repeated complaint that they are not well patronized and don't pay will be heard no more.

COAST SHOWS

SO FAR the schedule of Coast shows to be held are Oakland, April 8 to 11; San Francisco, April 22 to 25; Portland, April 29 to May 2. Victoria and Vancouver both hold shows under the Canadian Kennel Club rules, the first on April 1 to 4 and the latter May 13 to 16. Los Angeles and Pasadena have already held their shows.

FIELD DOGS AT THE SHOWS

WITH 3026 entries at the recent Westminster Kennel Club show, New York, there were only three entries in the field trial class. Owners of field dogs are getting more and more disgusted every year with the way setters and pointers are judged at the bench shows. The judging of pointers generally is bad enough, but that of English setters in about nine cases out of ten is truly abominable. Bench show committees in selecting judges for other breeds generally succeed in getting men with more or less knowledge of the breed to be handled, but when it comes to field

dogs, it seems that they consider that any old thing is good enough, and these breeds are handed over to some person whose instincts and training give him no knowledge of the breed or what constitutes either the lines of usefulness or beauty. A pug, a Boston terrier or a bulldog may be admired by persons of certain tastes on account of their deformities; the St. Bernard or the Great Dane on account of their size and strength; the toys on account of their docility and winning confidence, but the field dog stands apart from all these as the representative in the canine group of indisputable utility, of hard work, requiring in the individual a combination of attributes not found and not needed in any other breed. The possession of some of these cannot be determined by the appearance of the dog in the judging ring, beyond that intelligence seen in the eye and the expression. But other of the indispensable qualities, such as quickness of action, speed, and great endurance is shown in the shape, position and balance of his bones, muscles and tendons. There are before the judge in the ring, if he has the necessary knowledge of canine anatomy, plainly to be seen and unmistakably understood. Yet how many of the men selected to judge these breeds, valuable because of their utility, possess the knowledge necessary to enable them to see and understand these qualities so plainly and so conspicuously placed before them? While I make the assertion, and make it too without the least fear of successful contradiction, that no man can be a judge of field dogs that does not follow them in the field, this is only the foundation on which the full qualifications of the judge of these breeds must be built, by adding the superstructure of a full understanding of the uses and purposes of each individual part of the anatomy, and the bearing the under or over development of any one part has upon another, or upon the whole. But the man who is generally sent into the ring to pass upon these breeds, whose proper judging is immeasurably more difficult than that of any other members of the canine family, looks at the dog, looks wise or tries to make the spectators believe he does, passes his hand over the dog as if he had some faint idea of what he was feeling for, and then hands the ribbons to any old thing as the notion takes him.

The friends of the lucky recipient of the blue ribbon, standing by the ring side, cheer, not because they know anything about it, or even pretend to, but because their friend won, and the judge and bench show committee hugs the delusion to their hearts that the decisions are popular and that's all that they care for.

And the owners who have exhibited good dogs, dogs that they know are good, though they possibly could not tell why, seeing this cow-built brute, or weedy skate, as the case may be, put to the front, leave the show in disgust and refuse to be a party to these travesties on judging by ever after keeping their dogs at home, with the result that year the number of field dogs seen on the benches grows less and less.

But the bench show committee don't care, for the average committeeman is too much engrossed with looking out for his own breed and the winnings he is after to pay any attention to so unimportant a matter as whether a cow, a skate, or a well made dog should be placed first in the setter or pointer classes.

For most of this the fault primarily lies with the selection of the committeemen, who are generally chosen on account of their enthusiasm and opportunity of devoting a considerable part of their time to the show, and not for their knowledge of judges, or their judgment in selecting them. The men thus selected never stop to think of the importance of their position or the responsibility resting upon their shoulders in the selection of judges. If bench shows are to be taken seriously as educational functions for the fanciers, or guides for the prospective buyer, if the cups or medals given to the winners are intended to represent anything more than the metal that is in them, then the bench show committee becomes *particeps criminis* when they receive money from the exhibitor—who expects honest and competent judgment—and places in the ring inexperienced, incompetent, and oftentimes men known to be tricky and dishonest, to pass upon the relative merits of the dogs shown.

If a bench show is to be taken seriously a win must represent a value, for in such case it increases the earning capacity of the animal or its price if offered for sale. If the judging is improperly or dishonestly done, the party to whom the win rightfully belongs, is swindled out of the value of the winning just as surely as if his pocket had been picked of the amount it represents, and the show committee is an accomplice in the crime.

But the committee will answer: the exhibitor knows who the judges are to be before he enters his dog and pays his money to have him judged. Yes, he knows that John Smith is to judge certain breeds and Tom Jones is to pass out the ribbons to others, but in ninety-nine cases in a hundred the exhibitor knows no more about the ability of Smith or Jones than the committee does who engaged them; and he, not knowing the carelessness of the committee, expects that the judges selected will be competent men fitted for the position.

I will be met with the retort: "what right have you to say that judges are incompetent or tricky?" My right is the undeniable proof furnished at almost every show. The constant reversal by one judge of the awards of another. A. B. and C. are shown under Jones and they are placed in the order given. The next week the same dogs are shown under Brown and B. is placed first, A. second and C. third. Then the week following when Smith appears on the sawdust C. is given first, B. second and A. third. It needs no argument to prove that at least two or these three judges are incompetent, yet I will be answered: "No, they only fancy different types of dogs." And this very answer is proof positive of their incompetence.

There is but one right type as provided by the standard of the breed, and neither Jones, Brown nor Smith has any right, as a judge, to follow his individual fancy when in the ring. Under the standard of the breed one of these three dogs is the better, and neither the fancy, or what is nearer the truth, the incompetency, of Smith, Jones or Brown can change the fact. Driven to the wall by this self-evident fact Mr. Committeeman replies: "Well, admitting that Jones is really a competent judge, it wouldn't do to have him judge all the

time, because those who are beaten under him once won't show under him again. We must change judges for the good of the game. Worse still, for by this he admits that he is not seeking ability in the judge and correctness in the awards, but variety, and rotation in honors. Tige won last time, let Skate win this, it helps the game.

But his argument is not true. It is because of this constant change from bad to worse that the old exhibitors have quit the game. Give the exhibitors a judge known to be competent, the same one every year if you please, but not a dog broker or professional hanger-on but a true fancier because of his love for the dog, with no friends to reward or foes to punish, and the bench show will again become the school of the fancier instead of the mart of the broker. When wins, ceasing to be travesties on merit, become genuine tokens of type and quality and of real value, the benches will be filled with our canine friends and the aisles crowded with those who love them.

THE members of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, as well as his many other friends on the Coast, will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. Hugh Hopkins, a true sportsman and for many years a patron of the field trials. Mr. Hopkins brought to the Coast some of the best setter blood in America, and while not a rich man spent his money freely in the development of field trial dogs. Mr. Hopkins died at Fayetteville, N. Y., on the thirteenth of last February.

EVERYBODY knows that prince of handlers Dave Rose, either personally or by reputation, therefore everybody will be sorry to learn that he has recently suffered a stroke of paralysis. May his recovery be speedy and sure will be the wish of all.

THE OAKLAND SHOW

TO A journal that stands for clean sportsmanship in the highest signification of the term, which fearlessly condemns all commercialism, all narrow selfishness, and favoritism in connection with the games and pastimes of the sportsman, it is a pleasure to commend the broad-minded management of the Oakland Kennel Club and the true spirit of the genuine sportsman shown in the selection of judges and other arrangements of the show to be held by this club on the 8th to 11th of the present month. This broad-minded spirit ensures a fine entry from the general public, and a well managed, honestly judged show of the people and in and for the best interest of the dog, and not for the mug-hunters alone.

In the words of the management "its interest lies in all breeds, and to have *the best dog win.*" To this end they have selected as judges gentlemen whose integrity is above reproach and whose ability cannot be questioned.

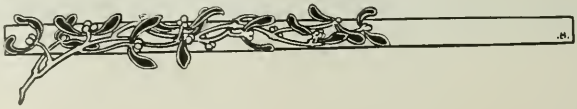
It is especially gratifying to the lovers of field dogs to note the strenuous effort on the part of the club and its co-laborer, the Pacific Coast Setter and Pointer Club, to revive the showing of these useful breeds, not only by offering in the prize list their full share of the prizes, but by selecting for the first time in many years a gentleman to judge them that has a real conception of the true types of these breeds and the purposes for which they are used. Mr. McConnell is a sportsman and, in a private way, a breeder of English setters, and he breeds good ones because he breeds for the true type and the right quality. The securing of a competent judge to pass upon the field breeds is the direct work of the recently organized setter and pointer club, which is doing so much for the success of the Oakland show. And right here we must mention, that the setter and pointer club, in its desire to have the best of the Coast shown, has volunteered to take personal charge of all setters and pointers shipped to the show, and personally see that they receive the best possible care, and promptly reship them as soon as the show closes.

This is the first show in this part of the State for many years that has given any reasonable consideration to the field dogs, and we trust that the sportsmen of the Coast will show their appreciation by responding with an entry worthy of the breeds.

Mr. Oldham, who judges all other classes, will be remembered as the pleasant, genial gentleman who judged the non-sporting dogs at the record show in this city in 1896, when there were 641 dogs actually on the benches. Mr. Oldham, as a representative of Spratts Patent, has had a wide experience both in England and America, and will be found up-to-date on all his classes, while his position for years with Spratts Patent is a better guarantee of his fairness and honesty than anything that can be said here.

An interesting as well as very instructive entertainment that the Oakland show has provided for its patrons, through the liberality of the setter and pointer club, is a stereopticon exhibition of the leading winners at the recent New York show. This will be next to a visit to the great show itself.

Idora Park where the show is to be held is an ideal location and ensures a most liberal patronage.



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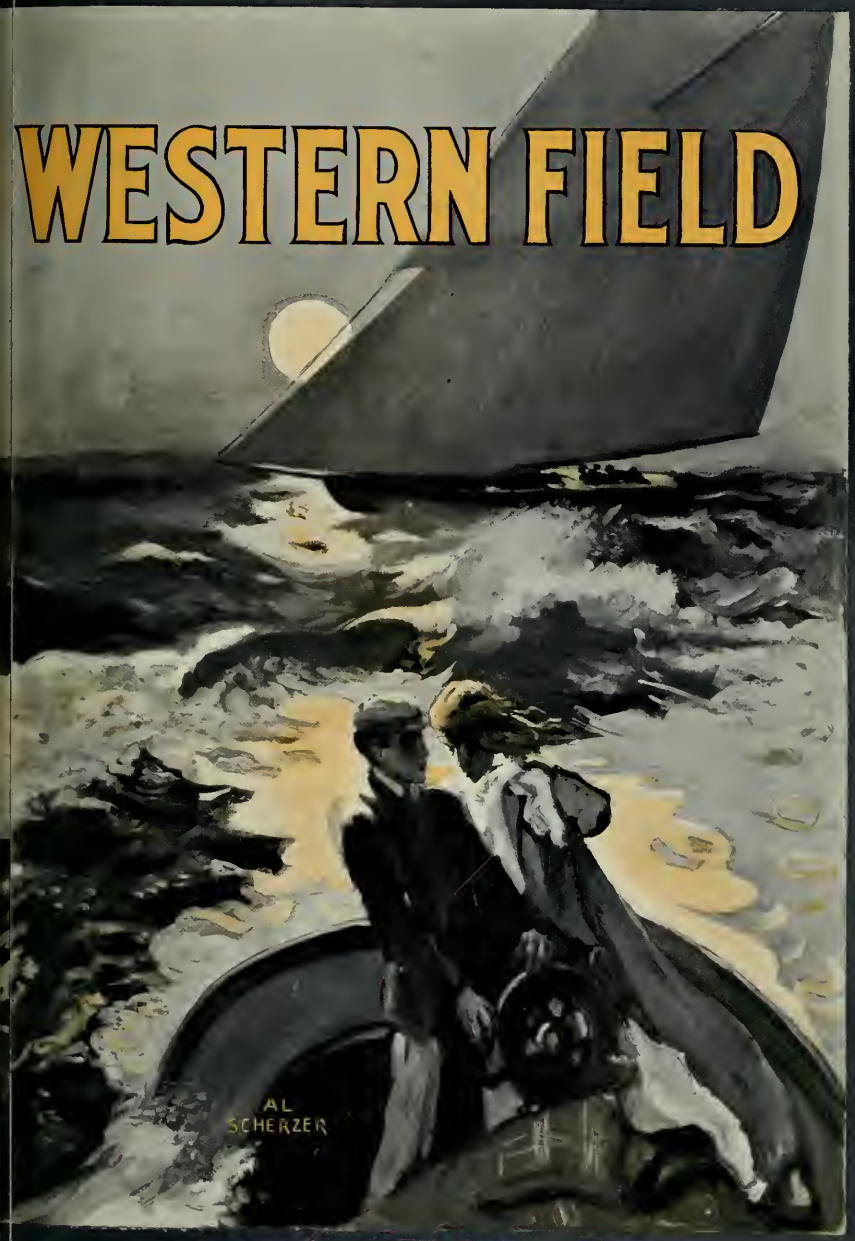

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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 12 MAY, 1908 No. 4

A SPRING-TIME LURE

THERE'S a queer uneasy feelin'
  Comes a-creepin' over me,
An' I long to be a-stealin'
  Where the winds blow cool an' free;
I'm as restless as a rabbit,
  Nothin' satisfies me quite,
Fer I feel the rovin' habit,
  When the fish begin to bite.

Then I want to quit the grindin',
  Jes' dish ev'ry thought an' care,
An' go where the stream is windin'
  Over mossy pebbles there;
Where the waters leap an' bubble,
  An' our tired souls indite
A goodby to ev'ry trouble,
  When the fish begin to bite.

Jes' to loaf in grassy medders,
  Where the stream runs swift an' deep,
An' the willers droop in shadders,
  Where the spring-time flowers peep;
Jes' to ramble, glad an' lazy,
  Not a cross ner care in sight,
On a dreamy day an' hazy,
  When the fish begin to bite.

You kin talk about the pleasure
  To be sipped here on this earth,
But you'll never git full measure,
  Nor you'll never know the worth
Of the joy that comes a-stealin'
  O'er a fellow with delight,
Till you git that funny feelin'
  When the fish begin to bite.

—*E. A. Brininstool.*

HUNTING WITH A HOUSE-BOAT IN CHINA

By Jas. Reed Hull

(Photos by Denniston & Sullivan.)

HOUSE-BOATING in China is not house-boating in the United States. The shanty-boat of the Mississippi is at its best but a poor substitute for its luxurious counterpart of the Orient. Foreigners in China have house-boating down to what we Americans call "the fine points." This naturally follows, for the country is one of countless canals, and in the absence of railroads inland travel is almost exclusively by water.

The Chinese, that is the wealthier class, are themselves great house-boaters. They were at it long before the dawn of the Christian era, and their example in this regard has been of great value to the foreigner. The house-boat of the Chinese mandarin was quite as elaborate an affair in the Middle Ages as it is today, with the exception of a few foreign interventions in its construction which the Chinese, in their intense conservatism, have seen fit to adopt; but on the other hand the house-boat of the foreigner has undergone a wonderful and radical change for the better, even since the days of "Chinese" Gordon, when, it may be said, it first became popular with sportsmen. It was then that the suppression of the Taiping Rebellion made house-boating in the interior of Eastern China a matter of comparative safety, and as excellent sport offered in the country devastated by the long internecine war, foreign sportsmen quickly hit upon this craft as one offering the best means of reaching the best game sections.

The first house-boats built for the foreigners were of crude construction. They were frequently reconstructed from native junks, and were illy fitted, stoves not being considered indispensable in the colder months. Cooking was done over the *laudah's* charcoal *hibachi*. Those early settlers of the China coast towns suffered quite as much inconvenience on their shooting trips during the cold weather as did the pioneers of the American Northwest, but like those pioneers they found game in plenty and consequently felt well repaid for their trouble.

The foreign house-boat of today is quite a different affair. Frequently its frame work is of iron or steel, the planking of hull and deck of teak, and the house and joiner work of redwood or cedar. The fittings of the better boats approach the luxurious—cushioned chairs and settees, stoves in kitchen and cabin, baths arranged beneath each bunk, hanging lamps and other appointments of modern travel. Today the Shanghai resident who considers himself anybody at all must have his house-boat as well as his yacht and polo ponies. Even newly married couples make honeymoon journeys on house-boats far into the interior.

In our case the "Patrol" was all that could be desired. Of sufficiently light draught to navigate the shallowest canals and creeks, she drew but fourteen inches when loaded. She had sleeping accommodations for three, two in stateroom and one in the cabin. The weather was warm but a neat little heater in the forward hold was ready for setting up in the cabin. A small and compact range stood in the galley where an abundance of lockers for shelving dishes and cooking utensils made things seem quite homelike. The bunks were matressed and warmly spread with blankets and comforters. In the cabin stood a gun-rack with accommodations for five pieces. Brightly burnished air-draft lamps hung in the cabin and stateroom, and four windows on either side of the house gave ample light in the day time. There were drawers for cartridges, hooks for clothes. In fact, everything seemed in the right place and nothing lacking. She was manned by a crew of six, including the *laudah* (Captain) cook and cabin boy. The rest were coolies intended for work on the *yulow* (sculling oar) on calm days when the big sail was useless, or as beaters

House-boats Moored at Shanghai

when the shooting country was reached. These with the cook and *laudah* lived astern in a space scarcely fifteen feet square. Our cabin boy, however, was quite a dandy and slept in the narrow passage-way connecting the galley with the cabin.

Steam power in China is rapidly becoming popular. Along the main inland waterways it is no longer regarded with superstitious dread by the native population. The modernization of the country, which previous to the Russo-Japanese War was advancing at a snail's pace, is now making surprising progress. The Chinese apparently regard the success of the Japanese arms with intense jealousy, and are filled with an overwhelming desire to emulate their island neighbours in all that they undertake—and they will do it, too, given time!

So no surprise need be felt that Eek should have engaged a Japanese launch to tow us to Soochow. There was a time, and that not so very many years ago, when sight of a steam launch fifty miles inland from Shanghai would have aroused the natives to the point of frenzy, but happily in those days game was plentiful nearer at hand and *yulow* and sail gave eminent satisfaction.

Entrained were four other foreign house-boats, one containing a missionary and his wife returning to their dangerous work after the month's annual vacation in Japan. I did not envy their lot, for they were away for a remote part, not to see another white face until next vacation time. The other boats contained shooting parties like ourselves—happy-go-lucky fellows with plenty of whisky and soda, and off for the boundless paddies of the Yangtsze valley and the rough uplands of the Teho Range. They were clerks and accountants employed by the big English *hongs* of Shanghai, and like their kind, head over heels in debt but none the less merry.

We dined well the first evening out, as we did throughout the trip for that matter, and after liqueurs and coffee sought the forward deck where pipes and cane reclining chairs enhanced our comfort. The moonlight was bright and its beams danced entrancingly in our wake. The wife of the missionary strummed a banjo. Her husband, a young and serious-faced American, was hard at work over his bible in the cabin. We could see the clean-cut outline of his face through a half-curtained window. On the other boats white-frocked Chinese servants danced attendance on their gay young masters, syphon and whisky bottle ever in hand. Three boats ahead the little tow chugged along, giving forth clouds of blackest smoke sprinkled with sparks that glistened like diamonds in dusky hair.

The picturesqueness of the situation thrust itself at one. To the American it all seemed unreal—not like any other shooting trip he had known. He thought of chilly, sleety morn-

Gathering the Harvest on the Grand Canal

ings—upon duck flights in the Dakotas, of long, cold "hikes" after deer and moose in Minnesotan woods, and of cramping drives over Manitoban plains in search of prairie chickens; but there were no long trails of cold camps here. It was all too good to be true. Still he felt strangely effeminate when rolling in between clean sheets that night. Surely this was no shooting trip, at least not one in barbaric China!

Morning found us at anchor beside the crumbling walls of old Soochow. One cannot help regarding them with interest, their antiquity is so great, their story so inseparably linked with crucial periods in Chinese history. Here the Taipings made their last stand in our own day, and here, "Chinese" Gordon with his dandyfied swagger stick broke their power forever, in perhaps the greatest battle this land of blood has even known. Before them Prince Li-Hung-Chang first gained Imperial favor by treacherously decapitating the four rebel kings who under his promise of mercy had surrendered. They are old, these walls, so old no man knows how old they are! They were old even when Solomon built his temple in Jerusalem, and marvelously have they withstood the flight of time. Today mission school children throw stones at the sparrows that nest by thousands in the crevices in the stone work, and foreign employees of the Chinese Customs shoot snipe in their shadow in the early spring, while the track of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway is but a stone's throw from their base.

It is said that 800,000 of the inhabitants of Soochow fell victims to fire and sword during the Taiping Rebellion, but the old city is rapidly recovering her loss and is today one of the greatest marts in all China. Her game market is without equal in the land, for she stands on the outskirts of the best shooting country. Shanghai also boasts of an excellent game market, but in no wise compares with Soochow in this regard. In Shanghai recently the report of the Inspector of Markets showed that 25,000 brace had been dealt in during one season, and of this number 8,000 had been shipped to Japan and Southern ports. A great variety of game offers in the markets of

both these cities. Deer, boar, hare, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, quail, woodcock, snipe, plover, ducks, geese, and teal of all varieties may be purchased at ridiculously low prices. A walk through the game market in Soochow in proper season is quite enough to thrill the least enthusiastic sportsman.

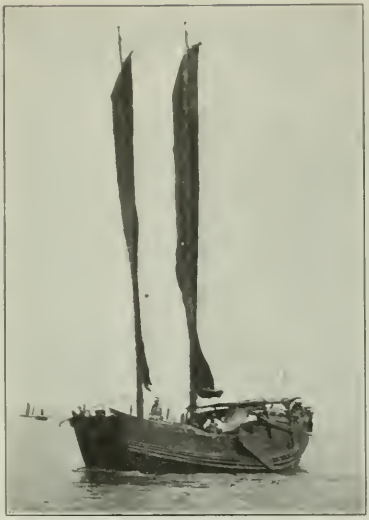
Soochow is on the Grand Canal, the oldest and greatest artificial waterway in the world, but to reach it we passed along one of the numerous canals intersecting the city. Because of these interurban waterways some overly imaginative traveller has dubbed Soochow "The Venice of the Orient". He might also have written something about the worst smelling place on God's earth. It is not pleasant to dwell upon the sights that assailed our eyes, and the odors that burdened our nostrils during the brief journey. The water was stagnant, and stark naked children played by the banks in indescribable filth. A green slime covered the surface, partially concealing the bloated bodies of dogs, pigs and even a pony. We might as well have been navigating a New York sewer, for what the sewers are to New York these canals are to Soochow. Upon turning a bend in this stream of horrors we came within sight of the American mission, where live fifty sterling men and women who have dedicated their lives to the seemingly hopeless task of promoting Godliness and Cleanliness where Filth and Paganism reign supreme.

You will appreciate our mutual feeling of relief when we reached clear water and fresh air. The windlass creaked, up went the mast, the sail was flung out and we were soon bowling along, the wind dead astern, and the broad plain of the Yangtsze stretching away towards a blue-white horizon banked by the knotty peaks of the Teho Range. Behind came the missionary's boat, for his route also lay along the ancient waterway. We felt little sympathy for our other companions of the night before. They had remained to "see the sights", and seeing the sights meant visiting the brilliant tea houses for which Soochow is noted throughout the length and breadth of China, and playing with the dancing girls—little painted bits of porcelain—who are said to be the cleverest and most attractive of their kind. But to "old China hands" tea houses and "sing song girls" are but ordinary attractions when good shooting is in the wind.

Not an Advocate of the Reform Movement

There is now a regular launch service between Soochow and Chinkiang on the "Big River", and, although the old time native junks are still numerous, they also evidence the spread of the Reform Movement, which, given the necessary impetus by the downfall of the white man before the yellow in the late war, is rushing madly over the country like a tremendous tidal wave, threatening to engulf the most isolated sections of the vast Empire. The yellow man believes he is coming to his own, and in the defeat of the Russians sees a happy augury of world-wide dominion for his kind.

The launches were old stories while the junks were comparatively new, and it was with great interest I observed that in most cases they carried canvas instead of the ancient matting sails; a boatman smoked a cigarette made of Virginia tobacco, another wore a knitted cap not unlike those issued to our bluejackets, while another puffed with true Hibernian contentment at a short pipe of foreign make. Not far inland stretched the Imperial



On the Yangtsze

Chinese Telegraph line connecting Shanghai with Nanking. It follows the track of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway now constructed as far as Chinkiang on the Yangtsze. Yesterday native boatmen and the inhabitants along the canal would have regarded us with awe probably mingled with antagonism. Today they take our presence as a matter of course, just as they do our telegraphs, our railroads, our launches, etc. Their stoical indifference is aggravatingly apparent. The curiosity becomes all on our part. Yesterday they classed us with the Immortals—namely devils; today the outcome of the Russo-Japanese war has robbed us of this undeserved glory, and we have taken our right place in their minds—merely fools prone to give away hard earned knowledge for the asking. John Chinaman may be vain and peculiar, but he is a "wise un" after all.

But midst these evidences of awakening China we came upon a party fairly steeped in antiquity, but very efficient in his way. He was a Chinese market hunter and he hailed us inquiring if we wished to buy game. He came alongside in his sampan, which was about the size of an ordinary rowboat, the central portion being roofed over with straw matting. In this limited space he dwelt with a wife, two children, a dog and a cat. He held up a "blue-bill," a hare and a hen pheasant, signifying his willingness to exchange the game for powder and shot. We didn't want the game, but Eek induced him to show us his gun, which proved the most disreputable fowling piece I had ever seen. It was home-made, the barrel was of iron, roughly forged and about four feet long. The stock, merely a pistol grip, had been clumsily shaped from a piece of pine. The firing apparatus was similar to that of a firelock in the days of Cromwell if a comparison may be drawn from pictures. The hammer and firepan were evidently the work of a village blacksmith, covered with rust and uncouth in form.

Holding the gun against his right elbow, he inserted the lighted end of a small rope, which he carried coiled about his right arm, in o a groove in the hammer, and, taking aim, not from the shoulder, but from the line of the bent elbow in which the grip rested, he pressed the trigger. The report was similar to the sound of ripping cloth, but the range was good and the shot fell well bunched on the water. The contents of his powder flask and shot pouch were even more surprising. The shot had been made by the most primitive method—merely dropping molten iron into cold water from a spoon. It was consequently of no regular size, varying, I would say, between double B and dust shot. His powder was also the product of the home. It was black as soot and almost as fine, but we had seen its strength tested and had to admit its worth. He gave our modern weapons but a passing notice; my Greener, even when taken apart, made apparently little impression upon him, although he did admit to Eek that there were advantages in a "pump" gun of which we had two. But all in all he was quite content with his own ways, which had been the ways of his forefathers for centuries, and desired no change.

I have often wondered about this strange old Manchu. Despite his rags and his filth, his quick, keen eye bespoke the man accustomed to quick work with a gun. We got the old fellow aboard, but were careful to keep him out of the house, for we had no desire to make closer acquaintance with the

vermin that crawled nonchalantly about his neck and clothing with an air of possession, which he did not in the leastwise resent. I would have put him down for an unusually strict Thibetan Lama had I not known his occupation. Eek essayed to draw upon his knowledge of good shooting country. His reticence was beautiful. He liked us and our powder and shot, but with Indian-like sagacity and Chinese evasiveness, he carefully avoided answering Eek's questions.

"Is there a good place for ducks hereabouts?" inquired Eek.

"There are a great many in the markets at Soochow," he replied placidly. That settled Eek, and became the lasting joke of our trip.

The market hunters of China are a remarkable lot. They supply the markets of Soochow and Shanghai with thousands upon thousands of head a year. Their methods of taking duck and other aquatic birds, although involving great hardship and exposure, are fraught with much success. I only know of two of their ruses for bettering the wily fowl, but I am assured these seldom fail. One is to cover the head and shoulders with rushes and enter the water near where a flock is feeding. The rest is easy providing one doesn't mind a cold bath with the mercury well down. The hunter stealthily approaches the birds, careful not to disturb the surface. The ducks see what they assume is an unusually large clump of drift grass coming towards them, and feed on unmindful of danger until the fattest and plumpest of their number disappears with a despairing quack. This arouses but a temporary curiosity on their

An approved method of stalking feeding wild fowl in China (Old Chinese Print.)

Illustrating Chinese Method of Capturing Duck by hand—(Old Chinese Print.)

part, and they swim about the inoffensive appearing clump of grass, quacking and feeding, until one after another they have all found a place in the hunter's belt.

Another scheme, and one involving quite as much exposure, is to rest your gun on an oblong float covered with grass, and approach the birds, wading or swimming behind as the occasion may require. When within range it is easy enough to make a good pot shot, as one can delay until the birds are bunched to his satisfaction.

We gave our market hunter before he left a tumbler half full of whisky, which he tossed off with the composure and satisfaction of a Cossack. The same drink would have sent any one of us reeling to the side of the boat.

That night we left Wusieh and the railroad behind, and felt ourselves on the borders of a mysterious interior. We felt the zest of exploration and adventure, and our interest in the country became almost abnormal. The *laudah* spoke of pirates, Vah Kah Der's notorious band, and still more satisfied did we feel with ourselves. Vah's specialty was cutting the bodies of his victims into small pieces. One night we were awakened by the puffing of a launch. I wondered if Vah had taken to steam—he was said to be a most progressive pirate. Eek sprang out on deck and in stentorian tones demanded: "Who goes there?"

"I'm Thomas, on construction, S. & N. Railway. Who the —— are you?"

"A bunch of fools," muttered Eek as he climbed back to his bunk in indescribable disgust.

We were not rid of that accursed foreign influence after all, and this fact was all the more firmly impressed upon our minds when

at noon the next day we came upon a neat little bungalow overlooking the canal, before which stood a man in clean negligee shirt, flannel trousers and white tennis shoes.

"Come right ashore," he cried, "I hope one of you can play cricket. I've a prime alley—built it myself, don't cher know," and so on, *ad libitum*, while we debarked. He was Mr. A. Bryant Leane, a constructing engineer on the railway, and he welcomed us with all that enthusiasm peculiar to educated men whose lot is isolation. First, we had to see his cricket alley, even without the conventional whisky and soda of the East. Eek rashly announced that he had once played in a cricket match and was immediately pounced upon by Mr. Leane for a game, and despite our protests and explanation that we did not understand cricket, we were forced to watch while Mr. Leane took keen pleasure in batting Mr. Eek all over the alley. The game ended with the latter throwing down his ball in disgust.

Our host showed us a tennis court in course of construction. I asked him with whom he intended to play? "Oh, I'll teach one of my Chinese," he answered, "and then about once a month some of the fellows come up from Wusieh for a bust." He had already initiated several of the neighbouring Chinese into the mysteries of cricket and assured us that they took to it as ducks to water. He was determined we should stay for dinner. "I dine at seven," he said. "It's cursed seldom I have company, too, but, you chaps would probably enjoy a tub! I've both hot and cold water!"

So we went back to the 'boat, got out some clean clothes, had our baths, and made ourselves presentable as possible. During dinner a gramaphone played several late selections, and a crowd of seventy-five or a hundred Chinese thus attracted, gathered outside about the open windows and doors. Their presence did not worry Leane in the least.

"Oh, they're all right now," he explained. "A month ago, however, it was different. They know now that we're up here to put the line through at any cost, and that we have the Imperial Government and its regulars behind us. They also understand that we will build the line straight, *maskee* graves and all that truck. Now they remove their daddies' bodies before the grading begins. Not infrequently, however, we stumble upon the tomb of some forgotten ancestor who has long since gone to dust, and discover specimens of their ancient brassware and pottery that would make a *connoisseur* turn green with envy. The fact that we are not struck dead by lightning or something of that sort is gradually satisfying them that there isn't much in this ancestor worship after all. Oh, these Chinks are coming along all right! They're started on the right road at last, and it won't be long before they are up with the Japs."

I had seen quite enough to satisfy me of the soundness of Mr. Leane's observations. Farther up the canal we met a Mr. Stratton, also of the railway, who quite corroborated all he had said. Although Leane was given to the smaller games he was by no means unadept at the larger ones. He showed us his guns, of which he had a number. He told us of elephant hunts in India, of big game drives in the Transvaal, and of a perilous encounter with a man-eater in India. This young Anglo-Irishman knew his frontier in many lands quite as well as he knew his London and his Paris. I never knew a better revolver shot. With a Colt's Automatic .32, he broke *tansan* bottles almost as fast as Eek could throw them up. Few men could have done the same with a shot gun.

"When I'm first out of here," he said, "I'll have another go at civilization, but it won't be long before I'm looking for a frontier billet again. It's in my blood. I was intended for the army, but I soon learned to detest barrack life. Active service, however, agrees with me perfectly."

We left the Leane bungalow that night and daylight next morning found us in a narrow waterway between steep banks covered with a dense growth of wire grass and surmounted by interminable thickets of bamboo. We were in the celebrated Pennu Creek which transverses the best pheasant country in Eastern China. The Yangtsze was but twenty miles ahead. It was a chilly morning and the grass was heavy with dew. So we laid around until after sun-up, attending to those numerous preliminaries so well known to sportsmen when preparing for a day afield. The dogs rushed from their kennels yelping their joy; Eek muttered an

old Norse proverb as he filled his field flask; our *yuloh* coolies, whom we had transformed into beaters, lounged about, their long poles in hand, smoking our cigarettes and bantering one another, while the old *laudah* vainly attempted to give them a bit of advice as to what was expected of them.

From the top of the embankment we saw a great, level expanse of country stretching away towards low-lying hills. We distinguished patches of buckwheat and cotton, but the land in the greater part was given up to the cultivation of rice. The *paddies* extended for miles. In places they were flooded and flocks of duck and teal circled above them. Houses were widely scattered and there were few workmen in the fields. We plunged through a growth of mulberry and emerged into a cotton patch. Almost immediately "Old Hector's" tail stiffened rigid as a poker. "There they are," cried Eek, and with his words up went a cock and a hen with a tremendous roar, but they were "no sooner up than down," and so our first day on the Pennu began. The house-boat preceded us as we worked up the banks of the creek, and at noon we went aboard with fifteen pheasants, nine quail, and two rabbits.

Pheasant shooting in China is, I believe, not similar to any sport in the United States. Although the birds in the routine of their daily life are quite the same as our prairie chicken, they are seldom found in coveys, usually traveling singly or in pairs. If three are together it is usually a case of two cocks to one hen. The largest covey I have encountered in three seasons' shooting consisted of five birds. The male when fully grown is a marvel in the way of coloring; the hen is quite dowdy compared to her magnificent mate. She is more like the female ruffled grouse than any other bird of which I can think. Her plumage, however, is somewhat darker and heavier as well. Number four or even number two shot is preferable for pheasant shooting, while sixes, even eights, are satisfactory with the chicken or grouse.

Pheasants present some difficulties in shooting that quickly manifest themselves to the novice in the sport. When flushed, the bird rises with a terrific roar of wing that sets the heart of the uninitiated going like a trip hammer; his aim consequently becomes unsteady. The ruffled grouse goes up with considerable hub-bub and so does the prairie chicken; but in the case of the ring-neck pheasant it seems as if the roar of the sea was in your ears. A peculiarity in flight is also a hard obstacle for the beginner to overcome. The bird usually rises straight up before you to the height of fifty feet, and then begins a long gradual slanting downward flight. In order to bring him to bag, it is necessary to aim low, slightly below the bird, or else you will find yourself shooting over.

The pheasant is also remarkably swift of wing. I doubt, in fact, if the green-winged teal can beat him. I have aimed thirty feet ahead in a cross-over shot, only to have the satisfaction of seeing a few tail feathers scatter and fall, and the tail of the pheasant, as the picture books tell you, is of abnormal length. Especially is this the case with the little known Reeves pheasant which is said to be plentiful in the mountains of Szechuen and Thibet. Once in a while a few of this type appear near Ichang at the head of steam navigation on the Yangtsze. The country hereabouts is wild and rugged, especially along the "Unknown River," a name derived from the fact that no white man has ever explored its source. E. A. Aldrich, M. R. L. S., writes that he once killed a Reeves pheasant on this river that measured six feet, ten inches from beak to tip of tail.

In this vicinity is occasionally found the Golden or Tragopan pheasant, which the natives consider possessed of magic power. Like the Reeves pheasant it nests in the wilds of Szechuen, where it is said to be abundant. A pronounced characteristic of the ring-neck or common pheasant is his liking for the company of domestic fowl. In the good pheasant country if one happens to come upon a number of tame chickens it is well to be on the *qui vive*, for pheasants are almost sure to be near at hand. One winter's day I stopped at a Chinese farm house and while warming my benumbed fingers on the family kang, one of my beaters touched me on the shoulder.

"Look, Master," he cried, pointing through the open doorway towards some chickens pecking about in the yard. Right in the midst of the hens was a fine cock pheasant feeding in a most unconcerned manner, the

A Good Day's Work on the Pennu
(Deer walked up like hares and killed with number 6 shot.)

hens seemingly taking his presence as a matter of course. There was an old rooster, however, who did not like the looks of the brilliant visitor from the wild; his neck was outstretched and his feathers ruffled in a most pugnacious manner. I was hoping and praying for a fight (the Chinese say that pheasants frequently fight with tame chickens) when the return of the housewife from the *paddy* caused the stranger to leisurely take himself off to a cotton patch not a hundred yards away, whence I immediately followed and bagged him. In these fights with his domestic cogeners the pheasant usually wins. A Chinese once told me of a fight between a nesting pheasant and a tame chicken in which the latter was killed. It seems that the domestic bird, in her wanderings about the *paddy,* had come upon a sitting pheasant. The attack of the latter was sudden and from ambush, so to speak. Alternating her rushes between air and ground the wild bird finally succeeded in bringing on the mortal result.

But if the Chinese pheasant has interesting traits, the Chinese quail, of which we killed eight on our first morning's shoot on the Pennu, is also a most surprising little bird. He is about half the size of our American "Bob White" and there is but the slightest difference between the appearance of male and female. His main stock in trade is that he is a fighter, and the natives train him for the pit after the manner of the locust or the game cock. Quail fights are popular in China, native ladies taking keen interest in them, and large sums of money are lost and won annually in this sport. Noted fighting quails are often valued very highly. One was recently sold at Soochow for five hundred *taels,* more than three hundred dollars American gold. The quail of Eastern China are being rapidly decimated by netting, and it appears they are doomed to extermination. Foreign sportsmen seldom hunt them exclusively, while the Chinese gunners do not consider them worth the necessary expenditure of powder and shot.

For eight days we shot along the Pennu, meeting with excellent luck. We were in the field usually about sun-up and returned to the house-boat for *tiffin* and a rest at high noon. We went out again at three and remained afield until twilight, the evening shooting usually yielding the best

returns. We shot several teal and jack snipe, and once Eek caught sight of a wild boar, but he was not armed for such shooting, and did not attempt to stalk the animal.

Accidental shooting of countrymen by sportsmen in China is so common that Mr. Wade, in his book, "With Rod and Gun in the Yangtsze Valley," tells the reader the best course to pursue in case such an emergency arises. Americans will remember the narrow escape from death and possibly torture of the late Admiral Train and his son, Ensign Train, at the hands of the infuriated mob near Nanking, because one of them had sprinkled an old Chinese woman with bird shot at a range which did not permit of the pellets penetrating the skin. It will be remembered that the two officers were taken prisoners and their guns taken from them, and had it not been for an orderly who was accompanying them and who managed to make his way back to the ship with the news, there is no telling what might have taken place. Marines were promptly landed and advanced at a double to the rescue of their officers, which was fortunately effected without a shot being fired. It is said young Train would have resisted, but the counsel of the older head prevailed. The affair became international and was referred from Washington to Peking and from Peking to the Viceroy at Nanking, who took a very strong stand against foreigners shooting in the interior on the good grounds that there is constantly danger of them shooting farm laborers who are thickly scattered in almost every field, and who usually work bending over in a manner that makes it difficult to discern them at even fair shot gun range—especially is this so when the crops are uncut. It is but recently, however, that the natives have dared to take such extreme measures. The assailants of the Admiral and his son were doubtless impelled by the independence which follows in the wake of the Reform Movement. There was a time when even the serious wounding of a native would result merely in an apology and the payment of a trifling indemnity upon the scene of accident. Old China hands relate how they have known Chinese farmers to purposely place their sons within range of the guns with hope that one might be struck and an indemnity exacted. Not long ago a party of Englishmen, shooting near Quinsan on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, slightly wounded an old woman. The matter was taken up by the Shanghai Taotai with the Consular Body, and later the former issued an order forbidding foreigners shooting in that section.

A similar accident occurred on our trip. We had gotten out of the Pennu Creek and were shooting on an island in the Yangtsze known to Shanghai sportsmen as "Buckwheat Island." Pheasants abounded; there were many quail, and as our vacation was near its close, we made the best use of our time. One afternoon Jebsen and myself were working a large field where many natives were cutting the ripe buckwheat with handy sickle-shaped knives. A covey of quail suddenly left cover a few feet before us. We fired simultaneously, and one bird dropped. Immediately we were startled by a cry of pain, and saw several of the farmers running towards a boy standing up in the field and crying loudly, both hands clasped across his eyes.

"Have makee shootee one piecee boy," nonchalantly remarked one of the beaters.

I was stricken with a fear that a shot had struck the lad in the eyes. I knew otherwise he could not be seriously hurt. We hurried up and discovered that two pellets had struck him in the forehead, penetrated through the skin and were lodged against the skull. The wound was but a trifling one and the assembled natives, even the father of the boy, did not seem to regard the matter seriously. A Chinaman, however, is slow of thought, and I knew that they could make quick work of us with their grain knives if once they made up their minds to do so.

While Jebsen and I were debating what was best to do, one of our beaters, an old hand at the business, who seemed to regard the matter as a huge joke, smilingly informed the crowd that there was a great foreign doctor on board the "Patrol" who could heal the wounds by merely touching them with his little finger. The credulous crowd accepted the beater's statement without demur, and, chattering like so many magpies, followed us to the boat where Eek was quickly acquainted with the role in store for him. The *laudah* needed no instructions, for he scented the danger and

quickly began preparations to cast off. The father and son were permitted to come on board, and while Eek bathed the shot holes with Pond's Extract and examined them with a well simulated eye of experience, I plied the father with Scotch whisky which he drank in great gulps. Finally Eek, after his third examination of the wounds, smiled cheerfully and told the father they were of no importance and would surely heal before morning. He then began to haggle with the old man as to the amount of the indemnity. He continually referred to the fact that the wound was of so slight a nature that no payment was justly due. He only did this, however, to impress the crowd on the shore, for had he volunteered payment of a certain amount at once they would have considered it an evidence of fear on our part and therefore been inclined to believe the boy's hurts more serious than we cared to state. Finally the amount was fixed at five silver dollars which was paid and the farmer led his boy away evidently quite contented with the outcome of the affair. I could not help wondering at the time what a Dakota farmer would have done under similar circumstances.

We shoved off, and were well out in the river when a native beckoned to us from the bank. He was the father back again, and he had a bad dollar, which he alleged Eek had given him. A good one was given in return and the old man again took himself off.

That evening we picked up a tow, and as we left the river homeward bound, the big American cruiser, "West Virginia," with Admiral Brownson on board, passed us en route to Nanking. That night over his pipe Eek muttered:

"I wonder how long that old Chink had lugged that bad dollar about in search of a sucker?"

Arch Birdge in Grand Canal

A LITTLE BROOK

A LITTLE brook that flows forever toward the distant sea,
That races where the sunbeams fall and lingers in the gloom;
'Twixt mossy banks, 'neath drooping boughs where birds sing merrily,
That winds thru fields of waving green and scented realms of bloom;
A little brook untamed, untiring, sinuous and long—
Oh, here is where my heart is, and of this shall be my song!

How oft I've wandered on these banks thru labyrinths of green,
My soul thrilled with a thousand themes by this fair world outrolled.
Whose every nook and tree and pool a hundred times I've seen,
And yet they ne'er grow old to me—they never will grow old.
My heart will ever quicken with the thoughts that come to me
In realms where goes the brooklet, crooning softly, toward the sea.

—*Arthur D. Nichols.*

THEY ARE IN SEASON NOW

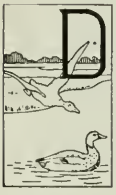
Mr. L. C. Henderson of Lompoc, Cal., with steelheads caught in the tide waters of the Santa Ynez river, Santa Barbara county.

An Eighty-Foot Kelp Plant

AN UNGATHERED HARVEST OF THE PACIFIC

By Bonnycastle Dale

(Photographs by the Author)



DURING my Natural History work along the Pacific Coast I have met much edible and commercial material going to waste, but the greatest harvest that lies ungathered at your doors is the kelp harvest.

My assistant and I have gathered specimens of the Giant Kelp eighty feet long. Scientists admit its growth to upwards of three hundred feet long. It is now a well known fact that the Aleuts (Coast Indians of the Aleutians) tie their fishing craft to the air bladders of these wondrous sea weeds, the barnacle beset roots of which may be five hundred feet below. It is one of the wonders of marine study, this plant with its long whip-like, almost cord-like stem growing out of a great bunch of gasping, curling tendrils that are firmly fastened to some big boulder far below. As the great snaky stalk nears the surface it begins to build a long hollow tube with a massive bulb at the end. Nature here seems very close to making the thing she is said to abhor—a vacuum—for when you cut into one of the big floating balls or bulbs that sustains this immensely long plant, the air rushes in with the noise of a miniature explosion.

If you take a sharp knife and cut away all the tendrils from the big root you will often come upon a mass of lime—deposited formation built by the giant barnacles that inhabit the roots of these sea plants. Fritz cut out some barnacles so large that the open mouths were as big as those of young feeding crows, and they could grasp the finger in a sharp clutch. The largest that we found were in the roots of the kelp swept ashore on Whidby Island by the currents that run up the Straits of Juan de Fuca from the Pacific. We could not find a cliff high enough to hang the great ocean weed from for photographic purposes, so my assistant built several rude saw-horses on which he extended the eighty foot weed and pictured it. From the head or bulb extended a set of rubber-like semi-transparent leaves thirty feet long, edge-curled in many a fantastic form, of just about the color of the "stick-jaw" or semi-transparent taffy of our boyhood days; on many of these were white sticky spots about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Here is the kelp really appeal-

ing to the great public to be put to a commercial use, showing that as soon as it is punctured the commercially valuable algin flows freely.

Now, *Nereocystis lutkeana* has many other uses; the long cord-like part is very strong and fairly flexible and the coast Indians gather great armfulls of it and throw it into the creeks and fresh water lakes; in few days the action of the running water bleaches it, then the *klootchmen* pull it and stretch it and rub it until it is just the right size for fishing lines. These forty to fifty-foot pieces are well knotted together and, where the white man has not as yet sold his cotton cord lines, are used in the deep sea fishing, readily bringing up a struggling, twisting twenty or thirty pound codfish.

All along the spits and shores of the Straits of Fuca we found piles of this valuable sea weed, shore-washed by the winter storms. Here is a mass of most excellent fertilizer for the poorer lands of the coastwise states. Here is a mass of raw material that can be brought into shape for any of the "fillers" used in commerce: the bases for candy, cheap preserves, for thickening for puddings, for a new breakfast food—ye sufferers from the deluge of breakfast foods forgive me!—for a dozen new uses this sweet, clean excellent plant offers us a medium.

The Japanese use this plant for food extensively and in many forms. They use several varieties of the plant, all of which are wasting in their millions of tons every year all along the United States and Canadian coasts. They gather it by rude means and with rude tools. It is harvested from common rowboats with bamboo poles with hooks of various shapes attached. Starting in July they have a full three months' harvest. The plant is then spread on the shore and carefully dried; the torn parts and the cord-like stem are cut off and the plants are made up in big packages for shipment. Many of these villagers subsist all the year on this three months' harvest.

The cleaning process is as follows: The cured kelp is taken to the native factories where it is placed in large iron vats filled with water; an aniline dye is poured in after

Our Ungathered Harvest

A Seventy Footer

the kelp is thoroughly cooked and a pleasant color imparted to the now sticky mass. Then it is carried out into the air and spread over suspended poles to dry, so far a very simple process. As the outside coating of silex soon dries it is taken from off the racks and rolled in great bundles, these in turn are unrolled by the women and the long leaves are laid on tables and cut into several pieces, these are laid in rude presses until the press is filled and the flat masses thus obtained are laid edgewise and cut into fine shreds by sharp knives. This shredded mass—alas we will soon have to eat shredded kelp!—is then throughly dried in the sun if for export (the outside of the mass is dried only if for domestic use) and you have one of the best and cleanest food basics in the world. It has a pleasant taste. I have eaten of it in many forms and it is a very different flavor from any other food I have met. There are literally hundreds of ways of utilizing the plant and it should become a source of certain revenue to our native tribes, now that the foolish way in which the salmon have been nearly killed off forces them to turn to other native means of taking a living from the ever ready sea.

With some simple shredding knife manufactured to cut this and a dozen other edible algæ, there would be offered another means of livelihood to the dwellers along the shores and on the islands of our many sounds and canals. The product is rich in protein, light in fat, its waste is not more than one-third in water and non-essentials. It is worth about two to five cents a pound wholesale, finished by this cheap native labor, so even with our high paid service it should be a food cheap enough for the masses, with the finer qualities prepared as luxuries to command a better price. There is a doubt that these plants can be turned into soda and iodine with a profit, but United States ingenuity has a field here for invention and extraction and I think a fair profit, following the charring process.

It is as a substitute for many of the present cellulose formations that this widely scattered plant may be best used, as it is literally filled with a colorless jelly that speedily yields a soluble gum which is very valuable in many of the manufacturing processes. It can also be made into an excellent paper—a very much desired medium now that our pulp woods are getting scarce and far removed.

There seems to be no limit to the usefulness of this plant. Go into any Indian's rancherie or shack and see the bottles and tubes made of the dried bulbs, the cups and bowls in common use. Many a time have I drank from a newly fashioned kelp cup. See the cleverly knotted masses of fishing lines and rude nets made of the hard dried kelp cords; see the baby swinging in a hammock entirely constructed of kelp. No wonder that with the kelp and the bamboo a Japanese can readily furnish his shack.

We have just come in from a beach that is piled high with the storm-swept kelp. In one pile—a rounded wave of shore-tossed kelp—I should estimate there are five hundred tons of this commercially valuable plant going back to nature's uses totally unrecognized and unutilized by man.

NATURE'S WAY

A THOUSAND years the forest grew
With oak and mistletoe;
Then came the woodman with his axe
And laid the branches low.
Upon its site the tasseled corn
Grew green in sun and rain,
And War, the crimson harvester,
Came reaping rows of slain.

A king his marble palace reared,
That, also, passed away;
And Father Time reduced to dust
The ruins, mossed and gray;
And, resting from her patient toil,
One morning fair and bright,
Lo! Nature planted on the spot
A simple daisy white.

—*Minna Irving.*

THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN CAPTIVITY

By Will Frakes

THE object of this story (suggested by the Editor of Western Field) is to give my experience on the management of mountain sheep in captivity, in the hope that it may be of some benefit to others who may chance to come into possession of one or more of these rare wild animals that so many have tried in vain to domesticate.

I have been capturing and trying to domesticate these sheep for myself, and for the United States Government, for over five years. During that time I have captured seventeen sheep, have spent many hundreds of dollars, most of my time, and up to date I have not sold a single sheep nor realized a dollar for my five years' work. But the social love and companionship that I feel for this disappearing species of beautiful animals is greater than the love for money, and I can not give them up.

Pneumonia has taken off most of my pets, blood poison killed some, and a few died from injuries received at the time of their capture. So far I have been only partially successful in domesticating them, for no little ones have been born yet. Still, I am making headway; for each time I bring in sheep I have learned something more about how to better their condition, make friends with them, quiet their fears and make them live longer.

Once I get them to breeding, their wild nervous disposition that wears them out and leaves them an easy victim for disease, but which it highly essential in their wild state, can soon be bred out. For this wildness and nervousness is only the product of the survival of a sheep with just such a disposition. The ones that had a quiet, tame, trusting nature have long since all been shot to death.

Perhaps it will be better to begin at the time the sheep is captured; for if you do not know how to manage him then, the chances are that you will not have him very long to manage. The first thing to do with a mountain sheep after it is captured is to tie it down as quickly as possible and blindfold it. If it is tied down it can not lunge and fall down, as it certainly would if it was just tied up by the head. And if it is blind-folded it is more quiet, and does not strain and try to get loose as it would were it allowed to see.

The younger the sheep the worse it will "cut up." A grown mountain sheep when lunging, after being tied up, always tries to light

Mountain

on its feet, although it does not always do so; but the little one is more likely to light on its side, back or head than on its feet. It really seems to be trying to commit suicide. The unconscious, spasmodic jumping about of a chicken with its head chopped off resembles their actions very much. They do not try to run away but just jump in a blind, aimless way, and beat their heads on the ground. Should I ever capture another lamb I intend to at once put it into a large strong sack that I shall have handy, cut a hole in the sack large enough for the sheep to put its head out, and hang it up in a tree for two or three days.

After you have your sheep tied down and blind-folded, get him into the shade quick and give him a drink of water. He will drink out of a tin cup or anything else that he can get his nose into. Do every thing you can to keep him cool and quiet—and this more especially if it is late in the evening, for if he is very hot when night comes on the cool air is liable to give him a cold as they take cold very easily. If he does take cold and commences to run at the nose and cough, the chances are about even that it will turn into pneumonia; and if it does, your sheep is doomed. At least I have never had one recover from an attack of that highly fatal disease. They usually die in three days from the time their sides begin to throb.

When you go to move your sheep, do not try to drive or lead him if there is any other possible way of getting him in. Haul him in, sled him in, carry him in, or even drag him in if it is only a short distance; for when you undertake to lead or drive him in you are certainly up against a very hard proposition. It takes from three to five days to learn a sheep to lead. Once he finds out what you want, and what you are trying to do with him, there will be no further trouble; he will go

Sheep

with you willingly and gladly, anywhere. I have led them out of some awful cañons and along the brinks of precipices where, had the sheep made the least attempt to get away from me or fight, I would have been obliged to let it go to save myself.

After you get your sheep home the next trouble will be to get them to eat. Occasionally there is one that will eat right from the start, but most of them will not touch a bite of anything until they are nearly starved. And there are some that I believe would really perish from starvation before they would eat if their food was just simply placed within their reach, where they could eat it or not as they pleased.

But there is a way to induce the worst of them to eat if you know how, so don't wait till your sheep is poor, although if he does

not eat for a day or two it will not hurt him much, and it is best to give him about that time to get used to you, and to get good and hungry. Then make him a nice little nose-sack, one that will fit snug and reach up nearly to his eyes. Make the nose-sack out of a piece of barley-sack so he can breathe through it. Fill it about half full of rolled barley and put it on him. Tie it up tight so the grain will be pressing against his mouth. Open his mouth a little—a thing you can easily do—and get a little of the barley into it, and then let him alone for a few minutes.

He will very promptly try to spit the grain out, but if the nose-bag is tied on good and close he can not very easily do so; eventually he gets a taste of it and likes it, but is yet too badly scared to eat. Let it stay on him about one-half hour then take it off, give him

In

an hour or so to think it over and try him again, and in a short while you will have him eating.

But if he should be very obstinate dampen the barley with a little water and sprinkle just a little salt over it; I never knew one to refuse to eat it that way. But you must be careful about giving him barley, for sometimes they bloat on it; but after about a week it is safe to give him all he wants all the time. Also have some grass within his reach, and when he thinks you are not looking he will slyly take a few bites of it occasionally. But the barley is the standby; it keeps his strength up better than all the grass and weeds you could coax him to eat.

The tamer he gets the better and the more he will eat. One that is perfectly gentle never seems to get quite enough; when he isn't eating he is chewing his cud. When they are contented and unafraid they lie down a good deal, but do not sleep very much; and when they do it is only by little short naps of three or four minutes at a time, when they will wake up, take a look around, and then have another little nap. When they sleep they usually rest their chin and one horn on the ground, though they will sometimes lay their heads around on their sides.

I have a small park of about an acre, fenced in with very heavy wire netting eight feet high. There are about a dozen nice shade trees growing in the inclosure, a bank several feet high through the middle of the place for them to play on, also a log house where they can go in out of the rain and cold when they care to. The sheep think a great deal of their house, and I have noticed that in all wild sheep localities wherever there were caves and overhanging rocks such places were frequented and inhabited a great deal by them.

Captivity

Through the summer months I feed my sheep on green alfalfa, watermelons, chopped beets, and at night a good feed of bran and rolled barley. They are very fond of watermelons and beets. I have a little manger in which I feed them their alfalfa, and each sheep has a common wash basin that he eats his beets and barley out of, with anything else that I may have to feed him. I use wash basins because they are very easy to keep clean. I change their drinking water every day, though in summer when they have all the green alfalfa and watermelons they can eat they will sometimes go for a month without taking a drink.

Once a week their mangers, water buckets, feed pans and house are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. The sheep do not like to have it rain on them very much, and if one is tied up where he can not move about freely or get out of the rain, it will often give him a cold. Here, at home in their little park, I think it best to let them do as they please. And I notice that when it begins raining, as soon as the sheep get slightly wet they go into their house, shake themselves, and stay there till the storm is over.

It is generally believed that it is the low altitude and heavier atmosphere to which they are not accustomed that gives them the lung troubles that usually result fatally. This is probably in a measure correct, but not altogether so; for I have had sheep take pneumonia within twenty-four hours after they were captured, right on the tops of mountains where they had spent their entire lives. But had these sheep been allowed to go free after they were captured I do not believe they would have died.

Still, I do not believe they die simply from the fact that they are in a state of captivity; it is rather from conditions that are highly injurious to their health, brought about by overexertion, getting too hot and then cooling off too suddenly.

Had they, under such conditions, been allowed to go free, they would not have hurt themselves but would have kept up the proper amount of exertion to prevent them from cooling off too suddenly and taking cold. I have seen mountain sheep run—just for fun I suppose, for they were not scared—till their tongues were hanging out; and I feel quite sure that it did not hurt them in the least, for it is a rare thing to find a mountain sheep dead on the range. And when I do, a careful examination will usually disclose the fact that his friend Man has shot him to death to create a thrill of pleasure. Nero had this same failing!

If my sheep get frightened and begin to run, I go and shut them up at once. And more especially if it is windy or late in the evening.

There is a shameful lack of the care and management of animals that I should like to point out to every "zoo" keeper from New York to San Francisco. It shows either a complete ignorance and lack of fitness on the managers' parts, or a pitiless lack of respect for the comfort of the animals. And that is: the entire neglect of any attention whatever to the animal's feet. Go where you please and you will see the deer and antelope in the "zoos" crippling around with long, ugly, crooked feet. Their toes have grown so long, and turned their feet up so much, that it hurts the poor animal at every step he takes. If you do not think so turn up your own toes and walk on your heels for a while and see if you feel like playing.

A mountain sheep's feet grow much faster than a deer's or an antelope's. This is the result of natural adaptation, the ceaseless grind on the rocks among which they spend their lives, requiring a very rapid growing hoof. I trim my sheep's feet once a month, and they stand up as straight, and can jump and play with all the agility they did in the wild cañons where they were born.

If "zoo" keepers would make a small roof-shaped ridge of concrete (with a hard rasping surface) across the middle of each inclosure that held their ungulate animals, so the animal in going from one side of the cage to the other would have to walk over it, they could keep their hoofs worn off as they should be. The ridge need not be over a foot high and three feet wide, but the higher and wider the better. The animals like this better than they do just a smooth even surface, and will spend enough time walking over and on it to keep their hoofs worn down; then people that never saw any but these misshapen specimens would have an idea how they look when free and wild. There is no animal that has a more shapely foot than a deer, but I have seen deer and antelope in "zoos" that were really monstrosities.

When I go into my park for any purpose, the little buck who is about sixteen months

old always meets me at the gate. He has a way of rearing straight up, and then jumping up and down on his hind feet two or three times. The moment I step inside he makes a lunge at me—and hits me too—but it is only play and he never hits hard. He likes to have me run and jump and play with him. When playing, they jump one jump after another, as a deer does when running. They also have a way of jumping up as high as they can, and then playing while they are up, by kicking, twisting partly around, shaking themselves, and many other motions that require great quickness and agility.

This rearing up that they do so much of, would indicate a strain of some other animal than a sheep, for I never saw any of my domestic sheep rear up either in play or in fight. Occasionally I slip quietly into the little park without the sheep seeing me—a thing, however, that I cannot often do—but the moment the buck sees me he will jump up and come trotting up to me to be petted, his nose sticking straight out and his horns turned back, looking very meek. He evidently feels a sense of embarrassment to think that he allowed anything to get so near to him without seeing it.

Has a mountain sheep wool? Yes, sir; he undoubtedly has, but it does not drag the ground although I was once assured by a man that he had seen them with wool so long that it did. The wool is rather short, very fine, of a pale bluish color, and lies beneath the long hairs that cover the body where it does not show. The most wool is along the sides and shoulders, but there is some all over him. Some sheep have considerably more than others. They shed their wool and hair once a year. When shedding, they rub their sides and shoulders with their horns, which causes the wool to collect in little rolls, an inch or two long, amongst and on the ends of the hairs, where it can be seen and picked off. There is really more wool than there appears to be. I think if it were all saved, a grown sheep would have from two or three ounces to a half pound. From a woolly standpoint the mountain sheep would not be very profitable; but the hide, when dressed, although it is very thin, is stronger than the best buckskin. And every one that has ever eaten of their flesh agrees that it is excellent. For my own part I have never killed nor eaten but very few mountain sheep; but the ones that I did eat, although they were old bucks, were good enough meat for any one.

I have been trying to cross the wild sheep with the tame ones but so far have been unsuccessful. Could I succeed in doing this, and then breed the halfbreeds back to bighorns again, I think I would have a sheep that would stand the racket of civilization, and also the attendant diseases. And I would certainly have mutton sheep surpassing anything in existence today as to quality and quantity.

If some other person or persons would also make a determined effort to domesticate these sheep we could be a great help to each other, no matter how far apart we might be, by swapping experiences and keeping each other posted on anything we might find out that was beneficial to the animal. But as I am entirely alone in this business, and as I do not know of any one else ever having gone so far with it as I have, I have to learn by experience. Of course that is the best way, but it is very slow, expensive and often very discouraging. I believe there are a few persons in various parts of the United States who are anxious to try the experiment, but unfortunately they cannot capture the animals.

There is little doubt that if a band of mountain sheep could be captured, and at once placed in a large park in some mountainous region where they could live in a semi-wild condition, they would do all right and multiply. But their wild, nervous nature will have to be bred out of them before they can ever be domesticated to any extent. For, as they are today, no animal is wilder, more difficult to capture, or farther removed from domestication. They seem to be possessed with a superfluity of life that is ever urging them to efforts that they haven't the physical ability to withstand.

At first, blood poison killed some of my sheep; but I have found that I can beat that most every time by the free use of carbolic acid. Should blood poison set in from any wound the animal might receive, keep the diseased part wet with a solution of one part pure carbolic acid and twenty parts water. If the swelling does not stop within an hour, make the solution one-fifteenth. This will burn rather severely, but it must do so to kill the poisonous germ that is causing the swelling. And if the case is very dangerous make the solution even stronger; for it is better to burn his leg off and save his life than

to allow the blood poison to eat it off and kill him too—a thing it will almost certainly do if not promptly stopped. When the swelling stops, dress the wound with glycerin oil in which a lump of camphor has been dissolved, and a few drops of carbolic acid; the sore will dry up, and heal quickly.

But if your sheep takes pneumonia I cannot help you. I have written to many veterinaries throughout the United States in regard to this terrible disease. Some of them sent me advice and told me what to do; but most of them frankly told me that they could not do any thing, once the disease got a firm hold.

What I am studying now is how to manage the sheep in a manner that they will not take pneumonia. I believe the principal conditions are: All the freedom that can possibly be given them, sunshine, light and pure air. Also absolute cleanliness about their feeding places. Give them a good variety of green food, with a feed of grain at night. Have a perfectly dry place for them to stand and lie down on. If a sheep takes cold and is allowed to stand on the cold wet ground it will certainly die; but if placed in dry, warm quarters, with plenty of sunshine, well stimulated and well fed, if it can be kept from worrying the chances are more than even that it will recover.

But if it begins to breathe fast, its sides begin to throb, and you see that it is in great pain, you can know that the grim destroyer pleuro-pneumonia is rapidly closing up the little air cells of the lungs that feed the mysterious battery of life that man with all his boast of knowledge does not understand, and cannot bring back to a thoroughly lifeless body.

When a mountain sheep is dying, it will sometimes throw up its pretty head and utter a low bawl of agony that is not pleasant to hear. Generally, however, they meet death bravely and silently, often without a struggle.

BACK TO NATURE

I CONFESS that I was dreaming,
  That my thoughts were far away
By the side of rippling waters,
  Where, a lad, I used to stray;
That I quite forgot the meeting,
  And the forfeit, man, is yours;
No, I'm sure I don't regret it,
  We're but even on old scores.

I confess that I was dreaming
  The most pleasant dream of all;
I had quite forgotten dollars,
  With life's wormwood and its gall;
For the doors of mem'ry opened
  To the turning of Time's key,
And bright visions of dear childhood
  Came a-trooping back to me.

I confess that I was dreaming;
  Can't you see it in my eyes?
Man, I hooked a speckled brook trout
  That beat all the rest for size.
I was in the sun-kissed water,
  And bare-legged, still did seem
To hear the song of nature
  Set to music of the stream.

I confess that I was dreaming
  Of the back years for awhile;
Oh, it did me good, I tell you,
  And I care not, though you smile.
You're a cynic. I am going
  To the sunshine and the rain
Of the great God's open country,
  Back to nature once again.

—*F. M. Kelly.*

COURSING the hare with greyhounds is one of the oldest national field sports. To delve into ancient coursing lore is to discover that about nineteen hundred years ago the sport was then carried on in practically the same manner that it is at the present time.

One of the earliest, if not the first account of this sport, was written by Arrian, A. D. 150, which account covered the subject in a fairly elaborate manner; and from it we can gather that the essentials of the sport are the same now as they were in those early days.

Arrian, the Greek, was a true sportsman as his writings show, and it is plain that he was a devoted adherent to the "long dogs", and knew from personal experience of what he wrote regarding coursing. In Arrian's time, it is quite evident that coursing matches were not in vogue, for he never mentions anything as to the relative merits of greyhounds. In those ancient times, coursers went out for the fun of seeing their dogs run a hare, and two greyhounds were considered enough to show sport and give poor puss a fair chance for her life, exactly as we do it at the present day.

It is rather uncertain as to the exact date when coursing matches came into vogue, but it was undoubtedly previous to Queen Elizabeth's time; for during her reign she had drawn up, by her especial command, certain "Laws of the Leash or Coursing", which were "allowed and subscribed by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk."

Most of the earliest coursing seems to have been private, until in Charles the First's reign matches were decided in public and from then until the present time the sport has been kept going, with the world famed Waterloo Cup as the premier prize, which every courser hopes to win at some time during his active connection with the sport.

The general public are as a rule not at all well up in either the theory or practice of coursing, and beyond a rather faint idea that two dogs run a hare, and one kills her—if possible—thus winning the course, they know absolutely nothing, nor can they at all appreciate the niceties of the sport. Coursing has taken quite a hold upon the affections of very many sportsmen in America, and I am glad to say that very many good dogs are run at various meetings during the year.

To enter into a minute and detailed description of everything connected with the sport would necessitate a fairly bulky volume,

so I must limit myself to those points which will give my readers a general idea of coursing, as well as an insight into the merits and demerits of some world famous greyhounds who have won the Waterloo Cup.

About the year 1870 public coursing stakes had become a sporting institution, and such well-known men as Lords Sefton, Lurgan, Craven, and a host of others were in the heyday of their popularity. In 1869, at least £50,000 had been run for in stakes, thus showing conclusively how popular was the sport.

For very many years, dating from the time when coursing was first introduced, we find that greyhounds were used merely as a means of catching hares, quite apart from relative merit, and that the dog which ran cunning and accounted for his hares with strict regularity, was considered to be the "real thing," instead of being promptly got rid of, as happens at the present day to a rogue which will not run fairly when entered in a public stake.

After a time, however, we find that owners began to match their dogs against each other; but for a long time the dog killing the hare was considered to be the winner, quite apart from any points of merit as calculated nowadays. At length these points were adopted, and since then the sport has advanced and developed, until at the present date it is as near perfection as possible.

The Kill

Of all the trophies run for in the coursing world, none is so coveted as the famous Waterloo cup, rightfully called "The Blue Ribbon of the Leash." It is the summit of every coursing man's ambition to be returned the winner of this great event, and if he can do it with one of his own home-bred dogs, his success will always rank as a red-letter performance in the pages of his life's history. There are richer stakes to be run for than the great Altcar trophy, but none are so much coveted; and to win one Waterloo Cup is as great a triumph as to see one's number go up and be proclaimed winner of the Derby, the summit of the racing man's ambition.

Reference to some of the earlier Altcar meetings will serve to interest my readers and show them that coursing is in reality a great sport, well worthy of any man's attention. The year 1836 saw the beginning of the Waterloo cup. It was but a very modest event in those days, being an eight stake at 2 sovereigns each. The winner was the property of Lord Molyneux, eldest son of the Earl of Sefton; and was entered in the nomination of a Mr. Lynn, under whose auspices the meeting was successfully carried out. The winning greyhound was a bitch named Melanie. In addition to the stakes, a silver snuff box was presented to the winner. The following year saw the nominations increased to sixteen at £5 each, and the eight dogs beaten in the first round could compete for the "Altcar Plate", which today is called the "Waterloo Plate." The third year found 32 nominations at £25 each, and no further alteration occurred for the next twenty years, with the exception of a distinct stake called the "Waterloo Purse" which was added to the card. In 1857 the stake attained its full dimensions as follows:

The Waterloo Cup, sixty-four subscribers at £25 each=£1600, which is alloted as follows: £1240 to the thirty-two dogs left in the Waterloo Cup proper, comprising £500 to the winner, £200 to the second, £50 each to the third and fourth, £30 each to the next four, £20 each to eight, and £10 each to the other sixteen. The thirty-two dogs beaten in the first round to run again for the Waterloo Purse, for which £260 is reserved, the winner

A Close Heat

getting £100, the second £50, two dogs £15 each, four dogs £10 each, and eight dogs £5 each respectively.

For the Waterloo Plate £100 is reserved for the sixteen dogs beaten in the second round of the Cup, the winner receiving £45, the second £20, two dogs £7.10.0 each, and four others £5 each. From a perusal of the above conditions it is easy to see that the owner of a pretty smart dog stands a very fair chance to draw a prize, even should he fail to win the coveted Cup, so it is no wonder that nominations are eagerly sought after, and are considered an honor to the lucky one to whom they are alloted.

I herewith append a list of some of the most noted winners of the Cup, beginning at the year 1847 and amongst which some of my readers may recognize names well known to them, especially during the later years mentioned.

1847. Lord Sefton first competed, and won the Waterloo Cup with a greyhound named Senet, which he bred himself, as likewise his sire and dam.

(In 1854. Lord Sefton again won with Sackcloth, a son of Senet.)

1850. } The winner was Cerito, who was
1852. } but a puppy on the first occasion.
1853. } This bitch was slipped altogether fifty-three times and won forty-five courses; a pretty smart performance.

1857. Won by King Lear, the runner up being Sunbeam, who was backed to win an enormous stake.

1859. The stakes were divided for the first time, by Clive and Selby.

1861. The winner was Canaradzo, whose name is conspicuous in most of the tabulated pedigrees of our present time celebrities.

1866. Won by Lobelia, a small, wiry greyhound by Sea Foam, weighing a shade over 44 lbs.

From 1868 to 1871 we come to the Master McGrath period, with which most sportsmen are familiar, at least by hearsay, if they were not fortunate enough to attend the meetings in person.

The name of the Irish dog, Master McGrath, was one to conjure by; and hundreds of men who knew nothing of coursing spoke in glowing terms concerning this famous greyhound.

Master McGrath was by no means a big dog, but he was compactly built, and was the possessor of the best of legs and feet. He was not particularly handsome, having a short and rather sour looking head.

1868. In this year Brigade was favorite, though the Irishmen were very sweet on their puppy McGrath. Prior to leaving for England, Master McGrath won the Visitors' Cup at Lurgan, and those who saw him win it remembered him in future events.

In the Waterloo Cup, Master McGrath defeated Brigade, and Lobelia, the winner of the previous year, and in the final Cock Robin, the property of Mr. Lister. This year was also the first in which the famous bitch Bab at the Bowster was entered for the Cup.

1869. Both Master McGrath and Bab at the Bowster were entered again, and after an exciting final, Master McGrath beat the bitch, and won his second Waterloo Cup.

1871. Master McGrath again won the Cup; and it was his last course. So great was the excitement over the event, and so famous had Master McGrath become, that even Queen Victoria commanded him to appear at Windsor Castle, and took a lively interest in his many performances. Two years after the above events took place, the famous dog died of heart disease.

1876. This year saw another canine wonder, for the winner was the diminutive Coomassie.

1878. Coomassie again won. She was the smallest greyhound that ever won the Waterloo Cup, as she weighed but 44 lbs. She stands out like Master McGrath, and other good ones, as a greyhound of exceptional merit.

1886. Miss Glendyne won. She was a peerless bitch, and her final course for the Cup against the diminutive Penelope II, was, in the opinion of Mr. Hedley, the judge, the finest course he ever witnessed.

1887. Divided between Greater Scot and Herschel.

1888. Won by Burnaby.

1889-90-91-92. Famous for the running of Fullerton, the noted dog owned by Colonel North. In 1889 this dog divided the Cup with his kennel companion Troughend; and in three following years he won the Cup outright.

Fullerton, by Greentick—Bit of Fashion, was one of the wonders of the coursing world. His victories are still in the memory of those who are interested in coursing events, and although the deeds of Master McGrath, Lobelia, and Bab at the Bowster have gone down to fame, Fullerton was assuredly their equal if not their superior. It will be long before we see such another bright star in the coursing field, for to be hailed four times winner of the Waterloo Cup is glory indeed.

As I write these lines, I have before me a series of photographs of the favorite for the 1908 Waterloo Cup, i. e., Long Span, the property of Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine, of Castle Milk, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

Long Span, by Pateley Bridge—Forest Fairy, is highly fancied for the Cup, and by the time these lines are in print his chance will have come and gone, and the final will have been run.

Sir R. Jardine won the Cup in 1873 with the bitch Muriel, and there will be great rejoicings if Long Span can repeat his performance of twelve months ago and thus secure the coveted trophy for his owner the second time.

Having looked into the past history of the sport, we will now investigate the points and niceties of coursing as carried on at the present day.

Enclosed coursing, that is, ground enclosed by fences, with escape holes for the hares, was first started in 1876, and after the Ground Game Act came into operation in 1880, many people came to the conclusion that enclosed coursing would eventually become necessary, owing to the shortage of hares after the above Act was in operation.

I will not enter into details of this kind of coursing, for it is well known in America, where enclosed meetings are held. Suffice it to say, that where open coursing can be obtained, no one ever dreams of patronizing the enclosed, for the latter is in no sense of the word sport at all. Greyhounds run at these enclosed meetings soon begin to run cunning, thus spoiling them for sport in the open, and most of the best coursing men set their faces most determinedly against it, with the result that it is now almost a thing of the past, or has degenerated into a "sure-thing" gambling proposition of disrepute among clean sportsmen.

Any one who takes up coursing will have his hands full in the preparation and training of his dogs, so as to get them fit and well to run in the various stakes for which they may be entered. Space forbids my going into the details of breeding and training, and to those interested in the subject I recommend any of the books now on the market, which treat the subject in a complete and comprehensible manner. Any man who has had foxhounds under his care, should find but little, if any, difficulty in getting greyhounds into good shape to run, and so I will leave that part of the question alone.

The main principles of coursing are as

follows: A judge is appointed, who is usually mounted if the nature of the ground allows of his being able to gallop and keep the dogs in view during a course, and his decision is absolutely final in all cases. The judge decides all cases upon the one uniform principle that the greyhound which does most toward killing the hare during the continuance of the course is to be declared the winner.

The judge bases his decision upon the following points: (1), speed; (2), the go-bye; (3), the turn; (4), the wrench; (5), the trip; (6), the kill, the values of which in their order as above are (1), one, two, or three points according to the degree of superiority shown; (2), two points, or if gained on the outer circle, three points; (3), one point; (4), half a point; (5), one point; (6), two points, or in a descending scale, in proportion to the degree of merit displayed in that kill, which *may* be of no value. The definition of the speed point is as follows:

I. *Speed*: Where in the run-up a clear lead is gained by one of the dogs, in which case one, two, or three points are given according to the length of lead.

II. Where one dog leads the other so long as the hare runs straight, but loses the lead from her bending round decidedly in favour of the slower dog of her own accord, in which case the one dog shall score one point for the speed shown, and the other dog one point for the first turn.

III. Under no circumstances is speed without subsequent work to be allowed to decide a course, except where great superiority is shown by one dog over another in a long lead to covert.

The definition of the remaining points are appended below.

The Go-bye is where one dog starts a clear length behind his opponent, and yet passes him in a straight run, and gets a clear length before him.

The Turn is where the hare is brougnt round at not less than a right angle from her previous line.

The Wrench is where the hare is bent from her line at less than a right angle; but where she only leaves her line to please herself, and not from the dog pressing her, nothing is to be allowed.

The Trip or unsuccessful effort to kill, is where the hare is thrown off her legs, or where a greyhound flecks her, but cannot hold her.

The Merit of a Kill must be estimated according to whether a greyhound, by his own superior dash and skill, bears the hare; whether he picks her up through any little accidental circumstance favouring him, or whether she is turned into his mouth as it were, by the other greyhound.

When two greyhounds of the same colour are drawn together, they shall each wear a collar. The color of the collar shall be red for the left-hand side, and white for the right-hand side of the slips.

Some of the oldest as well as the best known English coursing meetings are as follows: Altcar, Bothal, Cliffe and Hundred of Hoo Club, Essex Club, Lichfield Club, North of England Club, Ridgway Club, Sleaford Club, South of England Club, and the West Cumberland Club.

Chief of the above is of course the meeting at Altcar, where the Waterloo Cup is annually run for, and where more hares are to be seen on foot at one time, during operations, than probably are to be found on any other coursing ground.

When there are many hares on the ground, it is necessary to single them out if possible, and drive them past the shelter which conceals the slipper holding the two greyhounds in the slips. At some meetings it is possible for the slipper to conceal himself behind natural fences, but at most places, he uses an artificial shelter, constructed of boards or hurdles. The slipper allows the hare a considerable start before he slips the dogs, the length of the start being left to his judgment; as often, by giving a hare too much law, the dogs are very apt to get "unsighted," and lose her.

A description of a day's coursing, however exciting it might prove to the actual participants and spectators, would be but dull reading to the general public; consisting as it would, of short accounts of each separate course. To give the uninitiated in the sport some slight idea of how it goes and what happens, I will quote the accounts of some final courses.

Accounts of exciting courses are rather meager in the annals of the coursing world, but the following pretty well describes the final course between Bab at the Bowster and Master McGrath for the Waterloo Cup.

"The bitch (Bab at the Bowster) was going the faster, until the hare, bearing to the dog's side, crossed the drain by a hare bridge. In taking the drain the bitch had to go round

by a post at the end of the bridge, or she would have made the turn—a point just achieved by the dog; the course continued in three wide circles in which six of one and half a dozen of the other was the cry; at last the dog, on the inside, wrenched and killed, thus winning a grandly contested course."

In the opinion of Mr. Hedley, who judged for very many Waterloo Cup contests, the most exciting course he ever saw was that between Miss Glendyne and Penelope II. for the Waterloo Cup. The course was thus described at the time.

"From a splendid slip Penelope II. quickly began to show in front, and held the lead for quite two-thirds of the run up; then Miss Glendyne, who was certainly slow in getting into her stride, began to get on terms, and, after drawing level, made a great effort on nearing the hare, and eventually made the turn just over a length in front; the hare went to Penelope II's side, and she swept round with it for two short points before Miss Glendyne resumed possession, and then a couple of exchanges followed, after which the brindled one drew out for a wrench and a fine kill, thus winning a very exciting trial."

There is no doubt that coursing is a most exciting and exhilarating sport. The actual trials between the dogs are always carried out with dash, speed, and spirit, and to one who has an interest in such a course, the excitement is intense. There is much variety in it also. No two hares run alike, nor do each pair of dogs perform equally well, therefore interest is kept up at all times during the day's proceedings. When, after training one of your own home bred ones you enter him for the Waterloo Cup, and, after many an exciting course your own gets into the final, what greater joy is there—especially should he win that final and land for you the coveted trophy!

TURKEY-BERRY BLOSSOMS

LITTLE flowers of the sod,
Hardly noticed, save by God!
I have brushed the moss aside
From the tree-roots where you hide,
And I marvel at the sight
Of your dainty petals white;
Every little waxen star
Perfect as the lilies are!

Little flowers of the sod,
Hardly noticed—save by God!
Wrought and fashioned by His hand,
Meetly for His service planned,
He has made your berries red
That His song-birds might be fed,
And your hidden blooms to be
Beautiful—that He might see!

—*Anne McQueen.*

ON THE BEACH

THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE

By Jessie Porter Whitaker

III.—THE MESSAGE OF THE TIDES

THE plant life of the ocean is revealed to the interested observer only in fascinating glimpses. The tide-pools on a rocky coast may give some idea of the marvels of the wonderful marine gardens which tempt those who gaze down upon them from the glass-bottomed boats at Catalina, to don a diver's suit and go exploring in Mermaid Flora's realm.

Not only gardens but tropical jungles and tall waving forests are hidden beneath this smiling blue sea.

"What is that yellowish streak on the water?" asks the visitor at Santa Barbara.

"That? Oh, nothing but the kelp belt," is the careless answer.

Some boys, who had been fishing near this belt, rowed in dragging behind their boat—not a whale—but a tree from this aquatic forest. It had been uprooted and, with much effort, they succeeded in landing it. The trunk—as they placed it on the pier—measured twenty-two feet in length, while the leaves added half that length. The "floater"—as the boys called a hollow expansion of the trunk—was as large as a musk-melon.

The trees, which grow in what is known as the laminarian zone of equatic vegetation, are among the largest plant specimens found in the sea. Some varieties grow to immense size and form dense submarine forests. Darwin says: "They render good service to vessels, forming natural breakwaters and buoys to designate dangerous rocks."

One giant variety, which is found on the northwest coast, has a stalk sometimes three hundred feet in length, bearing on its extremity a barrel-shaped air-vessel six feet long, from which grows a tuft of leaves thirty or forty feet in length. The sea-otter finds a floating home on this air vessel, from which fact the plant receives its name of "sea-otter's cabbage." The stem which anchors this immense "cabbage" is so small that the Aleutian Indians use it for fishing lines.

Of these marine forests the most strikingly interesting is that of the Sargasso sea, a region in the north Atlantic where, over an acreage as large as the continent of Europe, grows a yellowish brown vegetation covering the water as grass covers the plain. That which gives especial interest to this growth is the fact that it is a floating forest composed of *Sargassum,* a plant provided with berry-like air-bladders which give it sufficient buoyancy to support its numerous guests.

For these marine forests are the dwelling-places of millions of living creatures which find not only their homes but their nourishment in the vegetation of the sea. In these aquatic pastures the fishes feed, as well as other organisms which are food for fishes. Darwin says: "If in any country a forest was destroyed, I do not believe nearly so many species of animals would perish as would here from the destruction of the kelp."

This luxuriant growth of vegetation is by no means useful, only as a food supply for the dwellers in the sea, for "from Fucus and Laminaria, iodine is obtained and they were at one time the source of the potash of commerce." A variety known as Irish moss was, a few years ago, a common article of diet, and still another is used by the Chinese for soups while their famous "bird's-nest soup" is made from the nests of birds which build in the caves of Java, having gathered their material on the island shores of the Indian Archipelago. *Rhodymenia palmata* or "dulse" is an article of food in Ireland and Scotland and many kinds of medicine are obtained from sea plants. The kelp is extensively used by farmers on the coasts as a fertilizer.

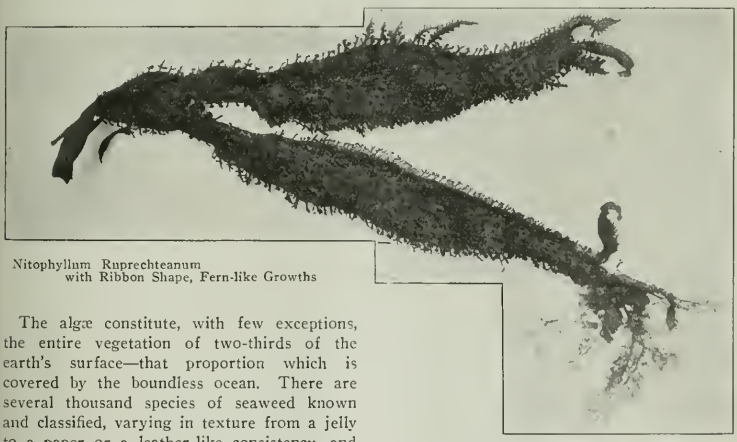
Specimens of laminaria known as "oar-weed," "tangle," "devil's apron" or "sea fur-

1. Rhodymenia Palmata and Ividea with Spore Clusters.
2. Gigartina Microphylla and Microclodia Conteri
3. Nitophyllum Laceratum

belows," are often found on the beach; they are olive-yellow, semi-transparent and leather-like in texture. Although a sandy shore is unfavorable to the growth of algæ, yet it is on these beaches that we may read the messages of the tides, for here are found specimens borne in by its currents, often from marine gardens near far-distant coasts. Longfellow's picturesque description of the storm-winds of the Atlantic, might with truth be applied to the tide currents of the Pacific:

"When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

"From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama and the dashing
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador."



Nitophyllum Ruprechteanum
with Ribbon Shape, Fern-like Growths

The algæ constitute, with few exceptions, the entire vegetation of two-thirds of the earth's surface—that proportion which is covered by the boundless ocean. There are several thousand species of seaweed known and classified, varying in texture from a jelly to a paper or a leather-like consistency, and in size from the tiniest green plants known, one thousandth of an inch in diameter, to the giant tree of the submarine forest. In color they display all shades of green, brown and red.

The flora of the Atlantic coast is divided into climatic varieties, northern and southern, by natural coast barriers. The Pacific coast has no such natural barriers, but the whole shore is divided laterally into three distinct belts—the littoral, the laminarian and the coralline zones. The littoral zone covers the space between tide marks. Here the *fucus* or rock weeds are plentiful, being provided with gelatine, as a protection against the alternating extreme conditions of exposure to air and submergence in water. The laminarian zone extends from low-water mark to the depth of fifteen fathoms, and the coralline zone to the depth of fifty fathoms. These algæ are incrusted with a deposit of lime which gives them the appearance of corals, while it is a singular fact that corals—which are really animals—simulate plant life.

Walking at low tide along the sand beaches of the Pacific coast one finds masses of tangled kelp, a search in which may reveal many rare and beautiful specimens. Interesting in shape and conspicuous, for color is the *Rhodymenia palmata.* It is a dark, purplish red and grows from a short stem which spreads into a thin, broad, fan-shaped membrane, in form somewhat resembling a large glove. Another conspicuous variety is the bright green *ulva,* commonly known as "sea lettuce," which is found everywhere.

Others which suggest ribbons are the species of *Gigortina,* several of which are found on the California coast. These are flat and thick, sometimes tapering at the top with finger-like divisions, in color dark, livid

red, purplish or red-brown and covered with wart-like projections which give them the appearance of velvet ribbons. Several species of *Nitophyllum* are found on this coast which also resemble ribbons. These are thin and silky in texture and are covered with dots or spore-clusters. *Nitophyllum ruprechteanum* is bordered with a narrow frill of thin, ruffled membrane and is shaded dark red to purple, while *Nitophyllum punctatum* is a bright rose pink and covered with dark dots.

Some of the ribbon-shaped varieties show an embroidery of tiny, red fern-growths, at times long enough—when the ribbon is floated—to rest on the paper and display their delicate forms.

In the red seaweeds the algæ attain their highest development. They grow mostly in deep water, but are often found on the beach, washed in by the tides. Varying in color from rose to flame color, crimson and deep purple, they vie with each other in grace of form. The corallines, incrusted with lime, resemble corals. The ferns, of brilliant color, outrival in beauty their sisters of the woods and others show cobweb nets of finest mesh. The flexibility of their frail texture is the protection of these dainty species which offer no resistance to the relentless tides:

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again."

THE SONG OF THE OCEAN WAVE

UNDER the calm of the noon-day sun
On the deep's soft bosom I gently rest,
And lightly rock till I hear the call
Of the joyous winds that the race has begun;
And after each other in sport we run,
Till the clouds turn red in the golden west;
And more and more with a vague unrest
We rise and fall, rise and fall,
With the heave and the sigh of the ocean's breast.

Darker we grow as the light turns gray,
Yet faster and faster we onward roll
To a vague, unknown, mysterious goal,
Unseen far away by the side of the sea.
Deeper the furrows that followed all day,
Higher and rising still higher are we,
Till billows full-grown, full-motioned, and free,
We roll, roll, ever roll,
With the surge and the swell and the sway of the sea.

I am joyful again when the round bright moon
Comes up from out of the depths of the sea,
And hide-and-go-seek is the game for me
With the flashes of light; but all too soon
I am weary grown and long for rest,
Under the sky in the clear cool air
When a calmness pervading is everywhere,
I rock and rest, rock and rest,
Sleeping once more on the ocean's breast.

—*M. Pauline Scott.*

IN BLUE CAÑON

By A. E. Hildreth

BEING an account of a vacation spent in the upper Rogue River country by a party of four, one of which attempts to describe briefly the route traversed, the objects of interest to be seen, the sports enjoyed, and other events of the trip. The persons composing the party were E. A. Hildreth Sr., E. A. Hildreth Jr., and N. B. Hildreth, all of Jackson County, Oregon, and A. E. Hildreth of Oakland, Calif.

On August 20th, 1907, we left Medford, Oregon, at eight o'clock A. M. via the Pacific and Eastern railway, and after an uneventful journey of twelve miles, arrived at Eagle Point. This is the present terminus of the above mentioned railroad, which is intended to tap the vast forest of pine and fir timber standing along the upper Rogue River and its tributaries. At Eagle Point we found a stage in waiting, and after stowing our luggage and ourselves therein, were soon again under way. After a not unpleasant ride of some twenty-three miles, we arrived at Butte Falls, a new village of small size but large prospects.

The town is nicely located on the survey of the Pacific and Eastern railway, and when the track is laid, and the sound of the locomotive whistle mingles with the roar of the waterfall, it is confidently expected by those who are interested there that Butte Falls will become a thriving city.

We remained here until about six o'clock in the evening of the next day. Then we mounted a lumber wagon, and seated on the soft side of a board, rode to the Best ranch, arriving some time after dark. This ranch is located on Four Bit Creek, and is part of a large tract of comparatively level land. The soil is a black sandy loam, and wheat, timothy, and other grasses, and all hardy vegetables thrive amazingly.

While this is well and favorably known as a grazing country at the present time, farming and fruit growing will probably command a large share of attention when the timber has been cleared away so that the soil can be brought under cultivation.

The next day, August 22nd, was devoted to fishing in Rancheria Creek, a short distance below where it receives the waters of Four Bit, and the trout we ate for breakfast the following morning spoke well for the success of the fishermen.

Having engaged Chris Beale, rancher, trapper and all around woodsman to take us to Blue Cañon, we proceeded after breakfast to roll our blankets, pack our provisions and fishing tackle, and then impatiently awaited his coming.

This being Friday, the 23rd day of the month, and a thunder storm threatening, we began to think the signs were not in our favor. But when we had about concluded that Beale had disappointed us, we heard the rattle of his wagon, and he drove up with the explanation that one of his horses had refused to be "ketched." So we loaded tent, blankets and camp equipment into the wagon, found places for ourselves, and started.

At noon we halted at the N. B. Hildreth homestead, where we made coffee and ate lunch. The water used here is brought from Whiskey Creek, a tributary of Four Bit. But in this case there is nothing in a name, for not only is this water warranted not to intoxicate, but is guaranteed to quench any thirst, no matter how long standing. All of the creeks here mentioned are tributaries of Big Butte Creek, which in turn empties into Rogue River, and the territory drained by these streams is known as the Big Butte country.

From this point we obtained a fine view of Mt. Pitt, the highest peak in Southern Oregon, and noted for the game and fish which abound in the forests and lakes surrounding its base.

Starting again at one o'clock, we soon entered the Crater Lake forest reserve, and a two hour's drive brought us to the foot of Cat Hill, practically the end of wagon navigation. Here we packed our outfit on the horses and began the ascent of the hill, following the old Fort Klamath military road, which is now

merely a rocky trail partially overgrown with snow brush, which covers many square miles of the western slope of the hill .

Cat Hill is a high ridge extending to the northward from Mt. Pitt, and separating the Big Butte country from Blue Cañon, the watershed of the south fork of the Rogue River. At Twin Lakes, our nearest approach to Mt. Pitt, we left the old road, and following a zigzag trail, finally arrived at the summit, somewhat out of breath, but not too weary to enjoy the beauty of our surroundings; for there before us lay Blue Cañon in all its scenic grandeur—a panorama of lake and glade and woodland; a place once visited, never forgotten.

To the eastward rises Pelican Mountain, with rounded top and timbered sides. Far to the northward stands Union Peak, sharp and clear cut, while in the nearer distance towers Blue Rock, the sentinel of Blue Cañon, and a landmark to guide all who may enter within its enchanted confines.

Tarrying only long enough to partake sparingly of the beauty feast which nature had spread before us, we began the descent of the eastern slope of the hill. Thirty mirutes rapid walk down the steep and crooked trail brought us to the spot where pilgrims to Blue Cañon usually make their first camp.

Near the edge of a natural meadow, which furnished good grazing for the pack animals and around the borders of which are several springs of pure cold water for which Southern Oregon is justly famed, we pitched our tent; and none too soon, for the thunder storm which had been threatening all day now broke furiously upon us, and we hastily placed our outfit and ourselves under the tent, thankful for the shelter it afforded.

Prospects for supper were not all that could have been desired, but we managed to get a fire started, made coffee, ate such cold provender as we could find in the dark, and turned in, five in a bed, to take what rest was possible under such conditions. It is not best to say that we were really pleased with our first night in Blue Cañon.

The writer wishes to state from personal observation that the upper part of Blue Cañon, or that portion of it lying to the southward of Blue Rock, is not really a cañon but may be described as a valley several miles in width, divided by a low ridge into two smaller valleys, each of which contains a chain of beautiful lakes. Some of these lakes are very small, while several of them are from one hundred to five hundred acres in extent; but large or small, each one is a gem in its own especial setting.

Our camp at the meadow was in the midst of the western chain of lakes, of which Blue, Horseshoe, and Long Lakes are the largest.

The thunder storm continued until after midnight, and a light rain was falling next morning. But after breakfast we decided that it was raining just about enough for good fishing, so we struck out for Long Lake, three quarters of a mile distant.

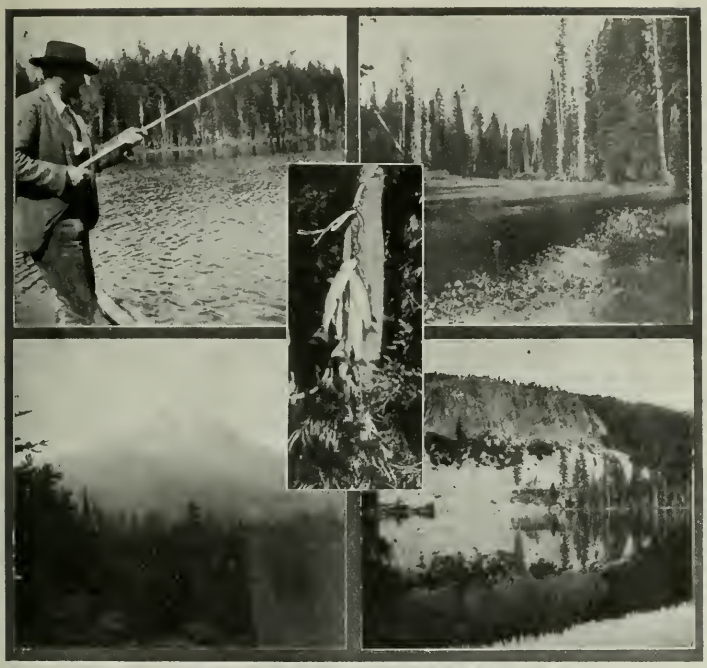
At the margin of the lake we soon constructed a raft from the trunks of some dead trees; the success with which we fished that day more than repaid us for the labor of building the raft and the soaking we had received from tramping through the wet underbrush.

By the morning of the 25th the sky was nearly clear, and all being ardent fishermen we betook ourselves to Horseshoe Lake, where, after building a large and substantial raft, we caught several fine trout. This lake afforded us fine sport on several occasions during our stay.

Blue Lake also contributed to the total number of fish taken. These trout are of large size and excellent quality, and are thoroughly game. To watch their silvery bodies flashing through the sunlit waters to the music of the singing reel was royal sport and would surely have delighted the heart of any enthusiastic angler.

The morning of the 26th dawned clear and cold, a heavy frost lay on the meadow, and ice covered our camp kettles. Having previously planned that we would on this day make a trip into the territory east of the divide we were early astir and an hour's walk in the crisp morning air brought us to Island Lake, the largest of a chain of seven or eight fine lakes which we visited during the day. For scenic beauty the writer has never beheld any lakes to compare with these.

The day was perfect, and our surroundings so entrancing that it was with keenest regret that we at last turned our faces toward the afternoon sun, and returned to camp tired and hungry but bountifully compensated for our long walk. It is now, and always will be, a



Some Blue Cañon Memories

pleasure to recall the scenes and events of that day.

Yet we were not wholly satisfied, for after careful investigation we were forced to the conclusion that no fish were to be found in these waters. Without any desire to find fault with what nature has done or has left undone, we were unanimous in the opinion that these lakes should be stocked with fish and thus add one more attraction to a list already well nigh complete. For, in this wonderland are deer, bear and other animals to attract the hunter, and huckleberries for those who are fond of this most excellent fruit. These berries are usually quite plentiful, and a limited number of persons may be found at this season of the year gathering and preparing them for winter use. We gathered berries a part of one day and brought to camp about four gallons of the fruit.

With a little hunting, more fishing and some resting, we passed the time until the last day of August in this virgin forest, where the axe of civilized man has done nothing worse than to blaze a trail here and there for the guidance —or bewilderment as the case may be—of those who come after.

Lying at an altitude of some six thousand feet, this small and little known portion of the great Crater Lake forest reserve, teeming with beauties far beyond my powers of description, affords rest and recreation for both brain and body. Realizing my inability to properly describe the mighty rock cliffs which in many places rise hundreds of feet, no previous mention has been made of them. Those which form a portion of the shores of Horseshoe Lake, and also of Blue Lake are particularly grand, and like many other features of this

vale of wonders can only be appreciated by those who see them.

We broke camp on the morning of August 31st and soon gained the summit of Cat Hill, an elevation of about eight thousand feet. A cold wind was blowing, and there were indications of a storm which very soon overtook us. As we started down the hill there were sharp flashes of lightning and heavy thunder, accompanied by a lively fall of snow. The storm appeared to be extremely severe in the vicinity of Mt. Pitt, a few miles distant, and the scene together with the novel experience so impressed the writer that the following lines were forthcoming:

A kodak picture of Mt. Pitt, was taken during the progress of the thunder snow storm.

The distance to where we had left the wagon was soon covered and we made our reappearance at the Best ranch in time to partake of an excellent dinner. It has been said, "The greatest compliment that can be paid the cook is to eat anything and everything she prepares",—and we complimented the cook.

A day's rest, followed by a two day's hunt on the western slope of Mt. Pitt, completed a most enjoyable outing. A few pictures, taken at various times and places, serve to remind us of beautiful scenes and pleasing incidents. On the whole, we considered the time well spent, and the remuneration abundantly sufficient.

High on the side of old Mt. Pitt,
  Nine thousand feet above the sea,
The Master, He of holy writ,
  Had set the angry tempest free.
The thunder pealed, the lightning flashed,
  The snow began to fall,
The elements in fury crashed
  Against that mighty wall.

A camping party, homeward bound,
  Was moving slowly down the trail,
All shuddered at the dreadful sound,
  Which caused each timid heart to quail.
The storm in majesty passed on,
  The thunder died away,
The sun in splendor shown anon
  Upon a summer day.

A Day with the Chinks

By Siwash

"SAY, my worthy nimrod, why don't you take a trip to Lynden and visit my son-in-law? Lots of 'chinks' on his place."

This was fired at me on Tuesday morning by the genial Mr. McD——, the prime favorite in the Seattle Custom House. As I had planned for the past three years to get away on a shoot for chinks only to be disappointed, I made up my mind that I could not overlook this opportunity. Grabbing the 'phone I caught my friend Captain G—— who I knew at that moment would likely be in a trance waiting for a chance to "limber up." "You bet I'll go; when, tonight?" he asked in answer to my second-hand invite.

"No, Saturday night; 'Geo E. Starr' leaves at ten," I replied.

On Saturday evening at 9:30, calling my two dogs, "Jerry" and "Don" I soon reached the pier where the fast and commodious steamer "Geo. E. Starr" tugged at her lines as if she wanted to tow the dock. Soon the Captain hove in sight, spick and span in a new Duxbak hunting suit loaded down with shells, dog biscuit and good resolutions in bottle, trying to steer his famous Gordon pup "Jerry" head on for the boat—in which he was unsuccessful as the canine got a half hitch around the Captain's taper limbs and he went to the mat for the count. Just at this moment the steamer's whistle told us that we must hurry. Grabbing everything we rushed aboard and placed our outfits in the stateroom, when I found that I had left a new pair of gum boots on the dock.

"Never mind, old chap," said my friend, "they'll be the means of some thirsty bum's getting a jag."

We expected to arrive at Bellingham next morning at eight o'clock in order to catch the auto stage leaving at nine o'clock but we did not get in until ten o'clock. Before we left the steamer we were told by the engineer that the boat would make up her time going back with the tide, still we doubted him at that. Rushing up town to the drug store we inquired if the stage had left and were told to ring up the Auto Co., which we did and were informed, "No more trips this winter." Then the atmosphere surrounding the Captain and me assumed a bluish tint and the dogs immediately dropped to charge.

"Where is a livery stable?" roared the Captain.

"Yes, we carry liver pills," sweetly lisped the blonde cashier of the drug shop.

"Who said anything about liver pills?" gasped the red faced warrior.

"Livery stable—a horse hotel," he shouted.

By this time I found the 'phone number of the city stables and was able to engage two single rigs in lieu of a double team. The liveryman also informed us we must wait a few minutes, so he could feed the horses. Once more the grimy hand of fate took a fresh hold, for we waited until one hour and thirty minutes rolled by.

"No cheap skates in this stable," whispered the Captain. "Regular blooded stock—got to have a course dinner."

Just at this moment a ray of hope shot backward through our dejected minds as we learned from a sympathizing friend that the Sunday lid did not fit tight in Bellingham. We soon found the place and ordered "straight" four fingers deep. In the midst of our downward stride we were summoned to the street where we found our rigs ready to start. By liberal use of the whip the driver managed to land us in Lynden, fourteen miles away, at 3:30 P. M., where we were met by the McDonald boys who hustled us into their rig and quickly drove us to Mr. Andreseu's farm, our stopping place.

Dreaming of China pheasants as big as turkeys I was awakened at daylight by our host. The Captain sprang from the bed and poked his head out the window.

"How's the weather?" I ventured.

"Raining like blazes!" he growled.

We soon finished a hearty breakfast, donned our hunting togs and bravely faced the weather. As we trudged across the field the Captain's pup "Jerry" gathered a body scent from a left quartering rain drop, and bolted a hundred yards ahead. Whereupon three fine chinks took flight and beat the pup by a nose in a dash to cover.

"Wonderful!" said the Captain. "That pup has a fine nose; he's fast, too." Just then I saw a rooster running among the logs. I immediately gave chase, but the foxy old bird doubled on me and took flight ten feet behind from where I stood. I whirled, snapped my right barrel, then my left, then my fingers as he sailed away to safety. Crossing to another field the dog showed game; working down the fence for a hundred yards "Don" froze stiff, beautifully backed by old "Jerry." As we walked up, four birds rose and when the battle was over we gathered in three beauties, a cock and two hens. Well, the rain was coming down but our stock was going up, despite the fact that a few measly rain drops which had been playing tag down my spinal column had given away to a stream as large as the Amazon. Breaking through a small cover of alders I jumped a rooster ten feet from where I stood. The old fellow made a wild dash for cover but the quick crack of the nitro from the little "Fox" caused him to double up and hit the logs with a bump. "Don" quickly retrieved the bird, then we pushed on through a field that looked promising but yielded no birds. Crawling through a barbed wire fence we headed for an orchard but found nothing. Looking to our left we saw a small knoll.

"That's where they are," confidently whispered the Captain.

"Up on that hill to keep from getting drowned, I suppose," I answered.

Just then we saw the dogs working strongly to the top. We rushed after them, reaching the summit completely winded but in time to pump four shots into a bunch of five birds, and again the dogs brought in three dandies. As it was nearly lunch time we worked cover and fields on our way back to the farm but were not successful in finding any birds. Half an hour spent in appeasing the inner man put us in fine shape to finish the day.

"Down by the barn I saw several fine roosters yesterday," said our host.

We took his hunch and cast the dogs into an alder cover. They roaded to a small field and down the fence, we in hot pursuit. As the birds rose I heard a mighty splash. At the crack of the right and left I saw two birds tumble to earth. Then, glancing around I saw the brave Captain standing waist deep in a ditch, swearing like a pirate. Giving him a hand he rolled on the banks spouting water like a whale. Then for an hour we worked the remaining cover and picked up one more bird. As it was getting late we started for home. Nearing the barn I nearly stepped on a grand old rooster who hot-winged it for cover at a one minute clip. If any one saw two wild-eyed shooters unloosen their stiff joints it was the Captain and I, but he beat me to it by a hair for at the crack of his little sixteen gauge the bird tumbled to the ground. As he was only winged he made for the fence, hotly pursued by the dog, but he got through the rails and made a dash for cover ten feet away when the Captain by a quick shot nabbed him as he was crawling under a log. "Jerry" retrieved in fine style and as we gazed on the beautiful plumage of this fine old fighter we thought it was the proper time to "pull the cork."

Next morning while we waited for the rig to take us to Bellingham, we feasted our eyes on ten beautiful birds and voted that Mr. and Mrs. Andresen could not be beaten as host and hostess; and that a one day jaunt in a ten gauge rain after chinks was just the proper thing for a torpid liver and to make a man a good fellow in a crowd of dyspeptics.

STILL FISHING

SEEMS as if the times are changing,
  And the hurry of the day
Would be turning even fishing
  From the good old-fashioned way.
Here with light and costly tackle
  I am working hard and fast,
With a hired man to row me
  And a wooden bait to cast.
Yes, I'm catching fish; but somehow
  I don't seem to get the thrill
That the smallest nibble brings you
  When you're fishing sitting still.
All the world is filled with beauty,
  And I'd like to gaze and dream;
And to watch the turtles basking
  Where the water lilies gleam;
And I'm wondering if that kingfisher
  Will catch himself a meal,—
But I haven't time to watch him,
  For I'm busy with my reel.
Give me back my worms and "bobber"
  And the old seat by the mill,
For it seems to me I'm happier
  Just a-fishing sitting still.

—*Paul Harold Woodruff.*

GOOD-NIGHT

BETWEEN the cañon's narrow walls,
  Sinks red the dying sun,
Whose last beams touch with brush of pink
  The green leaves one by one.
The frogs' bass chanting has begun,
  And dusk is deepening brown,
As though, with shadow thwart the sun,
  Night drew her curtain down.

The streamlet sings itself to sleep,
  In drowsy undertone;
The redwoods' stately minarets,
  In its dull glass are shown.
Upon my tired brow alone
  Rests the cool hand of night;
And, though my pillow is a stone,
  Oh, but my heart is light!

My lamps, the stars the angels lit
  Before the moon arose.
She shines, a silver scimetar,
  Through leafy porticos.
Down at my feet the camp-fire glows,
  With flickering, fitful light;
The walls of dark around me close—
  Good-night, sweet world, good-night!

—*Ray Brazel Miller.*

GIANTS OF INSECTDOM

By Alberta Field

ALL extremes are comparative, yet we gaze with wonder at mammoth beetles, gigantic caterpillars and butterflies, all as ponderous from certain standpoints as are unwieldy elephants, whales, or the queen ant, huge with her uncountable progeny. Nearly every one, however, is more or less interested in these same extremes be they mammoth or minute, but among insects particularly, the largest and most luxuriant are nearly all confined to the tropics, hence inaccessible to many of us save as we visit the various museums of natural history, where we may study them at our leisure but under the disadvantage of the obnoxious pin.

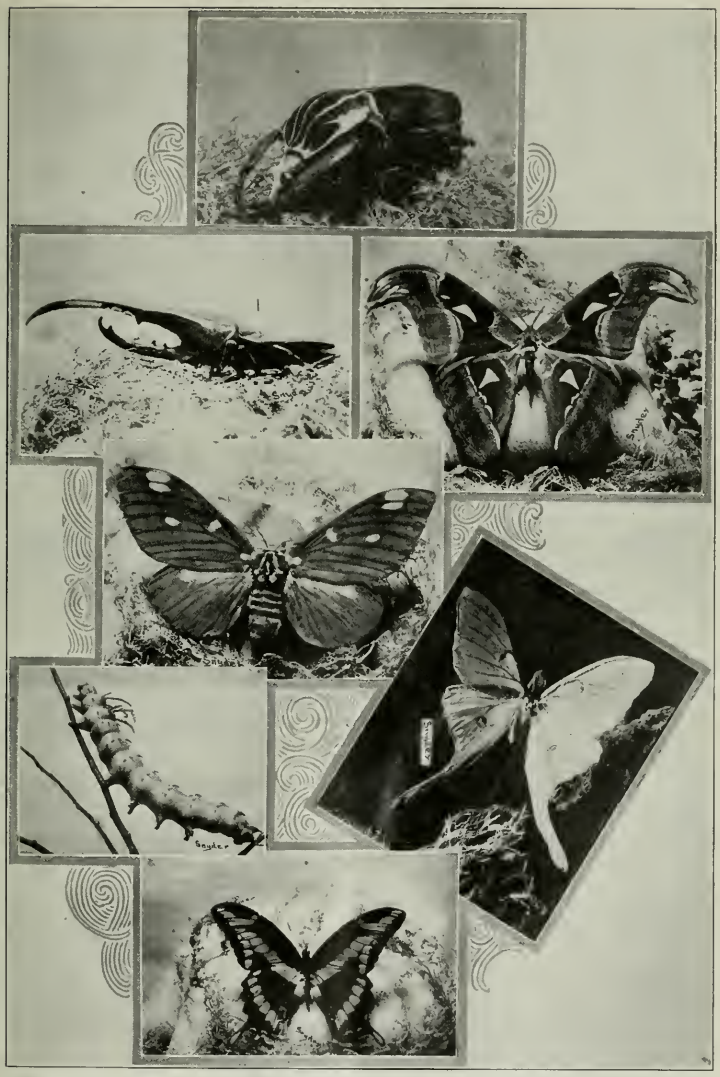
One of the handsomest of the big beetles is the African Goliath, known to naturalists as *Goliathus gigantcus*. This chap is four inches long and two broad, quite formidable enough to intimidate any unwary foe who may run up against him. His wing covers are a rich, velvety crimson as is also the big shoulder shields which are banded with cream color. The queer shaped head is white with curious crimson markings and is furnished with a pair of blunt horns of the same rich color. The lower part of the body is a shiny, metallic black and edged with long tan-colored hairs that look like a fringe. The same trimming extends around the abdomen and down the second pair of legs, making him look like an insect cowboy in the matter of personal decoration. Neither is the typical armor lacking, not in the form of six-shooters, but a pair of gigantic, sectional claws, hard and shell-like, which should command the respect of the owner's foes. The female beetle, not being predisposed to warfare, is clawless.

The cocoon of this insect giant is an immense and curious construction formed of mud and beetle secretion. It is said to be as large as a swan's egg, an unfortunate comparison, however, for to most of us the swan's egg is quite as unfamiliar as a Goliath cocoon. Any way it is egg-shaped, and about the middle is a wide belt of the same cement which has puzzled various scientists who are unable to determine the use of this apparently superfluous addition, but it doubtless gives extra strength to the cocoon.

The Hercules beetle, a native of the West Indies, is another fellow whose appearance suggests it were well to treat him with all due consideration. His length, snout weapon and all, is about seven inches with a wing spread of eight. His armor-like coat is a delicate gray with dots and outlines of black. The upper snout is black and highly polished and lined with brownish hairs. Both parts are provided with tooth-like projections which are used as weapons of offense and defense, but on its own kind only. As with the Goliath, the female is weaponless.

Among the wide-winged insects the cobra moth leads a good first with its wing expanse of at least eight inches. He is a handsome fellow in his reddish tan garments which are embroidered and decorated in gray, old rose and white. A curious departure in this insect is that its wing-tips are elongated and curved into the form of a serpent's head, a resemblance which is further carried out in the markings, even to a semblance of the spectacle-like eye spots on the back of a cobra's head. As this moth is a native of the deadly cobra's country, it has been suggested that with wings closed and only tips peeping above a leaf, it so resembles its "copy" that it should be able to scare and escape from its various enemies.

One of the largest Americans is the Royal Walnut-moth which, particularly in the caterpillar stage, is a terror-inspiring creature, so much so that it has been named the "Hickory Horned-devil" as it feeds largely on hickory and walnut. I well remember the first one I ever saw which fell to the ground before two of us who were gathering nuts. For fully five



1. Goliath Beetle
2. Hercules Beetle
3. Cobra Moth
4. Royal Walnut Moth
5. "Hickory-Horned Devil"
6. Luna Moth
7. Giant Eastern Swallowtail Moth

minutes the surrounding country resounded with feminine shrieks, so frightful and repulsive did the wriggling creature look. This happened, however, before I became interested in caterpillar history as a source of amusement, but which has taught me that one has nothing to fear from any of our big "worms" who offend in appearance only. The caterpillar referred to is from five and one-half to six inches in length, leaf green in color, and decorated with various blue-black, iridescent horns and spines which it can move at pleasure. The moth is a bulky, orange-brown-winged fellow striped with lead-color, and wears bright yellow patches on both fore and hind wing.

Another large night-flying moth is the beautiful Luna, the delight of all amateur collectors. Its wings are delicate green with borders of rich purple, and are decorated with transparent eye-spots edged with black, white or red. Its long "tails" give it a very distinguished appearance, as also does its plump body covered with long white fur that makes it look positively "kittenish."

The largest North American butterfly is the Giant Swallow-tail, practically a southern species, but slowly invading the western and northern states. This gorgeous yellow and black beauty has a wing expanse of about five and one-half inches and is always a desirable catch for butterfly lovers, particularly when found beyond its native habitat. Its caterpillar is a curious brown and white affair which when lying on a leaf so closely resembles bird droppings that it must escape all but the cleverest foes. Disturb it, however, and out comes a pair of nicely concealed, orange-colored whip lashes which are waved frantically and exhaling so offensive an odor that one is glad to take refuge in flight to escape it.

SUMMER RESORT SPORT

By Norman H. Crowell

AH! THOSE restful summer days—those long-drawn, dreamy chunks of bliss that we put in at the summer resort! There was sport that was sport. Who has not whiled away a week at a summer resort and then whiled away the remaining fifty-one earning money to get even again! But we don't regret it—not a bit.

With your little bundle of bills snugly sewed to your socks you say goodbye to business cares and the cook. You hope you may never run up against either one again. At the resort the proprietor greets you with a handclasp that nearly breaks you in two, and then shows you a room so small that if he had, the two of you couldn't have got into it. While he is exhibiting to you the manifold advantages of the folding bed you become wedged between it and the dresser and to get out alive you are forced to throw your grips into the hall and back out on hands and knees. Then the landlord condescends to show you a room half a size larger at "der same brice."

Having put on a brilliant white set of pants and a soft, downy smile that runs all the way around your jaw and loses itself back of each ear you are ready for whatever comes your way. You stroll down among the other victims trying to look like a man who has just sold a patent for half a million.

The first day you pass quietly, smoking several brands of resort tobacco in an endeavor to decide which is worst. A bath and a face massage next morning makes you feel so young and skittish that when you see a chance to take a corner at tennis you grab it with both hands.

Being an earnest soul, you work hard and before you are aware of it your collar has got tired and laid down to rest. Your trousers,

also, look rather discouraged and native pride finally drives you back to your stall.

An hour later you reappear in a complete change of act and costume. Some one suggests a row on the lake. You sit up and sniff the air eagerly. Rowing, eh? That sounds aquatic and cool. They install you as the galley-slave and in exactly twenty-three minutes you find that your back has quit business at the old stand and your palms look like danger signals.

By pleading illness, strenuously you get off and make a bee-line for arnica and general repairs.

Sometime thereafter you stroll casually down to the water-toboggan and the fever takes you. The manager shoves you into a small oven wherein you find a bathing suit made for a man five times your distance around. You crawl into it with ease but with some misgivings and take up a yard or two of the slack by means of a safety pin which you have the good fortune to find.

Then up the stairs you go, feeling like a man going to the electric chair. The gentle breezes play tag with your spirituelle form as you reach the top, and the attendant fits you to a toboggan. He next packs six or seven husky girls on behind you and the first one grabs you by the ribs and tickles you so that you feel like protesting loudly but, for some reason, you do not.

Just as you are resigning yourself to fate you feel the toboggan shudder, then—zip-p-p-pp—down you drop like a flash and the entire lake jumps up and hits you square in the teeth. You catch a breath just before you are shoved under by the flock of girls behind and it is a good thing you do for they crawl all over and keep you below until you hear church-bells ringing and see fireworks. Then you pop up right in front of another toboggan and it wears the top of your head raw as it goes over. To show their friendliness toward you, the last two or three fellows drop off backward and manage to push your nose into the soft mud at the bottom.

After your initiation you begin to enjoy it—the longer after the better you like it. Next day you positively gloat over it. At the start your circulation balks on you. The air grows frigid and seems to hit you like a winter breeze coming around an icehouse. You long for a muff and earlaps. Your hide puckers up till it feels like a gravelled roof on a foundry. But you keep at it and after awhile you either warm up to it or get so numbed that you don't notice it.

When you quit you go back to the sweatshop and don your habiliments of civilization. You discover, at this period, that some thoughtful person has carefully sorted your loose change and you are shy. This adds to the temperature of the room quite a bit.

After a delightful day of such intense pleasure a hammock looks like a letter from home and you fall into one. You get drowsy and saw about two bars when some unregenerate thief sticks a brad-awl into your shoulder and you jump six feet. After blinking like a man under a three-quarter load, you find that it is the summer resort mosquito seeking a handout.

Seeing that sleep is useful but useless, you light a smudge (summer resort for cigar) and go for a ride on the steamer. This is bliss unalloyed and you are just touching the last rung in the ladder that leads to the seventh heaven of content when the fireman gets cross-eyed and shovels your lap full of soft coal. Of course he is profuse in his apologies but that don't help your pants any. You are real put out about it until a big, friendly wave crawls in over your shoulder and washes the dust all over nicely. Then you feel extinguished and say nothing.

At 11:58 you sneak up to bed feeling glad there isn't anything you have overlooked to make the day one long stretch of enjoyment.

Next morning you get up in sections and pay a man a dollar to help you dress. You stick to it a week and when you get home your wife thinks the smile you greet her with is caused by the fun you've had. But you know a whole lot better—and maybe you have sense enough to say so.

THE LONGEVITY OF TURTLES

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

DURING my time I have kept in captivity quite a number of species of turtles and tortoises—the periods of confinement varying all the way from a few hours to that of several years. When cruising among the Bahamas and the Florida Cays, early in the 60's, I sometimes had alive for a few days or so the young of the large marine forms, as the Leather-back, the Loggerhead, and especially the Green Turtle (*Chelonia mydas*), but I learned comparatively little from such specimens, as my career as a naturalist had hardly more than begun.

Among other turtles and tortoises, both old and young, that I have kept alive during the past forty years or more, have been the Box Tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*), the Mud Turtle (*Kinosternum pennsylvanicum*), the Musk Turtle (*Aromochelys odoratus*), the Snapping Turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*), four or five species of the better known "Pond turtles"; the Wood Turtle (*Chelopus insculptus*), two of the Soft-shelled Turtles (*A spinifer* and *ferox*), and some of the terrapins—perhaps a dozen or more species in all. And, while I have devoted considerable time to reading about this very interesting group of reptiles, I have been somewhat surprised to find how little naturalists have said in regard to the duration of life in the *Chelonia*.

To be sure there is a very good reason for this, for it is a well-known fact that among the vertebrata they stand as the most long-lived of all its representatives. Everyone who has, in a general way, written about them admits this is but true, so it is not at all surprising we have so little data upon their longevity, of an accurate character. When in all probability many of these reptiles live to be over a century old, and for much longer periods, as we shall presently see, the chances are extremely remote of any *family* undertaking to make records of such facts, for the record would have to pass from one generation to the next succeeding one, as the ordinary span of life in the individual would not be of sufficient length to follow that of the Chelonian from the time it emerges from the egg to its death. We can do this easily with dogs, cats and canary-birds and the like, but not with turtles.

Moreover, these latter animals are extremely tenacious of life, and we have every reason to believe that, under ordinary conditions, the fact that they were kept in a state of captivity would in no way curtail the length of time they usually live in nature. Then, as I have proved to my satisfaction over and over again, many of the species can go for months without eating a particle of food, and sometimes without water. With respect to the young of the fresh water species found in north-eastern North America, however, my experience goes to show that they will feed, if food be offered to them, at all seasons of the year, and thrive all the better for it; while upon the other hand, I have known the adults of the land, or the amphibious types, as in the case of the Wood Turtle for example, to reject all food entirely during the winter months, and be satisfied with an occasional drink of water, but they lose fat on it, and show no perceptible growth. There are exceptions to this rule however, for I knew of one specimen of this species that ate meal worms when given to it all winter, and it likewise drank with avidity. Wood Turtles of this species (*Chelopus insculptus*) undoubtedly live to a very old age, but it is not possible for me to state this in years, nor have I ever met a herpetologist who could furnish me with such information. Still my knowledge of this reptile permits me to throw a little light on the subject of a kind that admits of a fair approximation in the way of a solution.

For several years past I have lived in New York City, and in not a few instances have been furnished with specimens of living animals of various kinds by those who knew

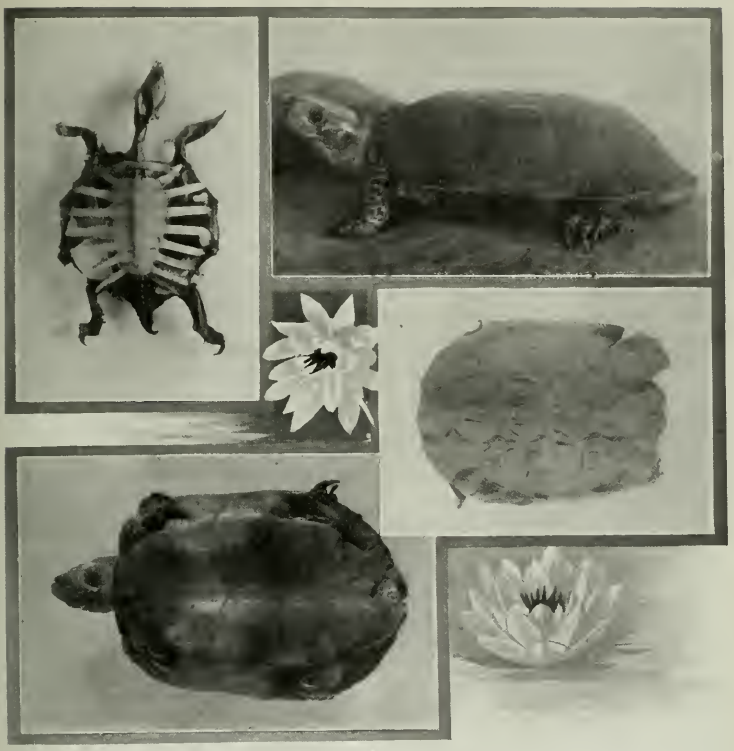


Fig. 1. Partly Dissected Specimen of Young Soft-shelled Turtle. (Seen from above and slightly reduced.)
Fig. 2. Adult Wood Turtle. (Showing avondermal scutes.)
Fig. 3. Under View of Male Wood Turtle, Reduced. (Same specimen as in Fig. 2.)
Fig. 4. Superior View of Shell of Female Wood Turtle, Reduced (Showing letters and date cut in.)

of my work in biology. On the 28th of October, 1903 one of the city mail carriers, who looked out for me in this way, brought me a pair of these turtles which he had captured somewhere in the woods on the outskirts. Immediately after they came into my possession I placed them in a big bath-tub filled with water, where in the course of the following hour they mated—a most remarkable courtship from start to finish, and one that I shall certainly have to describe in some other connection, as in the present article vital statistics are more particularly being dwelt with, though I may add in an episodic way, that she rejected the advances of the male next day, while he was successful again on the fourth of the following month. After that she fought him upon all occasions whenever he essayed an approach. This behavior so angered him, that he, taking advantage of his greater size and strength, tyrannized over her in the most cruel manner imaginable, plodding round after her, and biting her upon every chance he got. He nearly cut off one of her fore-feet,—the right one—in his many attacks, and from all this abuse she died about a year after I had them (21 Nov. 1904, 11:30 A. M.).

As we know, at the time of hatching these

turtles are very small, perhaps not much over an inch in length, and their rate of growth is extremely slow. Now when the female of the pair, here being considered, came into my possession, her plastron had a length of six and a quarter inches, and the carapace a transverse diameter of four and three quarters inches, measured at its widest part. The latter had at some time in the life of the specimen been cruelly mutilated at its forepart on the left hand side, and subsequently healed (See Fig. 2). The dermal scutes are prominent and strongly marked with respect to their ridges and lines. What interests us most however, in the present connection, are the letters and figures that some person has cut into the three middle scutes of the carapace. The name "Henry" appears on the anterior one of the series, followed by the initials "H. M"—evidently the same party, and finally the date "'89," That the last is preceded by an apostrophe, indicates that the recorder was a person of care and intelligence, while the date is undoubtedly the correct one, or else a very much earlier year would have been selected, as for example 1776, or 1860, or such like. As it stands, the cutting on this shell was done fifteen years before the death of the specimen, which latter was due to injury. These letters and figures show no distortion whatever due to the *growth* of the specimen, and consequently the carapace was probably about the same size as it was before they were cut in or fifteen years before she came to her untimely death. From the mutilation we can learn but little; it is apparent that it was nearly detached at the time it occurred, and in healing protruded some distance beyond the normal boundary of the shell. By counting the marginal scutes it will be seen that nothing was lost, and the semi-isolated piece is well nourished. (Fig. 2.)

A better insight can be gained, I think, into the probable age attained by this turtle by comparing the female of this pair with the male, that is when taken in connection with what has already been pointed out. When they obtain their full growth, for all that I now know to the contrary, they come to be about the same size, and it is to be observed here that the male is considerably larger than the female,—the extreme length of his plastron being six and three quarters inches, and the carapace, at its widest part, five and three eighths inches. The ridges and lines on the latter, so well marked in the female, are here much worn down, leading me to believe, that the specimen is not only full size, but that he has lived many years since having attained to it.

Taking all this evidence and ascertained dates into consideration, I am inclined to the opinion that this female specimen was in the neighborhood of fifty years of age at the time of her death, and that the male, still a captive of mine, must be fully seventy years old at this writing (March, 1907), or even perhaps several years more than that age. Indeed, were the truth really known, it would not surprise me to be told that he was nearer eigthy years old. Often I have kept the young of the Snapping Turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*) for two or three years at a time, and have noted that in the case of this species the rate of growth is extremely slow, though it varies somewhat in different individuals. Specimens of this species often attain a length of two feet or over, and they are probably fully thirty years old before they become adult, and they may be considerably more than double that age before death, or even live to be a century old, for aught we know to the contrary.

In describing the common Box Tortoise (*Cistudo carolina*). M. Raymond L. Ditmars says in his work on "The Reptiles of the Vicinity of New York City," that the "Box Tortoise lives to great age, as is shown by the fact that specimens have been found upon the shells of which were names and dates that had been carved there sixty or seventy years before. Such tortoises were found near the fields in which they lived when marked, hence the probability is that the animal is not a great traveler." (p. 139.)

The late Professor Packhard says in his "Zoology" that "The land tortoises are long-lived, and often reach a great age," and further that "It is probable that turtles do not lay eggs until eleven to thirteen years of age." (p. 511.)

When living in New Orleans early in the 80's I knew a druggist who had kept a medium-sized Soft-shelled Turtle in a small aquarium for over ten years, during which time it had grown but very little in size and had kept perfectly healthy. To the best of my recollection this was a specimen of *Aspidonectes ferox*, and with its head and

tail drawn in measured about four inches in length. I have had both species of this genus alive, and believe they form no exception to other Chelonians in living to a very considerable age. This may be calculated sometimes by a study of their skeletons, which is interesting. Some of the characters of this are seen in the specimen of a young *Aspidonectes spinifer* shown in Figure 4, one that I had alive for some time, it having been kindly presented to me by Mr. O. Eggling of 125th street, New York City.

As in the case of the other figures illustrating the present article, they are reproductions of photographs made by myself direct from the specimens—living ones in the cases of Figures 1 and 3.

On consulting the "Royal Natural History" (London, Vol. V. p. 49), a work edited by Professor Richard Lydekker of the British Museum, I find nothing in regard to the age of pond turtles, terrapins or the batagurs; while of turtles generally he remarks that "These reptiles will live to an enormous age, which, in some instances at least, may be reckoned by centuries." He also says the Grecian Tortoise, a common form in some parts of southern Europe, has been known to live for a great number of years in captivity. (p. 61.)

Reference is also made to the longevity of Chelonians in the excellent article "Tortoise," by Dr. A. C. Gunther in the 9th Edition of the British Encyclopaedia, (Vol. XXIII. p. 456.), and again in a fine illustrated article in *Pearson's Magazine* by Marcus Tindal. This latter particularly describes the huge and extraordinary Giant or Elephant Tortoises, a great number of specimens of which were brought to England by the Honorable Sir Walter Rothschild. These are figured in the *Pearson's Magazine*, and also in *The Living Animals of the World*. (London, Vol. II. p. 553.), where W. Saville-Kent says of them that "Pre-eminent among this typical terrestrial series come the huge Giant or Elephant Tortoises, formerly abundant, as their fossil remains indicate, in Southern Europe, India, and North and South America, and now represented only in the isolated oceanic islands of Aldabra, off Madagascar, the Leychelles, and the Galapagos groups." And, after giving us a brief, but interesting account of these ponderous creatures, which sometimes numbered as many as 3000 in a flock, this eminent writer adds "The age to which these giant tortoises obtain is altogether phenomenal. One example at Port Louis, Mauritius, originally brought from the Leychelles, is definitely known to have lived for over 130 years from the date of its transportation. It is stated to have been of large size when imported; and as these animals are notoriously slow growers, another couple of centuries may be safely added to its life-span."

Had this tortoise lived up to the present day (1908) and been 350 years old, which is perfectly possible, the day of its hatching out would have corresponded with what was happening in different parts of the world in the year 1557,—which in this country would have been only 65 years after the landing of Columbus. Yet notwithstanding this wonderful duration of life in the Giant Tortoise, it probably is quite insignificant when compared with other gigantic representatives of the order that lived during early geologic time, on our planet. One of these monsters, known to us now only through its fossil remains, measured no less than *twelve feet* in length, and gauging its longevity by that of the existing giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, one of them might easily have lived to have been at least 700 years old, or for a period extending from about the time the Magna Charta was wrested from King John of England to the building of the subway in New York City—which would have been quite a long time for an animal to live.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

SPRING FEVER

JUST what it is that insinuates itself into the air, and from thence into our veins, along about this time of the year, causing the usually over-energetic business man to go halt and lame in his work and grow irritable over the detail trifles that ordinarily cause him not a thought and never a worry, is hard to determine. There is every reason why the spring opening of new business should appeal to the methodical and conservative driver of his own cart, but somehow or other he finds himself looking more at the greening leaves, swelling buds and blue sky than at the interminable rows of figures which represent his financial and in these mercenary days also his social horoscope, winding up inevitably by hitching his wagon to a star and going off wool-gathering in its erratic wake.

Is it simply the result of a climatic condition, or is it that of a regularly occurring periodic attack of atavism which makes a man want to quit the madding crowd of racers after wealth and get away from the overtaxed artificial self that is in reality not himself at all? Whatever it be, it imbues one with a restlessness of mind, a contemptuous loathing of the daily grind, a longing shapeless and undefined but which is the more intense for its inchoateness and uncertainty.

A man may not be a sportsman; he may never have fired a shot or wet a line in all his life; but now at the mention of wood or stream he will prick up his ears and betray an interest altogether inconsistent with his sportless life. After all, we come from a common stock, the ancestors who hunted and fished and trapped and woods-loafered and creek-lazied simply because they had to in order to get a living, and the reversal to the stock type is easier than biologists think. And, come to think of it, we mostly go over the same ground, one man's boy-hood experiences being about that of every other man's. It is hard to conceive of any American boy's having never swam, fished, hunted and roved about in his own bailiwick—generally playing "hooky" to do it. And the pleasures of youth being always those most eagerly recalled, it is not hard to understand why John D. Rocks has a sneaking desire to acquire another "stone bruise" or Pierre Morgan wants to be a buccaneering "pirut" over again.

And they would be all the better for it if they did, as millions of other men would likewise be if they would yield to the temptation and, stopping the knitting of new strings and more meshes to their purses, break away for a season and get close to the heart of old Nature. What's the good of ceaseless toil and hoarding! "In the end God grinds the Miller" says the old Spanish saw, and His grinding is proverbially fine.

Everything considered we regard Spring fever as a provision of Nature, ordained of the Gods and not to be lightly reckoned with. When it gets into your system, better let go all holds and give yourself up to the seduc-

tion of the hour. Be bigger than your business for once, and put aside resolutely all its insistence. Go fishing and forget that you have such things as nerves and notes payable, even if but for a few short hours.

Oh! that some Messiah would arise to preach the gospel of Relaxation. Look into the tense faces, the hollow and yet burning eyes of your dearest friend, consumed by the heart and soul eating fires of modern business madness, and ask yourself whether this be not an era of brain suicide, of moral and mental intemperance. The result of burning a candle at both ends is apparent to all; even foolishness has a natural end.

So don't laugh at the other fellow afflicted with spring fever, nor cuss at yourself because of the unmistakable symptoms in your own system; it is only Nature's warning to get about your housecleaning; to clear away the musty, fusty cobwebs of office existence and get out into the open air where men as men alone count in the gam vour dollars are only dross on the top . r al life's seething crucible.

THE POUND FOOLISH

IF THE average American citizen w s thoroughly acquainted with the idiosy crasies of that large class of blatant, grandstand playing demagogues who must always be in the lime-light in order to be at all discernible in the economy of Nature, he would be walking the floor in apprehension of what is going to happen to our super-excellent, worthless, unequalled, rotten old navy when that horde of big-headed, spindle-shanked brown ants on the Nippon hill over yonder get ready to swarm all over us.

On one side we are assured that our navy is almost invincible, and hardly have our patriotic chests begun to swell when along comes another "authority" and punctures the bladder of our conceit by dolefully predicting that the flower of our fleet would be but a Venetian glass vase in the hands of the russet Titans whose physical, mental and moral stature is in inverse ratio to their really heroic egotism. According to these latter pessimists it is already over, all but the "Banzais!" and we should be preparing in advance to collect the indemnity which we will have to pay Japan for our presumption in daring to even temporarily thwart her march to the summit of things autocratic.

All of which is distinctly amusing to the aforesaid average citizen, who placidly bends his arm and watches the sinewy biceps ripple up in satisfying knots, squints once more along the barrel of the old pea-rifle so as to assure himself that his eyes still accommodate themselves to the sights, and turns a pinch of powder out of the old horn to see that it is still dry. Then he looks Westward and chuckles as if something tickled him, yawns, and goes to bed forgetting to lock the back area door.

And yet, in all seriousness, well it is for this good-natured and indulgently contemptuous citizen that around his premises is vigilantly prowling a four-eyed, white-fanged watch dog of tried courage, idomitable spirit and proverbial faithfulness—a guardian of preternatural intelligence and sagacity who never sleeps and whose virility stands out like a cameo in sharp relief against the dark background of Senatorial senility and Representative lassitude.

It is true that his teeth have been sadly worn in the chewing of many and diverse knots in his efforts to keep his people unbound, and his hide shows the scars of many covert kicks; but he is still on deck and the citizen, knowing it, sleeps dreamlessly and undisturbed.

But it is time to wake, oh! Jonathan of the bell-crown and flint-lock. These are modern days and parlous times. Modern war is assassination—remember the Maine and the midnight treachery of Port Arthur. The spikes on the watch dog's collar are old and blunt. He needs a new set and he needs them quickly. Stop this penny wise, pound foolish policy and give us the navy and the army we need. Having sat down in a man's game we ought to be prepared to back our bluffs. The man who poses as a fighter ought to be properly heeled. When our bluff is called we are going to want that gun—and we'll want it bad! Let us have it; we know how to use it—and use for it is surely coming if the signs are right.

California Game and Fish Laws 1907-1909

HUNTING LICENSES — Residents $1.00; non-residents $10.00; aliens $5.00. Licenses must be carried afield and shown on demand.

SALE of all game and birds prohibited except ducks, geese and brant.

SALE of Trout under one (1) pound or Striped Bass under three (3) pounds prohibited.

UNLAWFUL AT ALL TIMES to shoot game between half hour after sunset and half hour before sunrise; or to net or trap any game animals or birds, or to take the eggs or destroy the nests of game or other wild birds; or to shoot on enclosed or cultivated grounds, when posted, without permission; or to kill any Elk, Doe, Fawn, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Swan, Pheasant, Imported Quail, Grouse, Sage-hen, Blue or White Heron ("Crane"), Sea-gull or any non-game birds except Geese, Brant, Sharp-shinned, Cooper's and Duck Hawks, Great Horned Owl, English Sparrow, Linnet, Blue Jay, Butcher Bird (Shrike) and such fish eating birds as are not mentioned above.

SHIPPING GAME—All game and fish must be shipped in open view, with name and address of shipper.

OPEN SEASONS.

DEER—(Bucks only) July 15 to Oct. 1. Limit 2 for the season. Dogs can only be used for trailing wounded deer.

VALLEY QUAIL, CURLEW and other SHORE BIRDS—Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL—Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DOVES—July 15 to Oct. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DUCKS—Oct. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 35 per day.

WILSON or "JACK" SNIPE—Oct. 15 to April 1. Limit 25 per day.

TREE SQUIRREL—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 12 in one season.

SALMON—Oct. 23 to Sept. 17 of the following year. [Closed above tide water from Oct. 23 to Nov. 15].

TROUT AND WHITEFISH—(Hook and line only), May 1 to Nov. 15. Limit 50 fish (but not to exceed 25 lbs.) No fish less than 5 inches in length.

STEELHEAD TROUT—(Hook and line only,) May 1 to Sept. 17 and Oct. 23 to Feb. 1. (April is also an open month in tide water.) Limit 50 fish not less than 5 inches in length.

BLACK BASS—(Hook and line only,) June 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 50 fish.

GOLDEN TROUT, STURGEON AND SACRAMENTO PERCH —NO open season.

PENALTIES—Killing Elk, imprisonment from 1 to 2 years; killing Does, Fawns, Antelope or Mountain Sheep, $50 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any other game law, $25 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any fish law, $20 to $500 or imprisonment. Using any explosives for killing fish, $250 or imprisonment. Attempted violation punishable same as actual violation.

GAME LAWS IN HANDY FORM

We present herewith a full sized cut of a handsome aluminum card, issued by Western Field for the benefit of Sportsmen, which gives at a glance a condensed, yet sufficiently complete resumé of the game laws of California.

These handsome metal cards—which are very light and of a convenient size to carry in the vest pocket—will be sent to anyone free. Simply enclose two cent stamp for return postage and same will be forwarded without delay. Dealers in sporting goods will be supplied with quantities for free distribution on request. Address Western Field Co., 609-10 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

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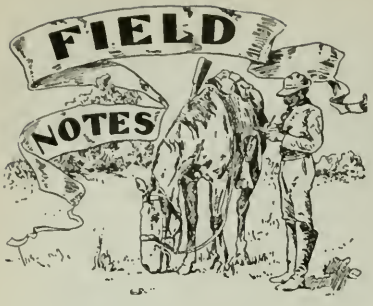


CRAW-FISHING ON THE PACIFIC COAST

THE Craw-fishes, or "lobsters" as they are called by our Eastern friends, are getting scarce, so they say. But why? That's the question everyone asks. Is it because they are being fished out, or what? Having handled craw-fish for the last ten years, fishing, hauling, and selling them, I have been a close observer of them and their ways.

There are two kinds of craw-fish to be found on this coast: The red and the black. The red are the most common, and we see more of them in the market. The black craw-fish is found mostly around the channel islands, especially Clemente Island. The black ones differ from the red in several respects. One is that they hardly ever exceed ten inches in length. On comparison as to weight, a black craw-fish will out-weigh a red one of the same length, as they are broader and thicker. This season there were very few black ones seen in the market, as the changing of the law in regards to length put a stop to the catching of them. But still, even when the limit was 9½ inches there were very few being taken from these waters as they hardly ever grow longer than nine and one-half or ten inches.

This last season's law has done, and will do, more to exterminate the craw-fish than anything else. It is not the small craw-fish that spawn, but the large ones. Having the limit at eleven inches, and catching all of the large ones, it will not be very long before they will be a rare delicacy, which only the wealthy can afford.

If the limit were changed, as it should be, allowing them to be taken from nine inches to fourteen inches, then that would give the larger fish a chance to spawn every year. In that way we can preserve the craw-fish and they will not become extinct. And I will say as to the shortness of the season it is pretty short as it is. On the latter end of January and the fore part of February it is almost impossible for the fisherman to do any fishing, as the storms break up most of their gear. So you might say the open season is ended about January 15th. As the old saying goes, it is up to our next legislature to do something, and to do it right, and I hope they will.

Respectfully,

E. R. HALL,

Deputy State Fish Comm., San Pedro.

SPORTSMEN IN POLITICS

ON SEVERAL occasions the writer has been asked the question: "Why do not the sportsmen enter politics?"

Personally I am—or rather was—opposed to such action, as politics at best is a very unfair proposition; but the more I study the situation, and the more I see of the manner in which our state offices are managed, the more I become convinced that strong action by the sportsmen in politics is necessary to achieve the end in fish and game protection for which we are striving.

During the past few months the sportsmen have paid in the sum of nearly $120,000 for hunting licenses, and I believe that these men should have some say, when it comes to the appointment of men to offices to which this money goes. Take the State Fish Commission for instance. The license payers should certainly have the naming of the commissioners. But the question is, "How are we to do it?"

We have tried it through the head executive, but you know promises are invariably broken. Promises have been made by the "higher-ups" which were never kept and why? there is only one answer, "for political reasons."

The sportsmen of California are a fair lot of men, and they believe in fair dealing, but so far they have failed to get it. They are receiving no recognition whatsoever. Suppose the 100,000 California sportsmen stood together and voted as one, would the promise be broken then? No! you bet it would not, for the army of anglers and shooters are a sharply to be reckoned with power, and should they come to an understanding and decide to stand pat they could elect every man from the Governor of the state down. Then we would have fish and game protection proper; something which we have not had for many years. The writer has taken a keen interest in fish and game protection for many years and realizes that unless the sportsmen stand together and elect their own representatives they may as well quit. For all the work they are doing now will come to naught, as long as present conditions exist.

In giving this version of the case the writer does so only in the hope of hearing from other sportsmen who have given the question thought.

E. A. MOCKER.

* * *

A FAMOUS MUSK-OX HEAD

THE National Collection of Heads and Horns, at the Zoological Park, has just received a notable and valuable musk-ox head as a gift from Warburton Pike, of Victoria, British Columbia. All readers of arctic travels, and all hunters of big game, know Mr. Pike as the author of that finest of all works on northern Canada, entitled "The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada," published by the Macmillan Company in 1892. Among books of its kind, it is a classic. It describes Mr. Pike's daring and even terrible trip in midwinter into the country of the musk-ox and barren ground caribou, from which he brought out the first detailed and authentic information ever given to the world regarding the barren ground musk-ox on its native

By Courtesy New York Zoological Society

Musk-ox Killed by Mr. Warburton Pike. In National Collection of Heads and Horns

heath. His book was the *motif* of all subsequent hunting expeditions into that desolate, and in winter terrible, country.

Mr. Pike is a resident of Victoria, British Columbia, and owns a gold mine in the Dease Lake region. A year ago he passed through New York, and was made much of by the big game hunters of New York, at the Boone and Crockett Club, and in the Zoological Park. From the first he has been keenly interested in the movement for a National Collection of Heads and Horns.

The musk-ox head recently received from Mr. Pike is the largest and finest trophy of his famous expedition. It appears in Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game," well up near the top of the list of "record" heads of musk-ox. Its measurements are as follows:

Length of horn on outside curve.....26⅞ inches
Distance between tips of horns.....27 inches
Width of horn at base.....11 inches

The hair under the chin is about a foot in length.

The head was mounted by John Fannin, late curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, and is in a fine state of preservation. Its colors are apparently as fresh as when, in a temperature of 30 degrees below zero, in a howling gale of snow, the owner was shot, decapitated, and devoured—all save this head—by five desperate men and a dozen hungry sled-dogs.

W. T. HORNADAY,
Director N. Y. Zool. Park

Fred Cuche and His Pets

A SUCCESSFUL TRAINER

THROUGH the courtesy of Officer J. P. Carson of the local police force we are enabled to present herewith two interesting photographs which very nicely illustrate the power of man over brute instinct.

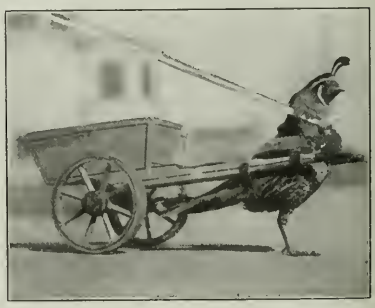
The quail and dogs shown in the two pictures were broken and trained by Mr. Fred Cuche, a veteran French-Swiss hunter, trapper, pioneer, fisherman and animal trainer, well known to the fraternity hereabouts, and exemplify what patience, kindness and perseverance will do in the handling of animals. Mr. Cuche is over 80 years old, but is yet able to hold his own with any of the youngsters, being a yodler and warbler of note, a good shot and fisherman, and one who can, despite his years, set a pace, afield or astream, which is hard for men only a third of his age to follow.

The quail shown draws the cart with all the intelligence of a trained horse and obeys every driving signal given. At the word of command he will fly on the dog's head and deliberately enter the jaws, which are gently opened to receive him. It may be stated here that this same dog is a splendid quail retriever when afield, but somehow knows how to discriminate in favor of his little friend, and never so much as ruffles one of his pretty feathers.

SHALL WE INCREASE THE LICENSE TO $5?

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: I have just been reading a communication in your latest issue in which the writer advocates raising the gun license fee to $5. Now this, in my judgment, would be a most unjust and unwise thing to do. I have been looking for some one to come out with just such an article as this for some time. I think this is what the people who secured the enactment of the gun tax law had in mind from the first. They wanted to see if the people would stand for a gun tax at all, so they made it $1. This, they figured, could be used as an "entering wedge" by which they could force the fees up to $25. Now as the latter sum would be prohibitive to all except the exclusive set, the great mass of common shooters would have to lay aside their guns and the gentlemen of leisure, members of wealthy clubs and owners of private preserves, would have it all their own way. The object is as plain as day to even the most unsophisticated. Notice the attempt in the recently enacted game law to prohibit shooting on "posted" land whether it was uncultivated, unfenced or what not.

Now, I have paid my $1 for license and I have been out hunting twice. On these two hunts I killed 22 quail. Gun license cost me $1; rig hire cost me $7; shells, $1.50. Total, $9.50. Now subtract this amount from the $20 that the average workingman is supposed to have to spend for recreation in a year and you would have a beggarly sum left. Then suppose I had strayed onto some of this "uncultivated" posted land (there being no line of demarkation) and had been arrested and fined say $15 and costs, where would I have then been "at"? No, no, Mr. Conway, not any $5 gun tax for mine. I will pay $1 but not one cent more. When you start anything like the $5 business going just consider me out. My gun goes right into the closet and there it stays till such time as the law says I may use it without being actually "held up" for a permit. My record as a friend of the game and as an advocate of honest legislation stands without any needed support. I have worked, fought and prayed for game protection and no living man ever saw me violate a single clause



of the statutes, but raise the license to $5 and so help me Bob, I'll never "go out with Barney any more," at least not in this state.

This same writer goes on with a lot of logic (?) about the game being destroyed by the wild vermin of the woods and waters. Oh, what a wonderful student of nature he must have been all these fifty years! How in the world did it ever happen that America when it was first discovered was found to be literally alive with game of the finest varieties? And that, too, before there were any bounties on the scalps of wild animals of whatever sort? We are told, too, that the waters just fairly teemed with game fishes regardless of the fact that there were no small boys to have picnics and the fishes did well in spite of the snakes no matter whether they were striped or just plain snakes. I also marvel that there were any deer because there were quite a number of lynx and smaller vermin and we are told that:

"Bears and panthers roamed and howled."

How strange that, in the face of all these drawbacks, the plains were actually black with the innumerable herds of buffalo; that antelope, elk and mountain sheep were numerous; that the woods were full of wild turkeys and in many cases the trees themselves were actually broken down by wild pigeons. We hear stories of the very sky being darkened by the immense flight of wild fowl and of the prairie chickens flying into the farm houses to roost. Where have they all gone? Have they been devoured by vermin? No, not on your life! They have been killed out by that despised creature the game hog.

Now, Mr. Conway, you just get the season opened on MEN the year round and place a bounty on the scalps of all who shoot out of season, or who shoot more than the law prescribes, and you will have the problem solved in a most sensible manner. But whatever else you do, let the gun license remain where it is now, so that anyone who wishes may hunt without violating the law. In a later issue of your valuable magazine I wish to outline an idea that I have in mind that will tend to promote the welfare of the game and at the same time accord equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Sincerely yours,

LEN D. WHITTEMORE.

[We think that after a little more—and we suggest dispassionate—consideration, our valued correspondent will retract the absolutely unfounded insinuation embodied in the first paragraph of his communication. As a prime-mover and inceptive advocate of the hunting license, the editor of Western Field assures Mr. Whittemore that he is unduly exercised in this matter. Neither we nor the other sportsmen to whose concerted efforts the license is due ever entertained, nor do we now entertain, any such ridiculous motives as ascribed by him. Western Field would oppose far more strenuously than Mr. Whittemore ever would—even in his wildest moments of apprehensive panic—any attempt to raise the license for shooting and fishing above $2—one dollar for the rod and one for the gun. This increase we *shall* advocate and agitate until it is accomplished.—Ed.]

* * *

"THE NEGRO—A MENACE TO AMERICAN CIVILIZATION," by R. W. Shufeldt, M. D., is a very important contribution to American biology and should be read and reread by every American who has the best interests of his nation at heart. Dr. Shufeldt is perhaps best known to our readers as an earnest, methodical and exceedingly accurate naturalist, his many scientific contributions to this magazine having excited much favorable comment. A retired major of the U. S. Army, long connected with the Smithsonian Institution and member of many American and foreign scientific societies, his standing as a biologist is well established.

To his present work at hand Dr. Shufeldt has brought all the acumen, preciseness, and dispassionate deduction of a trained scientist, and his conclusions, cold-blooded and dogmatic as they may appear to sentimental theorists, are an irrefutable exposition of the great somatic danger that attends the close commingling of the black and white races.

The book is written in strong, plain and unvarnished language, forcible in the extreme, and every American voter should familiarize himself with the facts and conclusions presented in this very important work. Sooner or later this country will be brought sharply face to face with a horrible condition instead of a mawkish sentiment, and in our opinion it is much better to take a menacing bull by the horns while he is yet a calf. (Richard G. Badger, 194 Boylston St., Boston, Publisher.)

* * *

"THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER," by A. L. A. Himmelwright, contains considerable sound advice and elementary instruction to beginners in the sport of small hand arms shooting, the author being a pistol and revolver shooter of international repute. While there is nothing new or original presented in Mr. Himmelwright's book, the subject matter of which has to a great extent appeared elsewhere in print before, it is a really valuable and handy compendium on the subject and we can conscientiously commend its accuracy and authoritativeness. (J. J. Little & Co., New York.)

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

Conducted by August Wolf

FIVE hundred thousand young trout will be placed in the waters of the newly formed Graves lake, nine miles north of Spokane, and 500,000 more will be turned loose in the Spokane river during the next thirty days, and if the fish thrive, as others before them have, there will be the finest kind of fishing in these waters in three years. The announcement of the stocking of the lake and stream was made a few days ago by L. S. Drew, who has charge of the state fish hatchery on the Little Spokane river, to Thomas B. Ware, president of the Spokane Rod and Gun club, members of which will see that the fish are protected. Mr. Ware said there is no danger of the young trout making their escape or being washed over the dams, adding:

"Trout will not make their way down stream voluntarily and they will not swim into the falls to be carried down. Trout, the same as all other kinds of fish, start out for the headwaters as soon as they are put in a stream and they always go to the small tributaries to spawn. The trout to be put in the lake and the river will begin to spawn in two years. The Spokane Fish Protection association and the Spokane Rod and Gun club began stocking the river with trout three years ago, and last year fishing was better than it had been for ten years before."

J. A. Uhlig, deputy fish commissioner, is making efforts to have all dams and obstructions in the Spokane river provided with ladders to protect the fish when the water is at low stage. He has notified the city officials, also officers of the Washington Water Power company to comply with the requirements of the law, for the violation of which pecuniary punishment is fixed at from $100 to $250, in addition to which the dam may be abated as a nuisance.

* * *

Oliver Hull, a settler on Mill Creek, Wash., north of Spokane, killed one of the largest mountain lions ever seen in that part of Stevens county. He was awakened by a noise early in the morning a few days ago, and going to the door of his abode witnessed his two dogs in a fierce fight with the animal. Taking his rifle from the pegs over the fireplace he fired, the ball striking the lion in the foot. The animal escaped in the thicket but returned in a short time. While his younger brother held the lamp, Hull drew a bead on the marauder, the bullet taking effect in the left cheek. The second shot struck in the shoulder and the fight was at an end. The lion was gaunt with hunger, but even then it weighed 120 pounds and measured 6 feet 11 inches from its nose to the tip of the tail.

* * *

Matt Reall, living near Rainier, Wash., west of Spokane, had an exciting experience with a wildcat that measured four feet in length, a few days ago, but managed to slay it. Farmers there sustained losses from the depredations of predatory beasts for several weeks, and Reall, suspecting that is was a wildcat, set a trap near his home. The next morning he heard the cat snarling and growling, and running to the spot he found that the animal had caught its leg in an attempt to get at the bait. Reall had no gun, and fearing the animal would get away if he returned for his firearm, he picked up a heavy stick and made war on the imprisoned beast. The cat made several attempts to leap on him, but he kept out of its reach, and the trap holding it securely, he finally beat it to death.

* * *

Probably the largest coyote scalp yet taken to the auditor's office in Spokane county for bounty was delivered by W. H. Taulman of Foot Hill. It came from an animal killed by Taulman's nine Missouri bloodhounds after a chase lasting over 24 hours. The hounds, of which seven are pups, first scented the coyote and a pack of associates at noon. They kept on the scent until the following night, when the biggest animal in the pack was cornered. The coyote put up a good fight and held the hounds at bay for more than an hour before finally it was laid low. Once during the fight it appeared as if dead, but when hounds closed in it got up on its haunches and bit three of the dogs. Taulman appeared on the scene at the last of the struggle, and when the coyote was so weak it could scarcely bite, broke out some of its teeth so his hound pups might have an opportunity to practice on a coyote's throat without danger. Taulmann is training his pack to make a business of killing coyotes.

* * *

Deputy Game Warden Mac Harbaugh, of northern Idaho, has been relieved of his commission, and State Warden Stephens has appointed W. A. Hill of Lewiston to succeed him in the Snake river district. Harbaugh some time ago caused the arrest of R. B. Hibbs, a widely known sportsman in the Nez Perce country, on the charge of hounding deer and killing them out of season. The warden failed to prosecute Hibbs, who demanded a trial. Afterward he announced he would file charges against the deputy. Hibbs declared that Harbaugh had killed more than his share of deer, had fished con-

trary to the laws, sold fish, ate venison out of season and had broken the law in various other ways. A report of the charges was mailed to State Warden Stephens, who ordered Harbaugh's removal before the charges were prepared. Hibbs is an ardent sportsman.

* * *

Chasing deer in an automobile was the sport of a party of three sportsmen in the Yakima valley, west of Spokane, a short time ago. A handsome big deer was seen near Ernest Fear's ranch and a hunt was started. Fear, accompanied by J. M. Perry and Arthur Van Brundt, jumped into an auto and started after the deer. As long as the animal kept to the road the hunters could follow it closely, but the deer discovered this and darted off across the sagebrush and made away faster than the autoists could follow it.

* * *

Reports from the Coulee country, west of Spokane, indicate that geese are pouring into the coulees and various lake regions of that district by the thousands, offering fine sport to lovers of the feathered game. The open season runs until May 1st. Advices also seem to promise an unusually good season for trout fishing. The large number of light snows and rains during the winter has created ideal conditions in all the little mountain streams, the natural spawning places of the speckled beauties. The season for trout will open April 1st.

* * *

Such a display of physical strength as was witnessed a couple of days ago at Toulou mountain, on the Great Northern railway, when one Louis Debois, a giant Frenchman, in a life and death combat, completely overcame an immense black bear, is as yet without parallel in this district. According to the report that has reached here Debois and a young Scotchman named Alex. Campbell were out cutting cordwood when they came upon a bear's den, and seeing what they supposed was a bear's nose projecting from the winter quarters of Mr. Bruin, the big Frenchman, after some deliberation, struck a savage blow at the supposed bear's nose with his keen axe blade. As soon as the blow was struck, underbrush and snow were flying in all directions and the two woodsmen perceived what they had mistaken for the bear's snout was in reality the bear's foot, which the axe had completely cut off. By this time the bear had made a savage attack on the two men. Campbell, the smaller of the two men, succeeded in getting out of the bear's reach, but the big Frenchman, somewhat conceited over his personal strength, preferred a personal encounter with the bear to running away.

Debois raised his double-bitted axe to strike the bear, but in the twinkling of an eye the bear had raised the forepaw which was uninjured and threw the axe to one side. The next instance the bear had the big Frenchman in his embrace. It was now a struggle for life between the man and the bear. The man, being an adept at wrestling, succeeding in tripping his antagonist, the bear falling heavily to the ground with Debois on top of him. In this position the Frenchman actually pinned the bear to the ground, holding the bear's legs apart and clutching him firmly by the throat. By this time both man and bear were literally covered with blood from the bear's wounded foot. At this juncture two other woodsmen came along and wanted to despatch the bear with their axes, but under the directions of the big Frenchman, they quickly opened an artery in the bear's neck and let the animal bleed to death in the Frenchman's arms. When the men all returned to camp and Louis Debois was thoroughly washed, it was astertained that he had not even received a scratch from the bear.

Good Whaling Ground Near Kyuquot

SAN FRANCISCO FLY CASTING CLUB CONTESTS

THE contests in casting at Stow Lake for 1908 commenced on Saturday, March 21st, and continue thereafter as per the enclosed schedule of dates:

	2:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
1	Saturday. March 21.	Sunday. March 22
2	" April 4.	" April 5
3	" " 25.	" " 26
4	" May 9.	" May 10
5	" " 23.	" " 24
Classification Re-entry	" June 6.	" June 7
6	" " 20.	" " 21
7	" July 11.	" July 12
8	" August 1.	" August 2
9	" " 29.	" " 30
10	" Sept. 12.	" Sept. 13
Class Re-entry	" " 26.	" " 27

Two re-entries allowed in each class before and after classification.

The contests will be in long-distance, accuracy, accuracy and delicacy combined and accuracy lure; and will be under the same rules governing last season's contest which generally conform to the rules of the National Association.

Two re-entries allowed in each class before and after classification.

Two re-entries will be allowed before and after classification. Re-entries may be made up at the following contest if not more than one, otherwise on re-entry days.

All members are requested to take part in the contests and as there are only ten, with intervening re-entry days, it will take but little of their time. No tackle will be necessary, as that will be provided by the club, although contestants can use their own should they desire.

FIRST CONTEST, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
E. A. Mocker	99	98.9	96.5	99.5	97.50	74.9
James Watt	.....	98.8	98.11	97.5	98.2	89.1
L. G. Burpee	80	98.3	97.6	95.	96.12	.....
H. C. Golcher	124	98.12	98.5	98.10	98.2	72.9
C. G. Young	87	98.13	98.6	98.10	98.32	97.7
F. A. Webster	76	98.9	98.10	100.	99.20	85.3
T. C. Kierulff	93	99.4	98.13	100.	99.26	97.4
J. B. Kenniff	133	99.3	99.6	100.	99.42	97.8
J. O. Harron	.....	95.8	.....	.....	.....	.....
D. M. Sachs	.....	97.14	97.10	91.5	94.2	.....
G. C. Edwards	.....	99.2	98.	99.5	98.40	.....
F. H. Reed	90	97.9	98.6	98.10	98.32	.....
F. B. King	.....	96.3	97.7	90.5	93.54	.....

Note.—Fraction in lure, 10ths; net delicacy, 60ths; all others, 15ths.

Judges, E. A. Mocker, G. C Edwards, T. C. Kierulff; clerk, E. O. Ritter.

FIRST CONTEST, SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
James Watt	.....	95.11	95.11	90.10	93.12	95
C. H. Hyeck	74	97.12	97.7	89.10	93.34	.....
J. B. Kenniff	120	98.10	98.10	99.5	99.	97.4
H. B. Sperry	97	97.11	98.11	97.5	98.2	96.4
Dr. W. E. Brooks	.....	98.14	98.5	98.10	98.2	.....
H. C. Golcher	109	98.4	97.4	97.10	97.28	.....
C. K. Kenniff	100	99.4	98.13	99.5	99.6	.....
T. C. Kierulff	88	99.	98.9	98.5	98.28	97.9
F. M. Haight	.....	97.13	99.1	95.10	97.22	.....
C. G. Young	78	98.6	99.1	98.5	98.42	97.4
E. A. Mocker	95	97.9	97.2	99.	98.4	97.9
F. H. Reed	88	97.7	99.2	98.10	98.54	.....
A. Sperry	88	95.7	97.5	94.	95.40	95.2
C. A. Kierulff	90	95.9	98.	92.10	95.20	73.4

Judges, H. B. Sperry, E. A. Mocker, F. H. Reed; clerk E. O. Ritter.

SECOND CONTEST, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1908.

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
J. B. Kenniff	118	98.14	98.8	98.	98.16	96.
W. J. L. Kierulff	.....	97.2	98.2	92.	95.4	.....
L. G. Burpee	80.	97.4	97.11	93.10	95.42	.....
C. G. Young	.....	98.8	98.10	98.	98.20	93.8
E. A. Mocker	103	98.1	96.12	97.5	97.4	99.6
T. C. Kierulff	98	98.5	97.14	95.10	96.48	97.7
F. A. Webster	.....	99.9	98.9	93.	95.48	91.2
F. H. Reed	.....	98.4	98.5	99.10	97.30	.....
Re-entry—						
W. J. L. Kierulff	.....	98.3	.....	.....	.....	.....

Judges, T. C. Kierulff. J. B. Kenniff. E. A. Mocker; clerk, E. O. Ritter.

SECOND CONTEST, SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
C. H. Kewell	.....	97.9	96.7	94.10	95.34	92.
F. M. Haight	.....	97.14	97.14	94.10	96.18	.....
C. G. Young	.....	98.13	99.	98.	98.30	98.
F. H. Reed	90	98.4	99.3	99.5	99.16	89.3
G. H. Foulks	92	97.12	97.4	94.5	95.48	78.1
Dr. W. E. Brooks	.....	98.9	98.	97.10	97.50	91.8
H. B. Sperry	92	97.6	98.14	100.	99.28	97.6
C. A. Kierulff	93	98.7	97.10	95.5	96.30	83.2
J. B. Kenniff	115	98.8	98.8	99.	98.46	96.1
A. Sperry	91	95.14	97.13	94.10	96.16	94.4
T. C. Kierulff	90	97.9	99.2	98.10	98.54	93.9
E. A. Mocker	101	95.6	97.10	100.	98.50	96.3
Re-entry—						
G. H. Foulks	84	97.2	98.10	92.10	95.40	83.5
C. H. Kewell	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	89.4

Judges, E. A. Mocker, T. C. Kierulff, F. H. Reed; clerk, E. O. Ritter.

THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By Arthur Inkersley

IN OVERGROWN democracies no error is commoner than the popular one of mistaking bigness for greatness. Yet many quite important things are done in small places. The greatest horse race in the world is run on a natural grass course at the little village of Epsom in Surrey and the rowing regatta at which the highest amateur honors in eight-oars, four-oars, pan-oars and single shells are won is held each summer at a sleepy little old town on a small river which runs through Henley-on-Thames past Eton and Windsor to London. Similarly the most notable polo tournament in the Western States of America occurs annually at a spot only a few miles from the borders of Mexico, on the extremest western edge of the United States, at Coronado Beach, a little settlement on a narrow spit of sand which holds back the rollers of the Pacific Ocean and forms the landlocked harbor of San Diego. The tournament for the polo championship of the Coronado Country Club was held for the first time in 1906, the trophy being a handsome solid silver punchbowl presented by John D. Spreckels, each member of the winning team receiving a silver goblet as a memento of his victory. Teams from Riverside, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Burlingame took part in the tournament, the winning four being R. M. Tobin, Joseph P. Tobin, Jr., John Lawson and Walter S. Hobart, representing the Burlingame Country Club. The Riverside team gave Burlingame the hardest struggle of the tournament, being beaten by a score of 5 goals to 4. In 1907 the teams were the Riverside, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Burlingame and the Military from the Presidio at Monterey. The Burlingame Country Club was victor with a team made up of Francis J. Carolan, Number 1; T. A. Driscoll, Number 2; R. M. Tobin, Number 3 and Walter S. Hobart, Back.

This year the "All-America Polo Trophy" being offered for competition by teams from any recognized polo club in the world, the punch-bowl presented by John D. Spreckels was restricted to California teams, the competitors for it being the Los Angeles, Burlingame, Santa Barbara and Riverside A and B, the latter containing three men who played in 1907 under the title Santa Monica. R. L. Bettner, formerly captain of the Riverside team, though he came down to Coronado to see the pony races, took no part in the polo tournament.

The tournament began on Saturday, March 14th, and ended on Sunday, the 22d, the games being watched by a large number of spectators, among whom were many well-known "society people" from San Francisco, San Mateo, Burlingame, Los Angeles, Riverside, San Diego, Coronado Beach, as well as naval officers, their wives and families and the guests of the Hotel Del Coronado. Among San Franciscans who were present during the tournament may be mentioned Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Harry H. Scott, Mrs. Walter Scott Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Irwin, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Garratt, Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, the Misses Constance, Kathleen and Helen de Young, R. M. Tobin, J. O. Tobin, Jr., Charles W. Clark and Mrs. Clark, H. W. Simpkins, John Lawson, T. A. Driscoll, Claus Spreckels, Sr., John D. Spreckels and Mrs. Spreckels, Claus Spreckels, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. Riverside was represented by M. S. Redmayne, Frank D. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Chase, Miss Rita West, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Crump, Miss Margaret Williams, Mr. and Mrs. S. Fritz Nave, F. B. Jenkinson, Major Colin Ross, Mrs. Kearne. Frank J. Mackey, the veteran poloist, and Mrs. Mackey, who reside at Leamington in the famous Warwickshire fox-hunting district (England), were also present. Among others well known at Coronado Beach were Mrs. Sands Forman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander; Michael Cudahy, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Dupee, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Thompson and Percival Thompson, of Chicago; Mr. Hayes (son-in-law of Jefferson Davis), Mrs. Sheridan (widow of the famous General Phil Sheridan) and the Misses Sheridan; Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Jewell, Mrs. W. T. Swinburne (wife of Rear-Admiral Swinburne), Mrs. Sutherland (wife of the captain of the battleship New Jersey) and the Misses Sutherland; Mr. and Mrs. William Clayton and Miss Clayton of San Diego; Mrs. Frederick Stearns; Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Richards, Miss Miller, Miss Doig, Miss Stella Klauber, Miss Titus, Captain and Mrs. John L. Sehon. Los Angeles society was represented by Harry Weiss, Reginald Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Smith, Jr., Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Virginia Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earle; New York by Jesse Lewisohn, and Honolulu by Walter Dillingham, Charles Norton and Rufus Spaulding.

The opening match of the tournament was played on Saturday afternoon between the Los Angeles and Riverside B teams, made up as follows:

RIVERSIDE B		LOS ANGELES	
M. Redmayne	1	Harry Messmore	1
T. B. Jenkinson	2	B. N. Smith, Jr.	2
S. Fritz Nave	3	H. Weiss	3
F. D. Hudson	Back	T. Weiss, Jr.	Back

The match was the closest and most interesting ever seen on the Coronado polo field, the score being tied at the end of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth periods, so that a seventh period was necessary in order to reach a decision. John Lawson of the Burlingame Country Club was referee and Dr. J. A. Edmonds of Los Angeles was timekeeper. The Los Angeles men were penalized several times for off-side play and crossing. The game was hard and fast but there was not much good team-work. Yet no game could have been more interesting to the average spectator, ignorant of the mysetries of crosses and off-side and wishing only to see a keenly-fought contest. In their first period Nave quickly made a goal for "The Bees" and Los Angeles soon equalized. Jenkinson from a fine run down the field scored a second goal for Riverside. Early in the second period Jenkinson put the ball between the posts again, making the score 3 to 1 in favor of Riverside; but Tom Weiss added a goal for Los Angeles, so that the score stood 3 to 2 in favor of Riverside. In the third period several attacks were made on the Riverside goal and one of them resulted in a goal by Messmore: Score, 3 all. In the fourth period Jenkinson scored from a penalty hit and Los Angeles equalized by a fluke, a back-hander by Jenkinson striking Ben Smith's pony, bounding off on to one of the posts and through the goal: Score, 4 all. In the fifth there was a good deal of scrimmaging, Harry Weiss playing strongly but being unable to put the ball through. The players began to show signs of fatigue and the period ended without any addition to the score, which remained 4 all. Early in the sixth period Jenkinson hit a goal: Riverside, 5; Los Angeles, 4. But in the last two minutes of the period Ben Smith equalized, making the record 5 all. After a rest the seventh period began, "The Bees" pressing their adversaries hard, until Hudson put the ball through and the match ended in a victory for Riverside B by a score of 6 goals to 5.

On Monday, the 16th, the second match of the tournament took place between the Burlingame and Riverside A teams, which were made up as follows:

RIVERSIDE A		BURLINGAME	
W. L. Roberts	1	R. M. Tobin	1
H. G. Pattee	2	T. A. Driscoll	2
F. J. Mackey	3	John Lawson	3
Colin Ross	Back	W. S. Hobart	Back

The game was an excellent one and became particularly interesting toward the end, when there was a possibility of its ending in a tie. At the outset the Burlingame team scored rapidly and seemed likely to win by an overwhelming majority of goals; but in the fourth period Riverside made two goals and in the sixth added three more. All the A's played a good game, the team doing better when Mackey and Pattee changed places. Mackey hit two goals in the fourth period and one in the last. Tobin, Driscoll and Lawson were all good and Hobart was sure and steady in defense. Tobin rode his opponents off when necessary but at times played a forward game, hitting three goals. Lawson and Driscoll each put the ball through twice. Soon after the ball had been "thrown in" for the first period (Captain Ward Jackson, of the British Army, and Frank D. Hudson officiating as umpires), Lawson scored a goal and Tobin made a second before the call of time. Burlingame, 2; Riverside, 0. In the second period Driscoll and Tobin hit a goal apiece, making the score 4 to 0 in favor of Burlingame. In the third period Driscoll hit another goal, so that the score stood 5 to 0. In the fourth period Mackey made the first goal for Riverside and shortly afterward hit a second: Burlingame, 5; Riverside A, 2. Before the close of the period, Lawson hit a goal from a difficult angle: Burlingame, 6; Riverside A, 2; and Driscoll, apparently offside, made a long run all down the field and put the ball between the posts: Burlingame, 7; Riverside A, 2. In the sixth period the Burlingame men and ponies seemed tired, but Riverside kept on, Pattee scoring twice and Mackey once, the match ending: Burlingame, 7; Riverside A, 5. Many thought that an extra period would have equalized the scores.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the Santa Barbara men appeared for the first time, playing against the Riverside B team, which had defeated Los Angeles on Saturday afternoon. The teams were made up as follows:

RIVERSIDE B		SANTA BARBARA	
M. Redmayne	1	Dr. E. J. Boeseke	1
S. Fritz Nave	2	E. Wickenden	2
T. B. Jenkinson	3	W. Dillingham	3
F. D. Hudson	Back	Charles Ealand	Back

Santa Barbara team was filled out by taking in Walter Dillingham of Honolulu, and was seriously handicapped, Ealand never having ridden the ponies he used in the game and the team never having played together. There was a good deal of stick work in the early periods but the play became better afterward. All the Riverside men played well, Jenkinson making good forehand and backhand strokes on the near side; Hudson being steady at back; Redmayne and Nave working hard and hitting goals. J. O. Tobin, Jr., officiated as referee. The first goal was hit by Ealand for Santa Barbara in the opening period. In the second Nave hit a goal for Riverside: Score, 1 all. Early in the third period Nave hit a goal and, before the bugle blew, scored again, making the count 3 to 1 in favor of Riverside. Jenkinson put the ball through from a scrimmage in front of goal, making it 4 to 1 in Riverside's favor. In the fifth period Hudson took possession of the ball, kept it all the way and hit the 5th goal for Riverside. Jenkinson made a good run and a fine stroke in front of goal, the score being 6 to 1 in favor of Riverside. Dillingham hit a goal for Santa Barbara, making the score 6 to 2, Riverside leading. In the fifth period Nave scored again for Riverside and Dr. Boeseke for Santa Barbara: Riverside, 7; Santa Barbara, 3. In the sixth period Dr. Boeseke hit a good goal for Santa Barbara and Redmayne scored for Riverside; the game ending: Riverside

Rogers & Bronstrop, Photo

Burlingame Team Winning the 1908 Championship

B, 8 goals; Santa Barbara, 4 goals. Their victory brought the Riverside B team into the final match against the Burlingame men.

The match between the Burlingame team, holders of the championship, and the Riverside Bs for the 1908 championship of the Coronado Country Club, took place on Friday afternoon, March 20th. The Riverside team was overwhelmed, and, though the men worked hard, could not score a goal against their formidable opponents, who were splendidly mounted on high-bred ponies, some of which certainly seemed to exceed the polo pony limit of 14½ hands. All the Burlingame men hit goals, Tobin making 5, Driscoll 4, Hobart 2 and Lawson 1. Captain Charles Wheeler, of the British Army, himself an excellent poloist, acted as umpire. Goals were scored in the first period by Driscoll and Hobart; and by the same players in the second. Score, 4—0. In the third Tobin scored twice: 6—0. In the fourth Lawson passed to Driscoll, who scored; and Tobin hit his third goal: 8—0. In the fifth period Lawson, Tobin, Driscoll and Tobin put the ball between the posts, the match ending 12—0 in favor of the Burlingame team. Their victory gave the polo championship of All-California for 1908 to the Burlingame team, each member of which won a silver goblet. The Burlingame poloists having won the championship in 1906, 1907 and 1908, the three-time trophy, a splendid punch-bowl, passed into the possession of the Burlingame Country Club. Each member of the Riverside team, which reached the final round, received a solid silver, gold-lined cigarette box with the C. C. C. emblem in gold and enamel.

The teams which did not reach the final match, that is, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Riverside A, took part in a Consolation Tournament for four individual trophies presented by Walter H. Dupee of Chicago. The first match of this tournament was played on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 18th, between the Los Angeles and Riverside A teams, Dr. E. J. Boeseke of Santa Barbara being referee. Ben Smith hit a goal for Los Angeles and Pattee equalized for Riverside in the first period. In the second Major Ross made the score read 2 to 1 in favor of Riverside; this remaining unchanged in the third period. In the fourth Ben Smith made it 2 all, and in the fifth period neither side scored. In the sixth period Tom Weiss made a good run and Ben Smith hit a goal, making it 3 to 2 in favor of Los Angeles. Mackey carried the ball down and put it between the posts, but was clearly off side. The match ended 3 to 2

Harold A. Taylor, Photo

Los Angeles Team—Harry Messmore, B. W. Smith, Jr., Harry Weiss, Tom Weiss

Harold A. Taylor, Photo

Riverside "A" Team—Major Colin Ross, F. J. Mackey, H. G. Pattee, W. Lionel Roberts

in favor of Los Angeles and brought that team into the final match against Santa Barbara on Saturday morning, March 21st. In the first period Harry Weiss scored for Los Angeles and Ealand for Santa Barbara: 1 all. In the second period Ealand scored again: Santa Barbara, 2; Los Angeles 1. In the third period Harry Weiss made the score 2 all. The fourth period ended without change in the score, but in the fifth Wickenden, from a free hit, made a goal. No further goal being hit by either side, the match ended 3 goals to 2 in favor of Santa Barbara, the representatives of which won the Dupee trophies.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 22d, a match was played between teams representing Northern and Southern California for a handsome silver vase and platter, with four replicas of the vase, all presented by Charles W. Clark of San Mateo. Northern California was, of course, represented by the Burlingame team, Charles Wheeler taking the place of John Lawson, who had returned to San Francisco. Southern California was represented by T. B. Jenkinson and Colin Ross of Canada and Riverside, Dr. E. J. Boeseke of Santa Barbara and F. J. Mackey, who had been spending the winter in Riverside and remained in California till about the end of March. The teams lined up as follows:

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA	SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
R. M. Tobin.....1	Dr. E. J. Boeseke.....1
T. A. Driscoll.....2	F. J. Mackey.....2
Charles Wheeler 3	T. B. Jenkinson.....3
W. S. Hobart.....Back	Major Colin Ross..Back

Early in the fifth period Dr. Boeseke fell from his pony against a goal post and hurt his wrist. His place was taken by Frank Hudson, who had been sharing the duties of umpire with Paul Nevin. Though the Southerners struggled gallantly and actually made more shots at goal than their opponents, they could not get the ball between the posts. Driscoll played a brilliant game for the North, scoring five goals; Tobin made two and Wheeler two. On the winning team all played strongly, their combination being good and their defense sound. Mackey played a hard game for the losers, as also did Ross and Jenkinson, but the last named was riding strange ponies and did not perform as brilliantly as usual. The match ended 9 to 0 in favor of the Northerners, who captured the Clark trophy. It was said that the members of the team drew lots or shook dice for the individual ownership of the trophy and that Walter Hobart won.

Harold A. Taylor, Photo

Riverside "B" Team—Frank D. Hudson, W. Fritz Nave, M. Redmayne, T. B. Jenkinson

THE ART OF SHOOTING

By An Old Devotee

Part IV.—THE SHOT GUN

(Continued.)

THE remaining shots, i. e., the level crossing, the rising crossing, descending crossing, quartering crossing and assending shots ahead are so palpably covered by the diagrams in our last issue that no illustrations will be necessary here. There are a few things to remember, however, that will be best emphasized by repetition.

The Level Crossing.

In shooting at a bird crossing in a level horizontal line from right to left or vice versa, don't make the common mistake of throwing the gun *somewhere* ahead of the bird and pulling by guess. These are really among the easiest shots to make and will be successfully executed in the majority of cases by even the tyro if the following suggestions are carefully followed:

Always aim first *at* the bird keeping the gun moving in the line of his flight so that the sight continuously covers him, then swing the gun easily but steadily ahead of him until the proper "lead" has been attained and press the trigger *while the gun is moving. Never* aim stationarily at some indeterminate point ahead and pull; keep the gun swinging all the time in the plane of his flight and give him a generous allowance. And if you are a right handed shooter, and the bird is crossing from left to right, always make a little more allowance than when he is crossing from right to left, for reasons given before under the head of "The Quartering Approach." Remember to give plenty of lead—one shot in the head or neck is worth 20 in the tail feathers!

The Rising Crossing.

Aim not only ahead but above and over the bird's plane of flight—you have to allow for "lead" and "rise" Make plenty allowance.

The Descending Crossing.

This shot is exactly similar to the others in point of "leading," but the aim must be under so as to let the bird drop into the pattern as he dips downward.

The Quartering Crossing Away.

Like the quartering approach shot this is one of very easy accomplishment. Simply decrease the "lead," aiming nearly at or very slightly ahead of the bird and a trifle over his plane of flight so as to allow for the drop (trajectory) of the shot. Shoot quickly as "time" is a prime essential here.

The Ascending Shot Ahead.

Is very similar to the "Rising Passed Shot" described in my last paper. Hold on the bird, swinging the gun to keep him covered, then raise the muzzle smartly at least four feet above him and fire. The beginner will invariably find that his estimated four feet is most apt to be only four inches in reality, with an attendant miss as the result. "Top him a-plenty" I always cry when coaching some beginner and when the bird comes down it is always amusing to hear the stereotyped "Gee! but that duck was going some! Why I led him at least 30 feet." My reply is always the same: "That so! Then lead the next one forty feet; you barely did more than tail this one."

To recapitulate: never shoot the gun stationarily at any moving object. Swing with him, take a "lead," and pull while gun is swinging, *always,* and you will soon account for your duck in good style.

Never "sky-scrape" under any circumstances. Let your bird come in to a moderate range—*don't let him get too close, however*—and shoot with care and deliberation.

Never shoot into the "brown" of the flock. Always chose an individual bird, one as

nearly in the front rank as possible, and let him be your objective point, leaving your "luck" to the pattern of the gun. Don't be surprised if, at first, while shooting at the leader you kill the last duck of the rear guard; other fellows have done it before you. It takes a lot of will power to lead 'em sufficiently and the knack requires practice.

Never take a loaded gun into a boat; if you are after cripples, charge your weapon after you are safely afloat and then put the safety on until the very moment of taking aim.

Don't "pot" them on the water if they are within reasonable distance should they flare up. You are a sportsman, not an assassin and game butcher. A duck cut down in mid-career in the air tastes better than one ground sluiced or potted among your decoys. Be decent—even if it requires a great effort—give the birds an even chance.

Rigorously eschew all use of strong stimulants when shooting any deadly weapon and particularly any firearm. Rum-besotted, whiskey-befuddled brains move all too slowly, uncertainly and erratically to allow of the calm, critical, on-the-instant judgment and physical execution necessary to any sport which demands precision, speed and adroitness. A bottle of beer is permissible if drunk slowly and to alleviate thirst only. Cold coffee, tea or a bottle of mild malt extract is far better, however, and there will be none of the oppressive heaviness which always attends beer guzzling in a blind. And when I am quail, snipe or grouse shooting, in swamp or covert, I never go out the second time with a man who drinks under such circumstances, being much too old, and too fond of life to take any unnecessary chances.

In the matter of shooting etiquette I shall say but little. If a man's natural instincts are not clean and gentlemanly enough to impel him to do the right thing, he will not be apt to be swayed by any suggestions from me. Three things, however, should always be scrupulously observed: Never, when hunting in company, shoot at a bird which rises in front of or crosses towards your companion so as to give him a fair shot. Such birds are sacredly his in the ethics of venery, and while it may be deemed "cute" to "wipe his eye," you will invariably wipe out all the respect and friendship that he may have entertained for you. Men are only mortal and a man generally is jealous of his rights.

Always kill your neighbor's cripples for him if you have the opportunity, and don't forget to tell him of it *immediately when done* or to hang them on his string when you forgather at the day's end. It is a nice little courtesy and one that is always appreciated; besides, it is the proper and humane thing to do so far as the game is concerned.

Never adversely criticise your hunting companion's shooting or his actions afield. A little polite hypocrisy is by far a lesser evil. A duffer seldom likes to be told he is such. Better help him to make excuses. He will think you are a very decent sort, anyway, and that's better than his perhaps secret but not the less bitter revilement of you. Vanity constitutes a big fraction of every man's make-up. We are all tarred by the same stick.

Always make a point of calling your companion's attention to incoming birds especially if they are headed towards his blind. The usual signal is "Mark-West" or whatever the direction of approach. Never shoot at long range at birds that may ultimately, if undisturbed, swing in to him. Don't sit on your blind or otherwise expose yourself so as to frighten away the game; and whatever you do DON'T go to monkeying around outside your blind while the shoot is in progress. It is deemed even more of a sin to spoil the other fellow's chances than to destroy your own. In short have horse sense and employ it always. So may your chums rise up and call you blessed instead of saying things about you that might outrage your *amour propre* if overheard.

In my next paper I will deal with the care and cleaning of guns—items of more value to the shooter than is commonly supposed.

Pat H. (Tevis R.—Maude H.)
Owned by S. J. Hunter, Fresno, Cal.

THE OAKLAND SHOW

THE second annual dog show of the Oakland Kennel Club was held in the spacious skating rink of Idora Park, Oakland, April 8th to 11th. To say that the show was a success is only a mild way of stating an agreeable fact. The number of dogs benched was well over three hundred, while in quality they contained practically all of the best in the central sections of the state as well as most of the cream of the rest of the coast.

To the officers of the club too much praise cannot be given. They were constantly present, giving their whole attention to the needs and comfort of their patrons. Self-interest—all too common at the shows in this section of the state—was lost sight of entirely, and their whole energy given to the success of the venture and to the interests of the dogs and the exhibitors. If there was a complaint or a request made by anyone it received prompt and full attention and was attended to with such pleasing urbanity that the ruffled waters were at once smoothed and the most pleasant feeling established. "Did you ever see a show run so smoothly, and the officers and attendants so obliging?" was a remark heard on every side. The people of Oakland, too, patronized the show well and kept the large room constantly full.

The judging, with a very few exceptions, gave very general satisfaction. Mr. McConnell, of Victoria, who handled the setters and pointers, failed to please the setter men in his selections in most of the English setters, picking a type of dog that was not to their liking generally. The rest of his awards were well received. Mr. Oldham, of New York, who handled the rest of the classes, fully met the expectations of his many friends, and if there were any complaints over his

awards they must have been of a minor nature, for they failed to reach my ears.

The following are the awards:

St. Bernards—Puppies, 1, F. M. Smith's King. Novice, dogs, F. M. Smith's King. Limit, dogs, 1, Mrs. Jack W. Matthews' Prince Lion; 2, F. M. Smith's, King. Open, dogs, Mrs. Jack W. Matthews's Prince Lion. Winners, dogs, Mrs. Jack W. Matthews' Prince Lion; reserve, F. M. Smith's King; specials, best, Mrs. Jack W. Matthews' Prince Lion; best puppy, F. M. Smith's King.

Great Danes—Novice, dogs, Theo. Geldson's Bismarck. Limit, dogs, 1, Theo. Geldson, Bismarck; 2, Jonathan Snook's Dick. Open, dogs, 1, Jonathan Snook's Dick; 2, Theo. Geldson's Bismarck. Winners, dogs, Jonathan Snook's Dick; reserve, J. Snook's Dick. Novices, bitches, W. A. Burghard, Jessie Jefferson. Limit, bitches, W. A. Burgard's Jessie Jefferson. Winners, bitches, W. A. Burgard's Jessie Jefferson; special, best, Jonathan Snook's Dick.

Wolfhounds—Limit, dogs and bitches, 1, Chas. Givernaud's Neva. Open, dogs and bitches, 1, Chas. Giveranud's Neva. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, Chas. Givernaud's Neva.

Greyhounds—Open, dogs, 1, T. J. Cronin's Black Tralee; 2, James Sweeney's Richard Anton. Winners, 1, T. J. Cronin's Black Tralee; reserve, James Sweeney's Richard Anton; special, best, T. J. Cronin's Black Tralee.

Foxhounds (American)—Puppies, 1, Carroll Cook's Prince Louis; Junior, dogs and bitches, 1, Carroll Cook's Bill Ping. Novice, dogs, 1, Mrs. W. Roslington's Rex. Limit, dogs, 1, Mrs. W. Roslington's Rex. Open, dogs, 1, Carroll Cook's Judge. Winners, dogs, 1, Carroll Cook's Judge; reserve, Mrs. W. Roslington's Rex. Open, bitches, 1, Carroll Cook's Queenie. Winners, bitches, 1, Carroll Cook's Queenie. Team Classes, 1, Carroll Cook's team; specials, best, Carroll Cook's Judge; best opposite sex, Carroll Cook's Queenie; best Pacific Coast bred, Carroll Cook's Judge.

Pointers—Novice, dogs, 1, M. D. Owens, Owen's Prince. Limit, dogs, 1, J. W. Gibb's Mike Geary; 2, M. O. Feudner's Raffles. Open, dogs, under 55 lbs., 1, J. W. Gibb's Mike Geary. Open, dogs, over 55 lbs., 1, M. O. Feudner's Raffles. Winners, dogs. Novice, bitches, 1, W. H. Estabrook's Santa Rosa; 2, Lloyd Baldwin's May. Limit, bitches, under 50 lbs., 1, Lloyd Baldwin's May. Open, bitches, under 50 lbs., Lloyd Baldwin's May. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Lloyd Baldwin's May. Open, bitches, 1, Lloyd Baldwin's May; 2, W. H. Estabrook's Santa Rosa. Winners, bitches, 1, Lloyd Baldwin's May; reserve, Lloyd Baldwin's May; specials, best, Lloyd Baldwin's May; best opposite sex, J. W. Gibb's Mike Geary; best in Limit Class, Lloyd Baldwin's May.

English Setters—Puppies, dogs, 1, P. M. Wand's Sven C.; 2, Geo. C. Franck's Ted F.; 3, Mrs. Wm. Phillips' Teddy R., Jr.; reserve, Mrs. J. Otten's Bob O. Puppies, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Geo. C. Franck's Ted F. Junior, dogs, 1, Victor A. Kuehn's Mallwyd Beau. Novice, dogs, 1, Jack W. Matthews' Vivacious Mr. Jack. Limit, dogs, 1, Fred P. Butler's Tiverton; 2, Mrs. B. Allen, Fleet's Sergeant; 3, J. S. Nickford's Arbutus Dash. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, J. S. Hickford's Arbutus Dash; 2, Victor A. Kuehn's Mallwyd Beau. Open, dogs, American bred, 1, Victor A. Kuehn's Mallywd Beau. Open, dogs, 1, Fred P. Butler's Tiverton; 2, Mrs. B. Allen, Fleet's Sergeant; 3, J. S. Hickford's Arbutus Dash. Winners, dogs, 1, J. S. Hickford's Arbutus Dash; reserve, P. M. Wand's Sven C. Puppies, bitches, 1, S. Goodacre's Royal Beauty; 2, Wm. Phillips' Merry June. Puppies, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Montecito Kennels, Alice R.; 2, Montecito Kennels, Arrah Wanna. Limit, bitches, 1, Mark Manning's Lady Dorrie M.; 2, S. Goodacre's Gell's Beauty; 3, A. Rwmple's Blanche T. Veteran, bitches, 1, Tirphil's Judith. Open, bitches, Mark Manning's Lady Dorrie M.; 2, J. M. Golobeck, Cato's Norma. Winners, bitches, 1, Mark Manning's Lady Dorrie M.; reserve, S. Goodacre, Bell's Beauty. Brace Class, Montecito Kennel's brace. Specials—Best English, Irish, or Gordon setter, M. H. Taylor's Kockline Flirt; reserve, G. B. M. Gray's St. Lambert's Nora. Best setter in regular classes, F. P. Butler's Tiverton. Best of opposite sex, Mark Manning's Lady Dorrie M. Best in Limit Class, Fred P. Butler's Tiverton. Best Novice Class, Jack W. Matthews's Vivacious Mr. Jack. Best sire to be judged by specimens of his get, Mrs. Gertrude Spriggs' Mallwyd Bob, Jr. Best setter with field trial record, Geo. V. M. Gray's Avalon.

Gordon Setters—Puppies, dogs and bitches,

1, A. L. Stuart, Doc's Peerless Lad; 2, H. B. Knox, Doc's Peerless Miss. Novice, dogs and bitches, A. E. Drendell's Silkwood Rip. Limit, dogs, 1, T. C. Smith's Pomper Beaver; 2, A. L. Stuart, Doc's Peerless Lad; 3, Dan Heffron's Gordon. Limit, bitches, 1, H. B. Knox's Lawn View Belle; 2, Oscar Krause's Pit. Open, dogs, 1, T. C. Smith's Pomper Beaver; 2, A. L. Stuart, Doc's Peerless Lad; 3, Dan Heffron's Gordon. Open, bitches, 1, A. L. Holling's Champion Flora B.; 2, H. B. Knox's Sis. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, T. C. Smith's Pomper Beaver; reserve, A. L. Holling's Champion Flora B. Specials, best, T. C. Smith's Pomper Beaver. Best opposite sex, A. L. Holling's Champion Flora B. Best in Open Class, T. C. Smith's Pomper Beaver. Best in Limit Class, T. C. Smith's Pomper Bever. Best Puppy, A. L. Stuart, Doc's Peerless Lad.

Irish Setters—Puppies, dogs, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport; 2, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Larry; 3, Robert A. Miller's Tipperary; reserve, P. N. Hanrahan's Broadway Teddy, Jr. Novice, dogs, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport; 2, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Larry; 3, James J. Donovan's Pal; reserve, Mrs. E. Harrison's Shamus O'Rudh. Limit, dogs, 1, H. R. Ella's Prince; 2, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Cloud's Liscarney; 3, W. W. Crane, St. Cloud's Laddie; reserve, James J. Donovan's Pal; V. H. C., Edgar R. Rayner's Ben Bolt. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Mrs. E. Harrison's Shamus O'Rudh. Open, dogs, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport; 2, H. R. Ella's Prince; 3, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Cloud's Liscarney; reserve, W. W. Crane, St. Cloud's Laddie. Winners, dogs, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport; reserve, H. R. Ella's Prince. Puppies, bitches, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Queen; 2, Mrs. J. Otten's Flora O. Novice, bitches, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Queen; 2, Jack Calvert's Lady Dell; 3, Mrs. J. Otten's Flora O. Limit, bitches, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Norah; 2, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Belle; 3, Jack Calvert's Lady Dell; reserve, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's May; V. H. C., Andrew Fairfull's Jess. Open, bitches, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Norah; 2, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Queen; 3, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Belle; reserve, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's May; V. H. C., Andrew Fairfull's Jess. Winners, bitches, 1, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Norah; reserve, R. H. Grover's Champion Halvern Jerry. Best of breed, G. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Nora. Best of opposite sex, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport. Best in Limit Class, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport. Best in Novice Class, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Norah. Best Puppy, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport. Best of opposite sex, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Sport. Largest entry from one Kennel, Geo. B. M. Gray, St. Lambert's Queen.

Irish Water Spaniels—Open, dogs, 1, W. V. N. Bay's Our Chance, Jr. Winners, dogs, 1, W. V. N. Bay's Our Chance, Jr. Limit, bitches, 1, W. V. N. Bay's Frisco Babe. Open, bitches, 1, V. M. Comeford's Oakland Girl; 2, W. V. N. Bay's Champion Rowdy Girl; 3, W. V. N. Bay's Frisco Bess. Winners, bitches, 1, V. M. Comeford's Oakland Girl; reserve, W. V. N. Bay's Champion Rowdy Girl. Specials, best, V. M. Comeford's Oakland Girl. Best of opposite sex, W. V. N. Bay's Our Chance, Jr.

Field Spaniels—Limit, dogs and bitches, 1, E. J. Hoegerman's Dick H. Open, dogs and bitches, black, 1, A. L. Stuart's Judge Casey. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, E. J. Hoegerman's Dick H.; reserve, A. L. Stuart's Judge Casey.

Cocker Spaniels—Puppies, dogs, any color, 1, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon; 2, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light; 3, James Rolph Jr.'s Mission Bob; reserve, James Rolph Jr.'s Mission Relief. Junor, dogs, any color, 1, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon; 2, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light; 3, Miss C. L. Kempff's Commodore Carrots. Novice, dogs, black, 1, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon. Limit, dogs, black, 1, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon; 2, Mrs. W. B. Fielding's Boy. Open, dogs, black, 1, Miss A. Wolfen's Champion Searchlight; 2, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon; 3, Mrs. W. B. Fielding's Boy. Open, dogs, black, Pacific Coast bred, 1, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon. Winners, dogs, black, 1, Miss A. Wolfen's Champion Searchlight; reserve, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon. Novice, dogs, other than black, 1, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light; 2, J. H. Gage's Dusty Rhoades; 3, Mrs. A. J. Brown's Kimball O'Hara. Limit, dogs, other than black, 1, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light; 2, W. H. Dennis' Delverton Domino. Limit, dogs, any solid color other

than black, 1, Miss C. L. Kempf's Commodore Carrots; 2, George W. Ellery's Ginger; 3, Lucien A. Marsh's Teddy M. Open, dogs, bred by exhibitor, 1, David P. Creswell, Sir Saxon. Open, dogs, any solid color except black, 1, Miss C. L. Kempff, Commodore Carrots; 2, George W. Ellery's Ginger. Open, dogs, parti-colored, 1, A. Wolfen's Champion Gypsy Chief; 2, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light; 3, Creswell & Adams, Glenwood Lucky; reserve, W. H. Dennis, Delverton Domino. Winners, dogs, other than black, 1, A. Wolfen, Champion Gypsy Chief; reserve, Valentine J. Ruh's Beacon Light. Puppies, bitches, any color, 1, W. H. Dennis' Cymbeline; 2, James Rolph Jr.'s Mission Folly; 3, Dorothy M. Caton's Smut. Junor, bitches, any color, 1, William M. Fitzmaurice's Cissie Fritz. Novice, bitches, black, 1, MacKay & Leonard's Lassie Kathleen. Limit, bitches, black, 1, MacKay & Leonard's Lassie Kathleen; 2. Mrs. F. E. Adams's Cresella Nell. Open, bitches, black, 1, A. L. Creswell's Champion Cressella Nancy. Open, bitches, black, Pacific Coast bred, 1, A. L. Creswell's Champion Cressella Nancy. Winners, bitches, black, 1, A. L. Creswell's Champion Crissella Nancy; reserve, MacKay & Leonard's Lassie Kathleen. Novice, bitches, other than black, 1, W. H. Dennis' Cymbeline; 2, William M. Fitzmaurice's Cissie Fritz; 3, Valentine J. Ruh's Notion. Limit, bitches, other than black, 1, William M. Fitzmaurice's Cissie Fritz; 2, Valentine J. Ruh's Notion. Open, bitches, bred by exhibitor, any color, 1, Mrs. W. C. Ralston's Floradora; 2, William M. Fritzmaurice's Cissie Fritz. Open, bitches, bred by exhibitor, any color, 1, A. L. Creswell, Champion Cressella Nancy; 2, William M. Fritzmaurice's Cissie Fritz; 3, W. H. Dennis' Juno. Open, bitches, any solid color except Black, 1, K. N. Stevens' Brownland Babbie; 2, William M. Fitzmaurice's Cissie Fritz. Open, bitches, parti-colored, 1, James Rolph, Jr.'s Beechgrove Topsy; 2, Mrs. W. C. Ralston's Delverton Tinker Belle; 3, Valentine J. Ruh's Notion. Winners, bitches, other than Black, K. N. Stevens' Brownland Babbie; reserve, James Rolph Jr.'s Beechgrove Topsy. Specials, Brace Class, 1, David P. Creswell's brace. Best, K. N. Steven's Brownland Babbie. Best opposite sex, Miss A. Wolfen's Champion Searchlight. Best parti-color, A. Wolfen's Champion Gypsy Chief. Cup for best red Cocker, K. N. Stevens' Brownland Babbie. Cup for best brace, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon. Best Open Classes, K. N. Stevens' Brownland Babbie. Limit Classes, MacKay & Leonard's Lassie Kathleen. Best Novice Classes, MacKay & Leonard's Lassie Kathleen. Best Puppy Classes, David P. Creswell's Sir Saxon.

DACHSHUNDS—Puppies, dogs and bitches, 1, Marshall & Allen's Billy Marshall. Novice, dogs, 1, H. Rimm's Waldie; 2, Mrs. Charles Elliot's Bullfrog. Limit, dogs, 1, H. Timm's Waldie; 2, Marshall & Allen's Billy Marshall; 3, Mrs. Charles Elliot's Bullfrog. Open, dogs, 1, Mrs. Phil Wand's Champion Dougie E.; 2, H. Timm's Waldie; 3, Mrs. Charles Elliot's Bullfrog. Novice, bitches, 1, Mrs. Phil Wand's Champion Dougie E.; reserve, H. Timm's Waldie. Novice, bitches, 2, Mr. K. and Miss A. Sopucke's Trixy. Limit, bitches, 1, H. Timm's Rosa. Open, bitches, 1, Mrs. Sydney S. L. Cavill's Nordica; 2, H. Timm's Rosa. Winners, bitches, 1, Mrs. Sydney S. L. Cavill's Nordica; reserve, H. Timm's Rosa.

COLLIES—Puppies, dogs, sable and white, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Vortex; 2, Mrs. H. B. Lister's Mario; 3, Mrs. W. P. Archibald's Craigengelt Breadalbane; Puppies, dogs, tri-color, 1, Random Collie Kennels' Lord Ormonde. Puppies, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Valor; 2, Mrs. W. P. Archibald's Craigengelt Breadalbane; 3, Miss Bessie Dargie's Scotty. Junior, dogs, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Watch; 2, Mrs. W. P. Archibald's Craigengelt Breadalbane. Novice, dogs, 1, Mrs. H. B. Lister's Ingomar; 2, Mrs. H. B. Lister's Mario; 3, Mrs. W. P. Archibald's Craigengelt Ormskirk. Limit, dogs, 1, William Ellery's Southport Stephen; 2, Random Collie Kennels' Shadeland Random Sir Jan; 3, E. L. Pavillard, Niro. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Valor; 2, C. W. Riffee's Farallone Roderick. Open dogs, American bred, 1, O. J. Albee's Champion Greystone Breadalbane. Open, dogs, bred by exhibitor, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Valor; 2, Random Collie Kennels' Lord Ormonde; 3, C. W. Riffee's Farallone Roderick. Open, dogs, tri-color, 1, Random Collie Kennels's Shadeland Random Sir Jan. Veteran, dogs, over five years, 1, O. J. Albee's Champion Greystone Breadalbane. Open, dogs, any color, 1, William Ellery's Champion Southport Student; 2, Wil-

liam Ellery's Southport Stephen. Winners, dogs, 1, William Ellery's Champion Southport Student; reserve, William Ellery, Southport Stephen. Puppies, bitches, sable and white, O. J. Albee's Live Oak Sphinx; 2, C. W. Riffee, Farallone Marguerite. Puppies, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Verona; 2, C. W. Riffee's Farallone Marguerite; 3, C. W. Riffee's Farallone Goldie. Junior, bitches; 1, C. W. Riffee's Farallone Goldie. Novice, bitches, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Verona; 2, O. J. Albee's Live Oak Evelyne. Limit, bitches, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Viola; 2, O. J. Albee's Live Oak Evelyne; 3, R. A. White's California Poppy. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, O. J. Albee's Live Oak Evelyne. Open, bitches, bred by exhibitor, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Viola. Open, bitches, tri-color, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Caprice. Winners, bitches, 1, William Ellery's Valverde Verona; reserve, William Ellery's Valverde Viola. Specials, best collie, William Ellery's Champion Southport Sphinx. Best opposite sex, William Ellery's Champion Southport Student. Best Pacific Coast bred, William Ellery's Valverde Verona. Best bred by exhibitor, William Ellery, Valverde Verona. Best American bred Collie, William Ellery's Valverde Verona. Best Pacific Coast bred puppy, William Ellery's Valverde Verona.

Poodle (Curly)—Novice dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. George Daly's Didonc. (Curly) Open, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. George Daly, Didonc. Specials, best Poodle, Mrs. George Daly's Didonc.

Dalmatians—Limit, dogs and bitches, 1, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Conspirator. Open, dogs and bitches, 1, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Conspirator; 2, Frank Neall Ribinson, M. D., Glenwood Adonis. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Conspirator; reserve, Frank Neall Robinson, M. M., Glenwood Adonis. Specials, Best Dalmatian, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Conspirator.

English Bulldogs—Puppy, dogs, 1, George Young's Ross Billy. Junior, dogs, 1, H. A. Smith's Mike. Novice, dogs, 1, W. H. Reed's Senator Diamond; 2, W. H. Reed's Ace of Diamonds; 3, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Yeovie Boz. Limit, dogs, 1, Mrs. J. Worth Grisby's Plutocrat; 2, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Yeovie Thornfield; 3, L. A. Steinfeld's The Battler; reserve, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Yeovie Boz. Veteran, dogs, 1, L. A. Steinfeld's The Battler. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Yeovie Thornfield. Open, dogs, 1, James Ewins' Moston Bar None; 2, J. L. Cunningham's Champion Ivel Damon; 3, Mrs. J. Worth Grisby's Plutocrat; reserve, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Yeovie Thornfield. Winners, dogs, 1, James Ewins' Moston Bar None; reserve, J. L. Cunningham's Champion Ivel Damon. Puppies, bitches, 1, Chas. R. Harker's Magnolia Buzz; 2, Miss Lillian Carpenter's Miss Chicken Crosspatch; 3, Hugo Morton's The Duchess Mutt. Junior, bitches, 1, W. F. Weiss, Niarod's Duchess of Salano. Novice, bitches, 1, Chas. R. Harker's Magnolia Fawn; 2, W. F. Weiss' Nairod's Duchess of Salano; 3, F. V. Gray's Leone Lily; reserve, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Queen II. Limit, bitches, 1, Dr. T. Martin Smith's Freedom; 2, H. H. Brown and B. W. Rice's Queen II. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Chas. R. Harker's Ivel Chaddie. Open, bitches, American bred, 1, Dr. T. Martin Smith's Freedom. Open, bitches, 1, Albert H. Hayes' St. Queenie; 2, Dr. T. Martin Smith's Freedom. Winners, bitches, 1, Albert H. Hayes' St. Queenie; reserve, Dr. T. Martin Smith's Freedom.

Bull Terriers—Puppies, dogs, 1, Miss Louise Easten's Wonderland Jim Woods; 2, Ben P. Walls' Englewood Major; 3, Mrs. L. A. Scott's Wonderland Belrock; reserve, J. K. Burke's Edgecote Vigilant. Junior, dogs, 1, Ben P. Walls' Englewood Major; 2, J. K. Burke's Edgecote Vigilant; 3, Mrs. E. R. Bryant's Raffles. Novice, dogs, 1, Miss Louise Easten's Wonderland Jim Woods; 2, Ben P. Walls' Englewood Major; 3, Mrs. L. A. Scott's Wonderland Belrock; V. H. C., Dr. W. H. Watkins' Mighty of the Lake; V. H. C., Mrs. E. R. Bryant's Raffles. Limit, dogs, Not exceeding 30 lbs., 1, Mrs. L. A. Scott's Wonderland Belrock. Limit, dogs, over 30 lbs., 1, Mrs. Horton F. Phipps's Brooklyn Patsy; 2, Jesse Moore's Willamette Demon; 3, Montecito Kennels' Haymarket Prince; reserve, High S. Aldrich's Tige. Open dogs, Pacific Coast breed, 1, Mrs. E. R. Bryant's Raffles. Open, dogs, over 30 lbs., 1, Robert

Richard's Stilleto Tarquin; 2, Jesse Moore's Willamette Demon; 3, Mrs. E. R. Bryant's Raffles; reserve, Hugh S. Aldrich's Tige. Open, dogs, 1, Mrs. Horton F. Phipps' Brooklyn Patsy; 2, E. P. Shortall's Champion Silkwood Ben Ali; 3, Jesse Moore's Willamette Demon; reserve, Mrs. L. A. Scott's Wonderland Belrock. Winners, dogs, 1, Mrs. Horton F. Phipps' Brooklyn Patsy; reserve, E. P. Shortall's Champion Silkwood Ben Ali. Puppies, bitches, 1, A. I. Moliis' Silkwood Tatoosh; 2, E. Geo. Jackson's Venoma Duchess; 3, Mrs. J. P. Plummer's Edgecote Juno; reserve, Mr. and C. F. J. Pearson's Cordova of Wonder. Puppies, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, A. I. Moliis' Silkwood Tatoosh; 2, Mrs. J. C. Hirschmann's Tutie Edgecote; 3, Montecito Kennels' Montecito Molly; reserve, E. Geo. Jackson's Venoma Duchess. Junior, bitches, 1, Mrs. J. C. Hirschmann's Tutie Edgecote. 2, Mrs. Chas. Reid Thorburn's Stilleto Keen. Novice, bitches, 1, Mrs. J. C. Hirschmann's Tutie Edgecote; 2, F. E. Tully's Silkwood Cricket; 3, Mrs. Chas. Reid Thorburn's Stilleto Keen. Limit, bitches, not exceeding 30 lbs., 1, Mrs. Chas. Reid Thorburn's Stilleto Keen. Limit, bitches, over 30 lbs, 1, Dr. W. H. Watkins' Edgecote Dena; 2, F. E. Tully's Silkwood Cricket; 3, Geo. Doll's Trix. Open, bitches, over 30 lbs., 1, Frank E. Watkins' Iris; 2, G. C. Israel's Champion Edgewood Biddy; 3, Mrs. J. C. Hirschmann's Tutie Edgecote. Open, bitches, 1, Frank E. Watkins' Iris; 2, G. C. Israel's Champion Edgewood Biddy; 3, Mrs. George Flexner's Lady Hazel; reserve, E. Geo. Jackson's Venoma Duchess; V. H. C., F. E. Tully's Silkwood Cricket. Winners, bitches, 1, Frank E. Watkins' Iris; reserve, G. C. Israel's Champion Edgewood Biddy. Specials, best Bull Terrier, Frank E. Watkins' Iris. Best opposite sex, Mrs. Horton F. Phipps' Brooklyn Patsy. Best puppy, A. I. Moliis, Silkwood, Tatoosh.

French Bulldogs—limit, dogs, 1, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Loulou. Open, dogs, 1, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Champion General de la Mare. Winners, dogs, 1, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Champion General de la Mare; reserve, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Loulou. Limit, bitches, 1, Dr. J. Auburn Wiborn's D'Anglemont Fleurette. Open, bitches, 1, Dr. J. Auburn Wiborn's D'Anglemont Fleurette. Best French Bulldog, Mrs. H. N. Cook's Champion General de la Mare.

Airedale Terriers — Puppies, dogs and bitches; 1, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Bloom; 2, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Courageous; 3, Mrs. C. R. Armstrong's Hilo. Novice, dogs, 1, Wm. R. Harper's Sierra Rock Prince; 2, Marshall Steel's Sierra Spud; 3, Mr. David Hadden's Sierra Dale; reserve, Mrs. C. R. Armstrong's Hilo. Limit, dogs, 1, Nat. T. Messer's Motor Dace; 2, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Courageous; 3, Marshall Steel's Sierra Spud; reserve, Dr. David Hadden s Sierra Dale. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Nat .T. Messer's Motor Dace. Open, dogs, 1, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Courageous; 2, Marshall Steel's Sierra Spud. Winners, dogs, 1, Nat. T. Messer's Motor Dace; reserve, Wm. R. Harper's Sierra Rock Prince. Novice, bitches, 1, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Bloom. Limit, bitches, 1, Nat. T. Messer's Ingafield Wild Rose; 2, R. M. Palmer's Lake Dell Duchess; 3, Thos. R. Cotton's Nell. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, R. M. Palmer's Lake Dell Duchess. Open, bitches, 1, R. M. Palmer's Lake Dell Duchess; 2, Thos. R. Cotton's Nell. Winners, bitches, 1, Nat. T. Messer's Ingafield Wild Rose; reserve, Bellew's Kennels, Bellew's Bloom. Specials, best Airedale terrier, Nat. T. Messer's Motor Dance. Best opposite sex, Nat. T. Messer's Ingafield Wild Rose.

Fox Terriers—Smooth, puppies, dogs, 1, Joseph Bailey, Bellew's Charmion. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Marlin. Open, dogs, bred by exhibitor, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Marlin. Open, dogs, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Sabine Ringer; 2, Irving C. Ackerman's Sabine Rasper. Winners, dogs, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Sabine Ringer; reserve, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Marlin. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Orchid. Open, bitches, bred by exhibitor, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Orchid. Open, bitches, 1, Irving C. Ackerman's Sabine Favor; 2, Mrs. F. A. Savage's Countess Emma. Winners, bitches, 1, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Orchid; reserve, Irving C. Ackerman's Sabine Favor. Specials, best smooth fox terrier, Walter W. Stettheimer's Sabine Ringer. Best opposite sex, Walter W. Stettheimer's Tallac Orchid. Best

puppy, Joseph Bailey, Bellew's Charmion. Wire-haired fox terriers, limit, dogs, 1, La Sonrisa Kennels, La Sonrisa Valiente; 2, Jno. Oliver's Humberstone Jack. Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Jno. Oliver's Humberstone Jack. Open, dogs, American bred, 1, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Humberstone Record. Open, dogs, 1, La Sonrisa Kennels, La Sonrisa Valiente. Winners, dogs, 1, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Humberstone Record; reserve, La Sonrisa Kennels, La Sonrisa Valiente. Limit, bitches, Edmund Budd Rosenberg's Sapient. Open, bitches, 1, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Endcliff Precise. Winners, bitches, 1, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Endcliff Precise; reserve, Edmund Budd Rosenberg's Sapient. Specials, best wire fox terrier, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Endcliff Precise. Best opposite sex, Irving C. Ackerman's Champion Humberstone Record.

Irish Terriers—Open, dogs, Pacific Coast bred, Wm. Ollard's Boy. Open, dogs, Wm. Ollard's Boyne Fidget. Winners, dogs, 1, Wm. Ollard's Boy. Open, bitches, Pacific Coast bred, 1, Wm. Ollard's Boyne Fidget. Open, bitches, 1, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Enigma. Winners, bitches, 1, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Enigma; reserve, Wm. Ollard's Boyne Fidget. Specials, best Irish terrier, Freeman Ford's Arroyo Enigma. Best opposite sex, Wm. Ollard's Boy.

Pomeranians—Novice, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Masher. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. Irving C. Ackerman's Humberstone Masher.

Italian Greyhounds — Open, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. W. A. Deane's Champion Duke II; 2, Mrs. W. A. Deane's Zeldia III. Winners, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. W. A. Deane's Champion Duke II; reserve, Mrs. W. A. Deane's Zeldia III. Best Italian greyhound, Mrs. W. A. Deane's Champion Duke II.

Chihuahuas—Limit, dogs and bitches, 1, Thos. H. Persse's Tippy; 2, Mrs. Ida Byrne's Snart; 3, Mrs. Ida Byrne's Cricket. Open, dogs and bitches, 1, Mrs. Ida Byrne's Snart; 2, Mrs. Ida Bryne's Cricket.

Boston Terriers—Puppies, dogs, 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, Albert V. Long's Browneye Boola. Novice, junior, dogs, 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, Albert V. Long's Browneye Boola. Novice, dogs, 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, D. S. Steele's Spot Steele; 3, Albert V. Long's Browneye Boola. Limit, dogs, 17 lbs. and under 22 lbs., 1, Miss Jennie Crocker's Frisco Cinders; 2, D. S. Steele's Spot Steele; 3, Albert V. Long's Brownye Boola. Limit, dogs, 22 lbs. and not over 28 lbs, 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, G. B. Laughlin's Happy Hooligan; 3, Ernest Mendenhall's Dan Daly. Veteran, dogs, 1, Ernest Mendenhall's Dan Daly. Open, dogs, 17 lbs. and under 22 lbs., 1, Miss Jennie Crocker's Frisco Cinders; 2, Miss Jennie Crocker's Champion Dick Dazzler. Open, dogs, 22 lbs. and not over 28 lbs., 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, Ernest Mendenhall's Dan Daly; 3, G. B. Laughlin's Happy Hooligan. Open, dogs, 1, Miss Kathaleen Finnigan's Revilo Tech; 2, G. B. Laughlin's Happy Hooligan.

SPECIALS

Best Dog or Bitch, any breed—Wm. Ellery's collie, Balverde Faultless.

Best Opposite Sex to the Winner—T. J. Cronin's greyhound, Black Tralee.

Best Team of Four, any breed—Wm. Ellery's Valverde Faultless, Southport Student, Valverde Venice, and Princess of Tytton. Reserve, Miss Jennie Crocker's Boston terriers, Frisco Cinders, Endcliffe Tortora, Dick Dazzler and Clancy III.

Largest Entry by One Exhibitor of any Breed—William Ellery.

Best English, Irish or Gordon Setter—M. H. Taylor's English setter, Rockline Flirt. Reserve, Geo. B. M. Gray's Irish setter, St. Lambert's Norah.

Best in Champion Variety Class—G. C. Israel's bull terrier, Champion Edgewood Biddy.

Best in Ladies' Variety Class, any breed—Mrs. Horton F. Phipps' bull terrier, Brooklyn Patsy.

Best Toy—Mrs. Irving C. Ackerman's Pomeranian, Humberstone Masher.

Best Rough-coated Terrier—Irving C. Ackerman's wire-haired fox terrier, Champion Endcliffe Precise.

Best California-bred Puppy—A. I. Moliis' bull terrier, Silkwood Tatoosh. Reserve, B. M. Gray's Irish setter, St. Lambert's Sport.

Best Brace, any breed—Wm. Ellery's collies, Valverde Faultless and Southport Student. Reserve, Miss Jennie Crocker's Boston terriers, Endcliffe Tortora and Frisco Cinders.

OREGON IN LINE

THE sportsmen of Oregon have entered the field-trial game, having organized the Oregon Field Trial Club on March 13th last. The officers elected are, president, Dr. J. M. Meyer; vice-president, Maurice Abraham; secretary, E. A. Parsons, and treasurer, Will Lipman. The inaugural trials of the new club will be held during the week commencing with September 28th. The trials will be run on Mongolian pheasants. The club has guaranteed good purses, and we trust that its inaugural trials will receive a liberal patronage from the field trial men of the Coast.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

FOR SALE.—Live game for restocking, fancy pheasants, waterfowl, pet stock and wild animals. List free. Denley, Naturalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Angora kittens; pedigreed prize-winning stock sired by "Cherub," holder of Western Field Challenge Cup. Address, 64 Stanyan street, San Francisco. Phone West 7026.

* * *

SPORTSMEN—Headquarters for hunting and fishing; board and lodging at ranch. Bear hunting a specialty. A. R. Gates, Hunter and Guide, Hay Fork, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Shooting Dogs. Lowest price, $100. Kenwood Kennels, Kenwood, Cal. W. B. Coutts & Co.

* * *

TWO of the best bred, high class English setter puppies in California for sale. Are eight months old; unspoiled. Will make first-class field dogs. Dr. F. D. Walsh, Loyalton, Calif.

* * *

FOR SALE.—Highly bred orange and white setter bitch, ten months, registered, $25.00; also fine pointer bitch, one year old, has been shot over and is a good one, $20.00. F. F. Wilson, Auburn, Cal.

* * *

"PHEASANT FARMING," illustrated booklet, 25c. History of China Pheasants in Oregon and how to raise them. Eggs $3.00 per dozen. Simpson's Pheasant Farm, Corvallis, Oregon.

* * *

FOR SALE—Setter and pointer pups and trained dogs; also spaniels and retrievers—good ones; prices right. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

PHEASANTS—I now have for sale a fine lot of English Ring-neck Pheasants suitable for stocking or breeding in pens, this is the Ideal Game Bird for Beautiful California. I also have pure bred Golden, Silver, Reeves and Amherst Pheasants. Trained Gray Ducks (used for Hunters' Live Decoys), Wood Ducks, Mallards, Teal, Geese, etc. Write for prices. Wallace Evans, Game Farm, Oak Park, Ill.

FOR SALE—Parker gun of high grade, cheap. Also a new motor boat and a fine lot of Indian rugs (Navajo blankets). Cheap for cash or trade for ranche or city lots. Address, "Rancher," care Western Field.

* * *

FOR SALE—Acme Folding Canvas Boat, 16 feet long, 52 inches wide; folds into package 5 feet by 10 inches; weight 85 pounds. Two rubber air tanks and all accessories included. Boat is absolutely new; has never been unpacked—a bargain at $45.00; cannot be duplicated for less than $65.00. H. L. Betten, 1213 Railroad Ave., Alameda, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—A few more Mountain Lion Skins at $10 each; also glass eyes and taxidermists' supplies. Albert E. Colburn, taxidermist, 706 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

HUNTING AND FISHING: I can guarantee to catch bear any time from April 1st till December 15th in Trinity county, California. Lions are plentiful in this district. I can locate parties in open season for fine deer hunting, and the best of trout fishing. I have good dogs. If reference is wanted it can be furnished. Address, E. W. Goe, Hyampom, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

FIRST-CLASS ENLARGEMENTS from your negatives, at prices that will surprise you. Many of your negatives when properly enlarged will be veritable gems. Write us today, submitting a print or negative and we will furnish estimates. Panorama views up to ten feet in length our specialty. Flashlights and all commercial work at bed-rock prices. Our reference—the editor of this magazine. Rogers & Bronstrup, 780 Ellis street, Phone Franklin 3540, San Francisco.

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San Francisco, California

Every Man's House is His Castle

WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 12 JUNE, 1908 No. 5

THE SEQUOIAS

GOD set seven signs upon this land of ours
To teach, by awe, mankind his wondrous powers:
A river sweeping broadly to the sea;
A cataract that thunders ceaselessly;
A mountain peak that towers in heaven's face;
A chasm deep-sunk toward the nether place;
A lake that all the wide horizon fills;
A pleasant vale set gem-like in the hills;
And, worthy younger brother of all these,
The great Sequoia, king of all the trees!

A cradle, song, and bed the waters meant;
The others, playground, grave and monument:
All wonderful, but cold and hard and dead;
The trees alone, like man, with life are fed,
Like him have felt the stir to rise from earth,
To toil, to strive to heights of greater worth,
To breast the storms and know the North wind's rage,
And pass traditions down from age to age.
O'er four score spans of human life they see,
And whisper of their tales to you and me.

Some men have worshipped 'neath their mighty beams—
Some men have dreamed and told the world their dreams;
Some men have lain most humbly at their feet
And sunk into the tired child's slumber sweet;
Some men—men?—have you seen plants wilt and worse,
Their base engirdled by the cut-worm's curse?—
Such men with axe and saw have gnawed and gnawed
And felled to earth what never back to God
Their lives can raise—nor sons, nor grandsons raise,
Through penance of a thousand arbor days.

And all for what? To thatch some petty cell?
God keep me roofless ere 'neath such I dwell!
To make our homes a work of finished art
Shall we cut out some great sequoia's heart?
Still may my pencil be forevermore
If it be splintered from sequoia core!
Shall vandals sack His temples and lay low,
And no one for His altars strike a blow?
Avaunt! grant to these great trees nobler death:
The earthquake, or some mighty tempest's breath.

—*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

A TRIP TO ELSINORE

By Geo. D. Snyder

ONE evening in January my friend, Mr. Wm. Penney, invited me to accompany him on a trip to Elsinore for a few days quail shooting. Within a few hours I had packed my grip and purchased a couple hundred shells, looked my gun over and made the necessary preparations for the trip. When I settled down that evening to my papers the news, somehow, was awfully dry and the sporting part of the paper did not say anything about quail at Elsinore; so I retired promptly at nine to get out at five in the morning, as the train we were to go on left Los Angeles at 7:30 o'clock. I was awake long before time to get up and was promptly at the station with dog and outfit. We arrived in Los Angeles on time and reached the Santa Fe depot about twenty minutes before train leaving time. After placing our dogs in the baggage car we selected a seat and settled down for a smoke and a hundred miles of car ride before us.

We arrived at San Bernardino twenty minutes late, but after getting over the Box Springs grade we made good time and reached Elsinore at 1:30 P. M. After a five-minutes' walk from the depot we entered the cottage which was to be our home for the next few days, and were soon busy preparing lunch. As we had about two hours time before dark we decided to take a short trip, and when within about one-half mile from town the dogs located a small bunch of birds. Penney's dog Fitz had made a point and flushed his bird which Penney brought down at about forty yards. Soon after, my dog Buster flushed a brace of birds and pointed a third. As I was pretty well winded from climbing the hill I missed my first flushing bird but brought down the second and then turned my attention to the bird Buster had at point; but quail are a mighty uncertain bird and this one was no exception to the rule—he swung down the hill and I missed him a mile. I could hear my friend Penney hammering away at the bottom of the draw, so turned my attention to a small flat on the side of the hill where it looked good to me. In the course of ten minutes I had four more birds to my credit.

About this time Buster thought my shooting was bum and tried to run down a bird, but after a short argument with him he decided not to do that way and got right down to business. We worked over the side of the hill and found a few birds; on reaching the base I came upon my friend and upon inventory we found we had a dozen birds, six cottontails and a jackrabbit. So we started for the house, well pleased with our hour's sport.

Next morning we were astir early, and after a substantial breakfast directed our course to a point about five miles from Elsinore, where the birds were supposed to be rather tame, not having been shot at so much. We arrived at the place about ten o'clock and were soon working the hills. The dogs seemed to enter into the sport from the first, and within a half hour we had located the birds and had them settled on the side of a good sized foothill. They were well scattered, lay close, and the dogs worked to perfection. After a few birds had been bagged Buster made a beautiful play as he was bringing in a bird. When about forty feet away he made a sensational point with a bird in his mouth and I walked up to him and got a double, dropping them both within fifty yards.

In the meantime Penney and Fitz had not been idle and when we came together at the end of the draw an inventory showed that he had 21 and myself 19 birds, so we returned over the ground and within thirty minutes had knocked out the limit. Then as we were about one mile from our horse we decided to pick up a few rabbits on our way in for the dogs, getting six cottontails and one jack-

Buster and Fitz

rabbit by the time we reached the wagon. There being a fine spring of water nearby we refreshed ourselves and the dogs, and after drawing the birds started for home, reaching there at 4:45 o'clock after as fine a day's sport as anyone could desire. We had cultivated an appetite that was wonderful, and in this the dogs were not far behind, but they were pretty well tired out. After supper was done with and the dishes washed, we had settled down to a pleasant smoke and a chat when there came a rap at the door; it proved to be our friend C. H. Mellen from Ocean Park, who had just arrived and would go out with us the following day.

The next morning we were out by 7:30 o'clock for the same fields where Penney and I found the birds the day before, and by 10:30 we had located them down on the flats where the brush was about two to three feet high. They were scattered over a large territory, but the dogs were in fine shape and did some good work and in an hour's time we had 19, 17 and 22 birds respectively. As they had now given us the slip we were some time in locating them again, but when we did we were but a short time in making up our limits and then turned our attention to the rabbits, of which we soon had eight to our credit. When we reached the wagon it was nearly three o'clock, and it was five when we got home hungry and tired. A porterhouse steak, with warm biscuits and other edibles, soon put us in the best of condition again, after which we turned in and were soon oblivious to surroundings.

The next morning being Sunday we were in no hurry about getting out, and it was seven o'clock before we sat down to breakfast. About the time we had our pipes lit Penney thought he heard a quail talking out on a slight rise of ground to the rear of the house, and he at once seized his gun and sailed forth. Before he had gone three hundred yards we heard him hammering away at them and in a few minutes Mellen and I

had joined him. We found that the birds were laying so close that we had to kick them out after the dogs pointed, thus giving Penney and I an advantage over Mellen. He got even by shooting all the rabbits he could find, and after an hour we turned in. Investigation showed that we had 27 quail and 16 rabbits, and after taking care of the birds we went to the hotel and enjoyed a bath in hot sulphur water. Then we took in the town and after lunch decided to go out and get in enough birds to make up our limit. We did this, getting eight more rabbits besides, and after disposing of a good supper we prepared our game, packed our grips and did all we could preparatory to leaving on the 6:35 train Monday morning for home. At 1:45 P. M. Monday we were at home again, after having had, from any standpoint of view, one of the pleasantest trips of the season.

TALE OF A TROUT

DEEP down by a rock, 'neath the whispering trees,
In a spot that was shady and cool,
Lived a hoary old trout, who swam round about,
In the depths of a shady, green pool,
Round its moss-covered boulders he idled all day,
He was happy and lived unafraid,
For this crafty old fish lacked for naught he could wish—
He was monarch of all he surveyed.

Now, many an angler had angled for him,
They gathered from near and from far;
But this wily old fiend took their bait fair and clean,
And got off without even a scar,
'Till all of the anglers of greater renown
He had caused with chagrin to perspire,
As in manner most bold, and a cunning untold,
He would tangle their lines and retire.

Tho' they drank many liquors, of this kind and that,
And tried all their schemes, old and new,
He looked on with a sneer and an insolent leer,
And daily more impudent grew.
The result was at last he a wizard was called,
And their minds with despair were replete,
And the chesty old trout still swam in and swam out,
With his head all swelled up with conceit.

But one day a youngster in battered straw hat
And trousers rolled up past his shin,
Came down to the brook and then, taking a look,
Began fishing with "store twine" and pin.
The wary old trout, looking up with a smile,
Seized the bait with a sarcastic yank,
When with lightning-like speed, and a twist of the reed,
He was landed "kerplunk" on the bank.

Thus quick brought about was the end of this trout,
When ironical fate had her fling;
He drove experts to bay, but at last fell a prey
To a kid with a pin and a string.

—*L. C. Davison.*

Photo by H. L. Betten

THE POOLS OF PIETA

By Tom Veitch

THERE are eighteen miles of them, the pools of Pieta, linked by silvery shallows into a living chain that lies among the southern hills of Mendocino. The first of them sparkles in a little valley far toward the summit of the small range. It is a mountain spring, bubbling clear from its rocky bed, and rimmed by lush grass; in the smothering heat of summer the grass is fresh and green even when the sturdy grey chamisal that grows thick on the hillside appears lifeless. And the last of the pools of Pieta is far larger. It is where the waters pause for just a moment, in the shade of some interlaced willows, before laughingly losing themselves in the great river. And many are the speckled trout that lie in the pools and ripples between the bubbling spring and the last glassy pool by the river.

Now, leading down the mountain through the chamisal to the grass-rimmed spring, the birthplace of Pieta, is a prehistoric overgrown road, the steepest in California. A camp-wagon—according to tradition once the property of a surveying party—lies rotting in a gulch alongside the road, because the brake was set and the wheels slipped. And here and there one may see other outfits that have lost their identities to the elements. And those who would take trout from the first of the pools of Pieta must needs drive down this path; so there are few who care for those trout.

But upon a time I was one of four who did, and we were jolting, bumping, sliding, and praying our way in a two-seater down through the chamisal toward the Pieta spring. It was in the afternoon of one of those warm, still days that come so often in the growing time. Twice we had near slipped over the edge, and twice we had

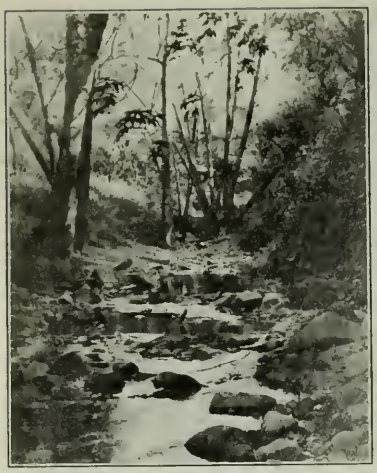


Photo by H. L. Betten

The First of Them

thought divers things of a driver who said we must keep our seats to give the load weight. After ages we were bouncing merrily along over the level toward the camping ground. Someone in relief mentioned the feel of spring in the air. There was an ominous silence, a pessimistic grunt from the rear seat, and a murmur that that was the only place anybody *could* feel any spring. And then we were at the headwaters which were also the headquarters and we made camp and ate, and after a while slept—more or less.

With me it was considerably less, owing to expectation and coffee and surroundings. The expectation did have something to do with it, and coffee always makes me rest poorly, but I think it was chiefly the surroundings—the lay of the land. You see, one can't stay expectant for hours and hours at night, and in time the effects of coffee wear away; but, don't you know, small portions of the landscape sometimes make a growing impression on one—especially when they are hidden from view. There were two little knobs in the ground about the size of your fist, one right under my left shoulder and the other in the small of my back; and before morning I had those two mountains named and the text of a letter to the authorities giving their position thoroughly memorized. Yes, I guess it was the surroundings troubled me most.

Finally along the thick chamisal on the eastern rim of the little valley the blackness of the sky began turning grey, slowly, ever so slowly. I watched it for awhile and then reached for my blankets and tipped over a pile of tins, and before the rattle had subsided I had rolled over again and was peacefully resting. The camp was quickly abustle, and soon, mixed with the smell of the wood smoke, I detected the fragrant aroma of boiling coffee and heard bacon frizzling enticingly.

The slangiest of the party leaned over me with a tin of icy water, and turning to the others whispered that I looked "as peaceful as a pickled Pharaoh during the big sleep"—which must have been ennobling! No sooner had he finished his little speech and was ready for the watery climax, than I let forth a howl as wild as a college yell and leaped straight at him. The water flew wild and everything in camp came my way. When the atmosphere cleared the other three were seated and mutely pointing to indicate the unfinished preparations for breakfast. I meekly accepted the suggestion, knowing that it wasn't a skunk that had tipped over those tins.

Just as the sun promised to rush over the rim of the little valley and flood us with golden light, we started down the small winding, glistening stream toward the first pools below the gravel sink, where the water almost disappears for perhaps three hundred yards; the last one, as he jointed his pole, stumbling along through the azure, bedewed lupines, luscious grasses, and sleeping golden poppies that would flame forth 'neath the noonday sun.

Where we started to fish the stream meandered through a flowered meadow, the pools here and there being marked by clumps of green willows. Ahead of us, perhaps half a mile, the valley narrowed and the water rippled under a laurel roof into a bosky cañon. This I already knew but delighted in knowing again.

Carefully I approached a clump of willows, listening to the solemn sound of the

water as it rolled into the pool—a solemn sound that surely was only assumed. On my leader were a "Queen of the Waters" and a "Coachman." Both were tipped with angleworms. Carefully I parted the willow shoots and dropped the feathery lures on the still pool. Almost instantly the water boiled around them and the little split bamboo quivered. A moment's play and two fish were lifted gently over the willow boughs—small fish, the largest only eight inches. Another cast, and without the slightest hesitation a half dozen fish again rushed at the flies. Two flashes of silver and another double. Then three fish, one at a time, were taken from around the willow roots, and that was all for that pool.

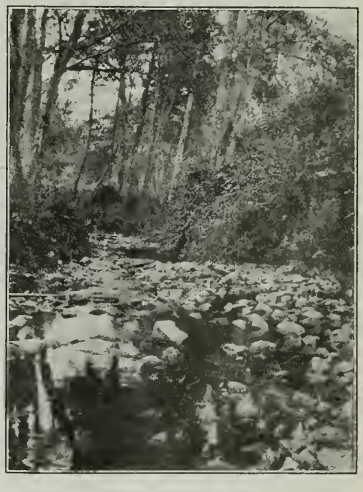
Below this pool was an open ripple, mayhap six yards in length. Here, as the flies were trailed, there was a snap and a splash as the fish missed. A second try and he was hooked, and after some forty seconds, creeled. The next pool was a narrow little natural mirror that one might jump across; where the water ran out at the lower end I saw a score or so of motionless trout, with only now and then a splash and a flash of silver as one rose. I dropped the flies just below where the first rays of the sun glimmered. There was the same rush and boil of water as before, but the first fish to strike at the "Coachman" missed and shot into the air, dropping back into the water with a little *plop*. Again and again, and still again I lifted twisting, shining fish from the water; and then spent an enjoyable ten minutes in an unsuccessful attempt to lure the largest fish in the pond into striking at the hooks.

Standing where I had landed the last trout I made a fair cast toward a somewhat distant riffle. The hooks were well upon their way when, with a fiendish swish, they wound around an unseen alder bough. Now, alders are diabolical when connected with fish hooks. Their leaves and twigs are of a rule sturdier than trout tackle and much more to be depended on than the temper of even the lucky fisherman. So it was that I filled the stream with floating debris and spoiled the sport for two pools; and finally, with an impatience born of a full flybook, lost my leader. Yes, I spoiled the pools, two of them, but in the third the fish were excitedly rising hither and yon in the debris and I regained my composure.

Here I bobbed for them from behind a willowy screen, dipping the lower fly in and out of the pool erratically. At first I caught no fish but soon there were perhaps two dozen under the hook, leaping at it every time it touched the surface, some of them completely leaving the water and splashing back only to try again. I creeled four more—one of which caught himself on the hook when it was a full two inches in the air—and then my hat fell into the water, and it was too near the size of a gray kingfisher to please the trout.

Now, it is the unhappy man who wants the things he cannot get; and I was happy because I did not want any of the speckled beauties that I was positive dwelt in the next few hundred yards of crystal waters; for the willow walls along both banks were impregnable, and to break my way down the center of the stream, crashing through the growth that here and there choked it, would have meant a loss of temper with no corresponding gain of trout.

So it was that I whistled my way through the tangled mat of wildflowers further



H. L. Betten, Photo

Below this Pool Was an Open Ripple

along to where the stream became more open, observing the while that my companions had headed for the dark shade of the cañon before wetting a line. Again I came to gravelly-bottomed pools, choked here and there with dead brush. Against some of this brush in one of the pools lay a shimmering batch of foam that slowly broke and collected, and broke again. Into this foam I dropped the flies. There was a mighty splash and a tug, and with a quickness that was somewhat nervous I had turned the fish upstream safely away from the tangled brush. Twice he broke back down stream, and twice I stopped him; and then after a small, weakening struggle he was creeled. Eleven inches—one for the top of the mess.

A few yards farther on a shale ledge ran diagonally across the valley. Where it intersected the line of the brook there was a distinct drop in the soil of some six feet, with the result that the stream tumbled headlong into a bubbling, alder-guarded pool. A portion of the ledge formed the bottom, and several jagged points of rock broke through the surface, the ripples circling from them. Just above the pool was a convenient resting place, and there I sat and cast the feathery lures with infinite care. As they danced over a curling eddy near the foot of the pool the first fish struck, and his life was forfeit. On the same softly unfolding curl of water the flies dropped again, and two flashes of light in the depths were followed by almost simultaneous tugs on the line. Then the fish were lifted upward and inward, placed in the basket and the hooks retipped with worm. And then from almost under the little fall another fish was taken. And so it went until a full dozen had been lifted, twisting and turning, from the eddying waters. And then four more were taken from the water where it danced away at the foot of the pool. And so I walked and waded down between the alders and willows, casting the flies hither and thither with continual success, until finally, within fifty yards of the cañon, I had all the fish the law would allow me for that day, which fact quite filled the hours before sunset with contentment.

Then I broke my way through the willow walls and started on my return to camp. Above me arched the bluest of springtime skies and around my feet twined the wild morning-glories. Ahead were matted grasses and a belt of poppies flamed across the meadow, while the warm air lay still over the earth, heavy with the incense of the wildflowers. With slow satisfaction I walked, stopping now to listen to a red-headed linnet caroling in the sunshine, and again when some quail roared from my very feet.

And so I fished but little water; still, I had known the pools of Pieta and, as our happiest hours are with us always, shall ever continue to know them.

Photo by H. L. Betten

Here I Filled My Limit

The Land Of Owls

By Harry H. Dunn.

(Photos by the Author.)

"I HEARD an owl last night," said the Princess, looking up from a white biscuit covered with still whiter California honey. "He was 'way up there in the *arroyo,* and another one answered him from across the hill, where the sycamores grow right up against the cliff."

It was the latter part of January, in Southern California; the hills were beginning to turn green on the shady sides, the sycamores and the oaks showed signs of leaves along the tips of their branches, and the willows had downy catkins on every leaning limb.

Also, it was the time of owls, of which Southern California is the home of many and divers kinds, ranging from the big Horned Owl which the Princess had heard calling to his mate through the night down to the tiny "elf owl," no larger than a good fat sparrow, and with little white eggs about as big as those of a tame canary.

We, the Princess and the Man, were living on the edge of a city of 200,000 souls. In the empty church steeples, in the lofts of old barns, we knew yellow barn owls lived and reared their young all over the city, but to hear a horned owl "hooting" was something entirely new and we decided to investigate. But the time between decision and action is sometimes long, and we delayed until the end of February and the first week in March had passed. Then we set out, up the old *arroyo,* beside the pretty little stream wherein the Little Princess, barefooted, plays the summer hours away, to find the Land of Owls, and this is how we did it:

Right down through the middle of one side of the city wanders the *arroyo,* and all through the wide, cliff-walled creek bed there are trees, sycamores and oaks and willows and water beeches and alders, while among them are scattered homes, set on lots which ambitious property owners have carved from tracts on the sandy floor of the cañon. In some places the stream has cut its way through low hills, making here and there a cliff, against which the taller trees lean with a sort of sheltering, caressing touch.

Toward one of these cliffs, which happens to raise its face not far from our home on the bluff at the edge of the *arroyo,* we made our way, crossing the laughing brook, then swollen to a real torrent by the winter rains, on a rustic footbridge, at the upper end of which the stub of an old and long-dead sycamore raised its head.

Glancing back along the aged tree, wishing that it was in our own dooryard, we both saw a brown feather clinging to a hole rotted in the jagged end of the great trunk. Raps on the bark with stones from the brookside failed to get any results from the heart of the tree, and the Man, remembering the

A Fishing Owl

days of bird nesting not so far gone, "shinned" up the sloping trunk; just as he thrust one hand around into the cavity out went an owl, huge and brown and soft-winged as the gentle breezes that play all day long among the leaves of the *arroyo* trees.

But in the hole, deep and well worn though it was, there were no eggs. Evidently this was only the "hunting seat" of the male bird, his real home and his mate deeper hid in the hills. So, when I had explored the cavity, and the Princess, standing on my shoulders, had endeavored to see inside its shadowy recesses, we went on to the cliff.

Skirting the rim of the brook, which forms a pool two or three feet deep at the foot of the shelf of rock and earth we proposed to search, we came on another owl, or possibly the same one we had just frightened from the sycamore. This bird was well hidden in the dense brush which fringed the stream on the open side, crouched down as we passed, but made no move to fly until we came within ten feet of him.

The day was cloudy, and the bird may have thought—if birds *do* think—that we could not see him, but I afterwards noted that the pool abounded in small fish, and beneath the very branch whereon the owl had been perched, the two of us found brown owl feathers and the odd, hard-rolled pellets of bones and skin from some small fish, such as owls disgorge after their meals.

From this it seems to me that we learned something new about owls; at least I can find no mention in any natural history or bird book I have of owls of any species—except those of the Arctic regions—catching fish; but this pair, or at least one of them, evidently had a habit of taking toll from the finned hordes of the little brook.

But this was not the cliff, and when we had examined this perch from which death must have come to many little fishes in the pleasant pool beneath, we clambered up along one rim of the sloping wall of sawed-off hillside, finding here and there a feather, here and there a bloodstained pinnacle of rock whereon the silent hunter had devoured his prey.

About two hundred feet from the bottom we found a well defined ledge of hard clay, running some three feet wide, and scarring straight across the slope of the cliff. At intervals this shelf widened, until it became almost a road; in other places it narrowed down until the walking became a delicate matter, but it was all one to the Princess; she had seen the big brown birds of the sycamores, and now she wanted to know more of them, to see their homes.

The trail of scattered owl feathers we had noticed all the way up the side of the cliff disappeared at about the place where the ledge began and out on the shelf the Princess went, sure-footed and confident that somewhere, if she did not find owls, she would at least find a place wide enough to turn around.

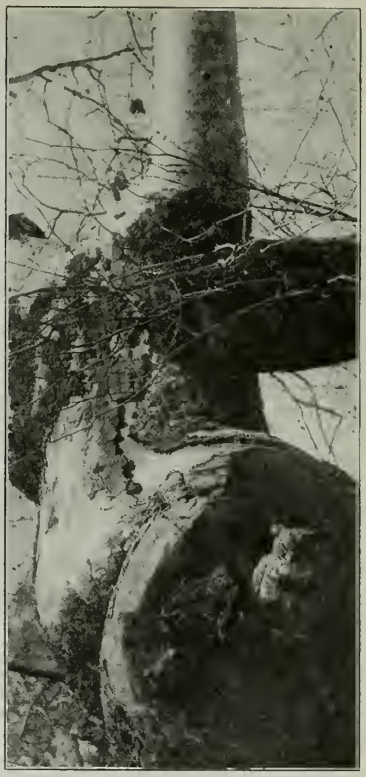
I followed, and we had gone possibly a hundred feet, when up from the brushy bed of the *arroyo,* rising like some great brown leaf, came an owl. He made no sound, but just as he crossed the ledge another and larger owl slipped out from beneath the very path we were treading, and swinging out and up, sailed away over the hill with her mate.

We ran forward, the Princess ahead, the Man about a step behind, and slid down off the ledge, to stand on a much narrower platform of rock before the entrance to a little round-arched cave, the hole wherein, in days long past, some huge boulder had lain until dislodged by the rain and the wind.

The cave was about two feet deep and possibly two-thirds as wide. There had been no attempt at making a nest, though the entrance was a bit sheltered from the outside world by another boulder which had rolled down from above and rested on the shelf in front of the nest hole. Inside was a bed of soft sand, hollowed out a bit in the center, and containing two fuzzy balls of white down, all beak and claws, savagely snapping and hissing at us as we lifted them out. Not a feather did they have, merely the soft covering of the young of all flesh-eating birds found in the New World, exemplified most strongly in the owls and the vultures. It looked like wool, and, holding the youngsters up by their rudimentary wings so that they could not set their sharp talons or their beaks into our hands, we mentally compared them with the perfectly plumaged birds which we had seen sweeping on noisless wings over the rim of the cliff a few minutes before.

And then there came a sudden *swoo-oo-oo-f* out of the clear sky; a brown body passed our heads like a thunderbolt, only to be followed by another, traveling but little less rapidly and snapping a beak which seemed the size of a pair of wool-cutter's shears. Both parent birds, wildly excited by the snapping beaks of their young, made this one dash at us intruders, and then soared away again over the hill, leaving the youngsters to their fate.

Gradually the owlets settled down a bit in our arms—we did not dare trust them to our unclothed hands—and then we carried them out along the ledge to the rim of the cliff, where in the sheltering branches of an oak tree they were able to cling to the limbs strongly enough with their wabbly feet to allow us to photograph them. As usual, the



"Came Out of the Hole in an Old Sycamore Limb."

Man wanted to take them home, to cage them up, to keep them where he could watch them; but the Princess would have none of it, and when the photography was over the downy, round-eyed, horny-toed birds were returned to their unlined nest in the hole in the face of the cliff.

From our foothold on the face of the cliff, looking away across the *arroyo,* over the tops of the sycamores and the water beeches to the oaks on the farther side, we could see the city, a throbbing, never-silent hive of human industry, where night is made day that the industries of man may be carried on the less brokenly. But here we were as much alone

The Cliff Perch

and as quiet as we could have been in the heart of the Sierras of the great Northwest or the dry reaches of the boundless desert that lie around and across the Great Red River of the Southwest. Two hundred yards from the bottom of the cliff was a house, back of the house was a chicken yard, with white dots, supposedly fit food for owls, moving about inside. Probably from this flock the owl pair were careful never to exact toll; these chicks were too near home for safety of any who might hunt them.

To the huge, noiseless-winged birds, the distance they might have to go in their hunting, be it ever so great, was as nothing to the fear of danger they might bring to the helpless young by hunting too close home.

After this, when we had photographed the birds and when the Princess had seen all of them that she could with safety to her hands, we carried the hissing pair back to the hole in the dirt wall and left them to their own devices. Down the trail along the face of the cliff we went, back by the little creek, where the brushy hunting lodge seemed deserted without its brown-feathered occupant of a few minutes before, and then bent our way across the *arroyo*, back home.

Gaining the opposite wall of the cañon, we looked back for the cave. It was nowhere to be seen; only the clump of wild California holly which overhung it came into view. To the casual passer by the nest beneath was completely concealed, and the silent comings in and goings out of the parent birds gave no hint of the family curled up in a white ball of undeveloped feathers in the cave.

That night, when I went to call the Little Princess from play on the edge of the *arroyo*, I heard the soft, long drawn *"Who, who, who-whoo,"* of one of the parent birds as it left the cliff for its hunting ground on the far side of the range of hills of which the dirt wall forms one face.

THE CAPTIVE

HOW like a captive tiger bound with chains
  Old Ocean struggles 'gainst the encircling cage
  Of rocky prison-bars which brave his rage!
With what a feline craftiness he feigns
Inaction, while each writhing muscle strains
  Beneath his tawny hide, all fain to wage
  The battle. Masking cunningly his rage,
With silent, stealthy, cat-like creep he gains
  Position for the spring—a crouching pause—
    A gathering of knotted muscles tense—
A roar of unleashed fury—the attack
  Of clinging claws and gnashing, slav'ring jaws—
    But all in vain! Those bars with insolence,
Still stern, impassive, fling him, growling, back!

—*Roy Brazel Miller.*

Photo by Courtesy of August Wolf

On the Snake River, South of Spokane, Wash.

A SUNDAY IN THE COEUR-D'ALENE

By J. L. Bayley

DURING the summer of 1884 I was in charge of a small crew of men engaged in building a wagon road from Kingston (which was the head of steamboat navigation on the Coeur-d'Alene river in northern Idaho) up the north fork of the river to the placer mines on Pritchard creek.

One Sunday I was camped on a small mountain stream near the river, and as we were fifteen miles or more from the nearest human being, and were getting a little tired of bacon at every meal, I thought to vary the monotony by adding fresh venison to our bill-of-fare, if possible. So on Sunday morning I got up as soon as daylight—which comes at about three o'clock in this northern latitude at this season of the year—took my Sharp's "Old Reliable" and slipped out of camp unbeknown to the balance, as I did not wish to be laughed at if I lost three hours sleep for nothing.

I went quietly to a bluff overlooking the river which gave me a view of a gravelly flat on each side of the stream, and stationed myself behind a large tree, intending to let the deer do most of the traveling; and here let me say to the young hunter that this is the ideal time of day, and the ideal method of hunting if you need meat rather than exercise.

I had not waited more than fifteen minutes when I saw a fine fat buck come out of the brush on the opposite side of the river, walk a few steps into the open and stop in full view of me, as unconcerned as if there were not another living thing within miles of him. The distance was between 300 and 350 yards and he was fully 200 feet below me, but he was standing stock still, and was broadside to me, so I took a careful aim a little over his back and fired. I never raise my sights in the woods for a long distance shot; it is as easy to guess how much high to aim as it is to guess how far off the game is, and then guess how many notches to put the sight up. It saves one guess and a good deal of time, which is often very important.

In those days smokeless powder was not known, and so when the smoke cleared I had just time to see my game make one jump, and that jump took him into a clump of willows, about a hundred feet in diameter, and hid him completely from my sight. The view I had of him was only a glimpse, and I was unable to determine from his actions whether he was hurt or not. The clump of willows was nearly separated from the timber beyond, and I watched carefully for any sight of him coming out on the further side, but could see nothing, and concluded he must have stopped in the willows, but whether dead or alive was a question which I was wholly unable to solve, as there was a river about one hundred feet wide and from four to six feet deep with a current of not less than five miles an hour running between us. I watched and waited perhaps for a half hour, and as there was no sign of any life in the willows, I concluded to do as Admiral Dewey afterward did in Manila bay: that is, call a halt on the firing line and eat my breakfast.

So I went back to camp, wakened the cook, and after breakfast, two or three of the men took axes and went with me to the river, where after quite a long search we found a tree we thought would reach across the river when cut, this being our only means of crossing, as there was no boat within twenty miles; the current was too swift to use a raft, and coming right from the Coeur-d'Alene mountains the water was almost ice cold. About fifteen minutes hard work with two axes was required to fell the tree we selected, and when it fell it barely reached across the water but the body bent so badly that the water poured over it and in less than a minute it was swept away, before any attempt had been made to cross on it.

Photo by Courtesy of August Wolf

On the Pen d'Oreille River at the Mouth of Sullivan Lake, Northeast of Spokane, Wash.

The situation now was rather discouraging, as we had no assurance of getting venison even if we succeeded in constructing a bridge. However we decided to make one more attempt, and by going up some distance, found a larger tree that would fall across the river. This took nearly a half hour to cut, the men relieving each other with the two axes, and when it fell the branches reached a little beyond the water on the further side, but the trunk sagged so much that a part of it at the middle was about a foot under water. But it held, and one of the men—big Jack Smith—volunteered to attempt to cross.

Taking a stout pole to steady himself at the center, and a small rope to drag the deer (if he found one) he struck out. It was a very difficult task, but by putting his pole to the bottom at every step, he kept on the log and reached the other shore, and made his way to the thicket of willows where I had last seen my game. He disappeared in the willows, and my hopes seemed to disappear also, but in less than a half minute he came into view dragging my buck after him, shot squarely through the lungs and stone dead; he reached the tree and floated the carcass below the branches, holding it by the rope. The return was even more difficult than the first crossing had been, as the current sweeping against the deer made it almost impossible for him to maintain his footing on the log, the center of which was now knee-deep in water.

Just as he had passed the submerged part of the log, the branches on the opposite shore gave way and the tree swung into the stream. Jack saw his peril just in time and made a run for shore, holding the very end of his rope, that the deer might not retard him; the entire tree was moving before he left it but he jumped from the butt and landed knee deep in water, with the deer still in tow.

We dragged the deer to camp, arriving somewhat past noon, and found no one there but the cook. I dressed the deer and selected the choicest steaks, about as many pounds as there were men to eat them, but the cook chose to wait till the others had returned before he commenced dinner. By three o'clock all the men had arrived, coming in two parties, and each party bringing a surprise with them. One surprise consisted of about twenty plump speckled trout, each from ten to fifteen inches in length, which they had caught in the almost ice-cold waters of the river; the other surprise was two large pails of wild raspberries which they had gathered on a burn a mile or so away. From these the cook made a great short cake, with more berries in it than any restaurant-keeper ever saw, and about four o'clock he announced dinner, which was made up entirely of three dishes, to-wit: Venison steaks, fried mountain trout and raspberry shortcake. The only relishes required were supplied by the guests in the form of keen appetites, and I wish to say to the veriest epicure who ever ate a high-priced meal at Delmonico's that he never enjoyed his meal one-half as much as did every man who partook that Sunday of a dinner drawn fresh from Nature's storehouse, and eaten from empty boxes, squatting on the ground, in the open air, in the shade of Idaho's giant pines.

Most of the guests (myself among them) made no attempt to get up from the table when stuffed but fell back on Mother Earth and slept off the effects of this never-to-be-forgotten Sunday dinner in the Coeur-d'Alene mountains.

THE PRAIRIE SEA

I LOVE to stand on the prairie shore
And watch the roll of the prairie sea,
And list to the sound of the grassy surf
A-voicing its soundless melody.

And the song that it sings to my beating heart
Is the song of songs that my heart loves best—
A wonderful siren of songs to me
A song of the beautiful far, far West!

And I love—how I love—to ride and ride
O'er the prairie sea thro' the live-long day
On a sinewed and muscled mustang ship,
To bend to the galloping rock and sway,

And ride and ride till the sun goes down,
Ride, ride and ride in the merry race
With Time and the Wind; and to feel the sweep
Of the rushing breeze on my burning face.

For the blood that courses a-thro' my veins
Is red and racing and strong in me;
And my being sings with the joy of things
When I'm out on the beautiful prairie sea.

—*Grace G. Crowell.*

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

COOL Night steals o'er the burnished peaks,
To soothe wounds Day hath made.
Its lair the sluggish lizard seeks,
From friendly cactus shade.

Yet, in that violet mystery,
Of Night's first purpling frieze,
These sands might flowery meadows be,
Those skies, soft southern seas.

Now, misty lights sink into gloom—
The gloom of lifeless lands—
That holds in deep, relentless tomb,
The dead, forsaken sands.

Alone—the Desert, Night and I,
And voiceless fears—yet, hark!
A faint, far, famished Night-wolf's cry
Comes to me through the dark!

Though danger lurks in every sound,
It falls on welcoming ear;
Such dread, dark Silence drapes me 'round;
No fears exceed this Fear.

Above, celestial watch-fires bloom,
And, glowing, seem to say:
"Nor Night, nor Desert, Grave nor gloom
Can be outside His way."

'Tis but the shadow of His arms;
And though of sombrest shade,
Ere Morn shall banish its alarms,
It holds me, unafraid!

—*Sadie Bowman Metcalfe.*

NATURE'S CUNNING DEVICES

By Alberta Field

Photographs by Dr. F. D. Snyder.

WHETHER certain differences and arrangements are due to the discriminative interest of the controlling forces, or are simply results brought about through conditions which have developed forms and colorations beneficial to individual species rather than to any whole order, is a question which in all probability will never be answered.

Whatever the cause, however, among insects in particular, there are many curious contrivances in the way of decoration, color, or form that are deceptive, protective, alluring or warning as the case may be, and are undeniable facts which furnish much food for reflection to the naturalist, and to the nature student is an interesting and instructive source of amusement.

Take for instance our common Geometrids familiarly known as "measure worms." Given the opportunity you will see how quickly one will transform itself into a twig by assuming the back-breaking position of a tiny branch which it already resembles in form and color. I have sometimes attempted to break off an unsightly twig from some flowering branch I was bringing home only to have it wiggle and twist in my fingers in a fashion that soon obtained for it either liberty or death.

Though belonging to quite another order the "walking sticks" are not unlike the measure worms in the matter of protective form and color. These insects are common to all sections, and nearly everybody has taken hold of one mistaking it for a dead twig. These scraggy, six-legged chaps come in both brown and green as best suits their surroundings, and are rendered "protective" by their stick-like appearance. The leaf mantis which lives on trees and has additional green, leaf-like wings, and the moss insect which has a mossy fringe on its legs and lives on the ground, both tropical relatives of our walking sticks, are perhaps the most conspicuous examples of deceptive resemblance.

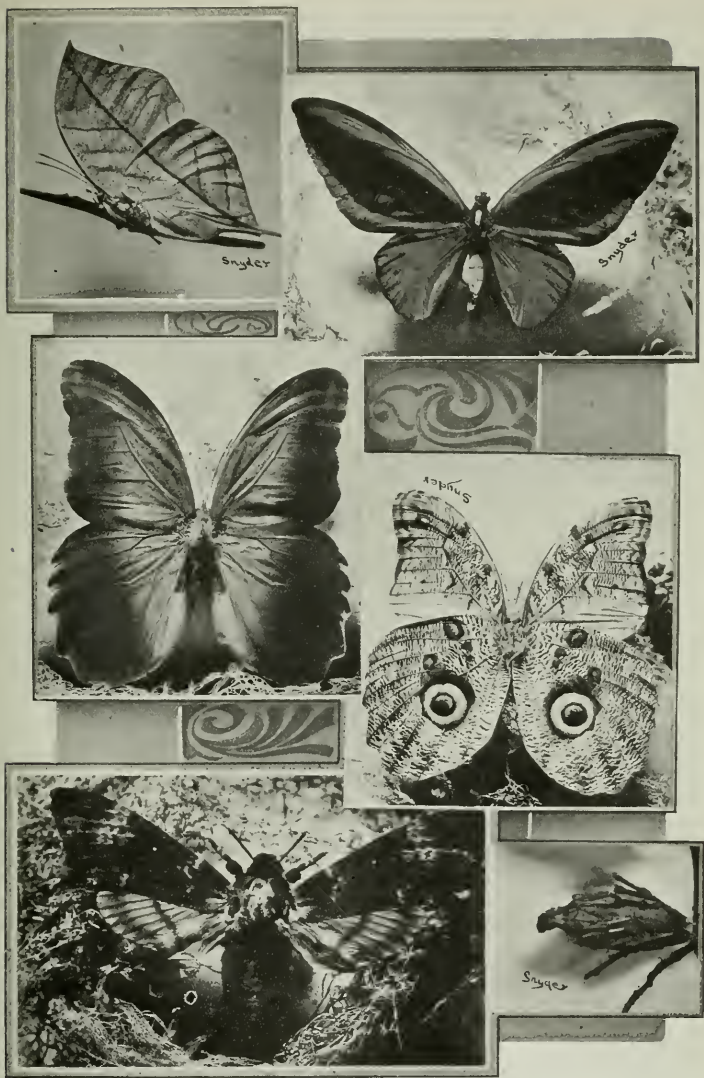
A wonderful spider from Madagascar while sitting motionless on a branch exactly resembles a woody knot, and nearer home is the little Wisconsin spider, *Epeira prompta,* which looks very much like a bit of lichen as it rests on a cedar branch. In both instances the insects are deceptive in form and color, rendering them practically safe from predatory enemies because of their surroundings, and for the same reason able to seize unnoticed their own small game.

Various crabs are interesting instances of adventitious protection, as their species were created or have acquired through "personal" experience, a knowledge of certain conditions that probably proves of valuable assistance to them. W. Bateson, the naturalist, thus describes the "dressing" process in two species:

"The crab takes a piece of weed in his two *chelae,* and neither snatching nor biting it, deliberately tears it across, as a man tears paper with his hands. He then puts one end of it into his mouth, and after chewing it up, presumably to soften it, takes it out in the *chelae* and rubs it firmly on his head or legs, until it is caught by the peculiar curved hairs which cover them. If the piece of weed is not caught by the hairs, the crab puts it back in his mouth and chews it up again. The whole proceeding is most human and purposeful." Thus adorned the crab is able to walk about as a bit of living sea weed, escape from its foes and approach unawares its own wary food supply.

Another little crab from Puget Sound is so like a tiny pebble lying at the bottom of a river that one would never mistrust it to be a live thing unless he saw it walking off.

The "dressed" crab has a counterpart in our own familiar "bag worm," a caterpillar common in everything save its scientific title



1. Leaf Butterfly. *Rallma inachus.*
2. Birdwing Butterfly. *Ornithoptera priamus.*
3. Owl Butterfly. *Caligo Eurytochus.* (under side of wing).
4. Owl Butterfly (upper side of wing).
5. Death's Head Moth. *Acherontia atropos.*
6. Bag Worm.

of *Thyridopteryx ephemeroejornis.* This fellow constructs for its use, from bits of leaves and debris held together by home-spun silk, a serviceable bag which it wears on its erected hinder parts, only the round, black head of the caterpillar being visible. When ready to pupate the insect attaches its home to some convenient support and therein becomes a pupa. If a male, it is provided with wings and in due time comes forth to a-wooing go. The wingless female, however, never leaves her comfortable quarters but spends the last days of her last stage in laying eggs for the continuance of the bag worm kind.

On the rather common black cohosh, *Cimicfuga racemosa,* we have an illustration of another form of protective resemblance. The caterpillar of one of the small blue butterflies found on the flower stalk of this plant, mimics buds which are white and round. The small chap is bud-like in form and color, even wearing a tiny green patch that resembles a sepal. This slug-like caterpillar is also provided with tubes that secrete a fluid loved by ants, who tend it and ward off enemies who are not to be hood-winked by its deceptive appearance.

Now many of our native moths and butterflies have significant markings that might intimidate certain of their foes. Particularly is this true of those insects adorned with eye-spots which give the effect of big glaring eyes in a ferocious face, when viewed from the standpoint of a predatory enemy—at any rate there is a noticeable effort on the part of those so decorated to display their "scare-heads" on the approach of danger. Some butterflies like the hair-streaks reverse the order of their being, for they are furnished with "tails" which are knobbed at the end, and when their forewings are closed the hind ones are kept in motion. This makes the tails look like big waving antennæ, and some species in addition to these wear eye-spots near their base, making the insect look like a creature with a great big face. This masque being on the wrong end of the body, the insect can all the better protect its delicate true eyes and antennæ though obliged to turn its back to the enemy, in this case a safe if reprehensible method of procedure.

The tropical Kallmia or leaf butterfly has already been mentioned in these pages, but is ever an interesting subject because of its remarkable resemblance to a dead leaf. It is as like a dead leaf as is another dead leaf—even the tiny rust spots and marks of insect ravages are not wanting. Some have suggested that this mimetic resemblance is mere chance, and would go for nothing unless it could be shown that the mimicing insect spent its time in close proximity to its "copy." Mr. A. R. Wallace is authority for the statement that the Malayan species of leaf butterfly frequents dry woods and thickets, and invariably settles on bushes where there are dry or dead leaves. When at rest the insect also withdraws its antennæ into the shelter of its fore wings, thus abolishing all indications of its being a live creature.

Mimicry of an animate object is represented by the wonderful owl butterfly, *Caligo eurylochus,* an inhabitant of the tropics, and is a startling "imitation" whether it be chance resemblance or intelligent copy of an owl's face, an object that strikes terror to bird hearts throughout the bird world. Be it as it might, the underside of this butterfly's wings looks very like the front view of a glaring owl. The big round, false eyes are yellowish in color, with black pupils in which there are white crescents, which would deceive even the most observant small fry interested in such game.

The color of these wings is "owl" brown mottled with white, and as they are rather square in contour further carry out the head-like deception.

It is said that this insect almost invariably rests head downward when it alights, which allows the eye-spots which are on the lower wing to peep threateningly above the edge of the leaf and strike terror to timid hearts; in the meantime the real head and body are quite out of sight.

However it may be with this "foreign gentleman" in the matter of position, I can vouch for the fact that our own little common butterfly, whose under wing surfaces resemble dead leaves in color, is on to the same trick, for he always swings head downward when resting, thus rendering his form more leaf-like.

The upper side of the wings of the owl butterfly are not mimetic, as the photo shows. They are a dull brown in color, lighter and bluish near the body and without markings save a small iridescent eye-spot near the upper tip. All of the elaborate decoration is confined to the under side where it will best work to the wearer's advantage.

Now, the gorgeous Australian bird-wing butterfly shown in the photo is no masquerader, and flys in his own individual colors. He is one of the handsomest illustrations of sexual coloration among the butterfly folk, and must take all sorts of risks in order to please the esthetic sense of his lady love who, much larger than he, wears the dullest of browns with light markings, while he, the gay wooer, is dressed in rich black with broad, conspicuous markings of bright apple-green with a sheen like mirror velvet. His body is a deep orange with a dash of crimson where it joins the wings. The thoracic segment is jet black but is decorated with dashes of bright scarlet. Wallace tells us that the females are more numerous than the males, and more easily caught, proving that these fine gentlemen have a certain appreciation of their attractive coloration and conduct themselves accordingly. Their only apparent protection seems to be to run for their life if there be an enemy in sight.

The wide-winged European Death's-head moth—whose scientific name is *Acherontia atropos*—is a handsome wood-colored fellow with yellow-tan markings and border of rich brown. It takes its name from a curious figure on the back of the body which suggests a grinning skull with cross-bones beneath. This, however, can hardly be an intimidating resemblance, for we can not imagine it can signify anything to the insect world who fear the living—not the dead.

In all the large family of moths the Death's-head is the only one known to make a sound which has been compared to the creak of an electric spark. This insect is also the basis of numerous superstitious tales, and in its native country is regarded with considerable dread by the ignorant classes who date its advent to the time of Charles I and ever since been considered the forerunner and prognosticator of evil in various forms, "not being a creature of benevolent being, but the devise of evil spirits."

PHILOSOPHY

I'VE a motto just your fit:
"Lie a little bit!"
If 'twill help one heart a whit,
Lie a little bit.
Don't look shocked and say I'm wrong
Thus to sing so bold a song:
It may help lift the load along,
If you use your honest wit
And know when to lie a bit.

Say the world's a jolly skit—
Lie a little bit.
Say you've got the best of it:
Lie a little bit.
Say to Worry, "not at home!"
Send old Long-face forth to roam—
Make your laughter light as foam.
Even when you're trouble-hit,
Truth won't help the hurt of it—
Better lie a little bit!

Give your friends the benefit—
Lie a little bit.
Praise their plans, their pluck and grit:
Lie a little bit.
Let them feel their faults are few,
Tell them they're a jolly crew—
Do them good to think it's true!
Some day you'll be glad of it
Tho' at first you lied a bit.

—*Maude E. S. Hymers.*

A BEAR HUNT IN THE NIGHT

By J. L. Bayley

THIRTY years ago when the big city of Seattle was but an unpretentious village, and what now is highly cultivated suburban districts were then the home of the deer, wild cat, bear and cougar, I was engaged in building cars and "bunkers" for the Seattle Coal Co., at their mines just east of Lake Washington.

My companion in all our leisure hours was Chris. Gray who had charge of all the Company's animals, and worked faithfully six days in every week, but who never failed to spend his Sundays in the woods with rifle and dog. He was the most expert rifle shot at running game in the woods that I ever saw, never missing his mark, no matter how thick the brush nor how swift the game. If he saw, he shot; and if he shot, he hit.

One evening in April, as we were eating our suppers in the Company's cook house, a man came in and reported having just met a black bear and two cubs on the trail about a mile from the mines. Chris. and I never finished that supper, for we were on our feet instantly and lost no time in getting to our cabin, untying our dogs Rowdy and Ring, grabbing a gun apiece, he a .44 magazine Winchester, and I a 10-gauge double shotgun, with a few buckshot shells; without stopping for our coats, we were soon covering that mile in about a three minute gait.

Arriving at the locality where our game had been reported, the dogs gave tongue in no uncertain way and dashed into the woods, followed as fast as the heavy underbrush would permit by Chris. and myself. We soon knew by the barking of the dogs that the game was treed, but as it was then entirely dark we had no hopes of getting a shot before morning. We reached the tree thinking the chase was over, but the next instant there was a loud scratching on the tree trunk overhead, and before I knew what to expect a big bear fell with a "wallop" to the ground in the midst of dogs and men, near enough that we might have touched her, but not daring to shoot for fear of killing a dog or a man! Off went the bear with the dogs "hanging on," leaving us to follow as best we could.

Before the dogs were out of hearing, their barking again told us the game was treed, and this time we came up more cautiously, I being in front with my gun at my shoulder, ready to shoot the instant the bear struck the ground if she employed her former tactics.

But she did not; the dogs were at the foot of a fir tree about 18 inches in diameter and over a hundred feet long (such as grow only on Puget Sound) which leaned against a huge cedar standing about 50 feet away, and rested on its branches about 80 feet from the ground. By looking straight up towards the clear sky we could see an object just where the fir met the limbs of the cedar, but whether it was a bear or a bunch of cedar limbs it was impossible to determine. We decided however to chance a shot, so I fired a load of No. 1 buckshot as nearly in that direction as the darkness would permit, and from the tremendous commotion occurring up there we were sure that there was something doing.

We waited some time thinking she might fall, but as she did not, and could no longer be seen, we made up our minds to "keep it up" till morning. As we stood under the cedar in our shirtsleeves, after our hard chase of two hours or so, we began to feel the need of our coats which we had left at home, but it was too far to go after them, even had we known the way, so we began to think of the possibility of getting a fire started. We had no knives except our small pocket knives, and Chris. started to hunt for a dry standing tree. He succeeded better than I had hoped and soon brought in an armload of bark and splinters, with which he built a fire at the foot of our tree. By the light of this we were able to gather other small limbs and break

them up, to use in replenishing our fire, always taking the precaution to have one man stand constant guard with shotgun in hand at the foot of the tree.

By this time it was past midnight, and Chris. began to suffer from thirst; but I said to him it was impossible to get water, as we were on a large flat on the top of the mountain. He said "Listen! Don't you hear the frogs croaking? Where there are frogs there is water," so away he started in the direction of the croaking, and came back in a little over an hour, reporting having found a flat swampy place with here and there a pool of water with grass growing in it, from which he drank.

During his absence I heard for the first time the *Wa-a-a-a* of the cubs, not very far away. The dogs immediately ran to the cubs and drove them up trees, while the mother bear showed her interest by uttering a series of grunts and beginning to come down the cedar in the manner of a fireman coming down a sliding pole. I stood at the foot of the tree, gun in one hand, and in the other a club with which I beat a rapid tattoo on the tree, at the same time shouting at the bear with all my might to make her stay up and avoid trouble. The cubs having become still she took my advice, the dogs came back to me, and quiet reigned once more. This performance was repeated about once an hour for the balance of the night; but as we were both ready and had the light of the fire to help us, we felt quite certain we could stop her if she came all the way to the ground—which she did not.

Every time the cubs squalled the dogs would go and make them tree, but always in a different place. About 5 o'clock in the morning it was light enough to see the bear and the sights on his rifle, so Chris. fired a few shots so rapidly that I was unable to count them; the bear commenced a series of contortions, coming down the tree several feet and finally stopping along the body of the tree, head up as if clinging to its trunk, where she clung entirely motionless. Was she still alive? It did not seem possible, and yet how could she hold on otherwise?

Chris. picked up five empty shells saying he only had two cartridges left, and on investigation I found I had the same number of buckshot shells. What was to be done? I had a few loads of fine shot, and I fired a load directly at the face of the bear, about 60 feet distant—This did not cause the slightest movement on her part. I then proposed to Chris. that I climb the leaning fir, and get into the cedar about 20 feet above the bear and come down carefully to her, while he stood ready with his rifle to give her the two remaining cartridges if she made a move towards me. This was agreed to and with a rim fire 32 caliber revolver in my pocket, I proceeded to climb the long leaning fir; on gaining the cedar, I commenced to work my way down toward the bear, all the while holding my "formidable" (!) pistol in my good right hand. When I reached her I found her stone dead with her feet all hanging by her side. What then kept her from falling? A small dead limb standing straight out from the body of the tree had been seized by the bear in her mouth and her long teeth driven as squarely threw it as if they had been nails driven with a hammer. It took several vigorous kicks with my boot heels to dislodge the animal, and had I not climbed up, her skeleton would undoubtedly be swinging there today. I came down and dropped from the lower limbs of the cedar to the ground and we hurriedly removed the hide which was large and prime. We found that all five of Chris'. bullets had gone into the animal's carcass, and some had gone entirely through. When we skinned the pate we found several buckshot buried in the frontal bone of the skull, all of them fully imbedded in the bone, but none having penetrated into the brain.

After finishing with the old bear we tried to locate the cubs in hopes to capture them alive, but the dogs were at sea and ran from one tree to another, not evidently being able to remember in which tree they took refuge last, so after 15 minutes of fruitless search we took our bear hide and made our way back to camp, arriving in time for a late breakfast.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAPPING TRIP

By "Ink"

MINK, beaver, otter, besides other valuable furs were quite plentiful at the head of the upper Ottawa river many years ago, and to those who were willing to face the privations and dangers attendant on their capture they afforded not only a luring, but also an opportunity to make considerable money at a season when very little other employment was to be had by an inexperienced man.

Experience of course was very necessary to successfully outwit and capture the wary denizens of the forest. It often happened that an old trapper would take a tenderfoot with him for company, and teach him all the tricks and devices that form the stock in trade of a successful hunter. The writer was fortunate enough to fall in with one of those old fellows who had eked out half a century's existence with his gun, fishline and traps, and if there was a trap or scheme of any kind to catch fur, fin or feather, or a desirable neck of the woods that old Jack Gray did not know, I have yet to find it out.

A crank has been defined as "one who thinks different to you." The word was not used when we two sought out the depths of the forest to hide from an ever advancing civilization, but old Jack would certainly have used the epithet on all possible occasions had it been in vogue. He could discuss politics or religion with the same know-it-all assurance that he would hunting or trapping, and when *he* was through talking the matter was settled and the debate closed on that subject.

It was a mere accident that threw us together, and while our dispositions in some respects were entirely different, yet our love of nature and her solitudes made us congenial spirits. Caught in a storm on a lake I made for an island that was covered with brush, densely intertwined with grape vines and clematis, and was surprised to find a canoe already pulled up on shore, and a tent on a small grassy spot in the center of the island. The canoe was at once recognized as the property of old "Jack, the hermit," and the suspicion that a poor welcome would be accorded me was soon dispelled when old Jack's grizzled face was pushed out between the flaps of the tent and he bid me take shelter from the storm. He was trapping rats on their feed beds among the reeds that lined the edge of the lake, occasionally taking a canoe load of maskalonge to the village to sell or exchange for provisions.

My host's tongue wagged freely all that afternoon while the wind whistled through the trees, and the rain beat on the tent. To all his remarks I merely nodded assent, occasionally throwing out a word to draw some of the old man's secrets from him; but at each sally he shut up like a clam, and like that bivalve you had to wait his pleasure to open. As evening came on the storm abated and my amazement is better imagined than described, when the old fellow invited me to go with him to visit his traps, and offered to show me how to catch rats.

Repeated visits to the old hermit's camp made us good friends, and so apt a scholar did the old fellow find me, that I was allowed to help him set his traps and skin the rats he had caught. While a good shot with gun or rifle, I was but a tyro at any other method of capturing game, yet to learn all about it I would have sacrificed my dearest possessions. The old man had confided to me his intention of going about two hundred miles to some lakes at the head of the Ottawa. This was a sure mark of friendship because in those days when a trapper had a line of traps out, he claimed the territory, and no one ever thought of encroaching on it. My heart was set on making the trip with my old friend, but as yet no opportunity had offered to allow of such a proposition.

To suggest to a child of nature that he could ever be lonesome would be an insult, so that closed one avenue of approach, but as luck would have it, rheumatism, the old man's indomitable foe, attacked him and on me devolved the pleasure, as well as duty of attending his traps. Success crowned my efforts; we were partners from that time till I left the country after the old fellow's secrets had ceased to be of use to the weather-beaten frame and he had crossed the dark river in his battered canoe. It was a case of May and December—he was 50 years the elder.

The nights were already getting cold when we loaded our canoes and turned our backs on civilization, neither knowing nor caring if either of us would ever be seen again alive. It took twelve days of good paddling and some portaging round rapids that were too swift to climb, to bring us to our destination. The site selected for the camp was a small ridge of land between two lakes and not a hundred yards across; truly an ideal spot. A bank about four feet high had been formed by melting snow washing away some soil; this was surrounded by a grove of small spruce; here we built out little cabin that was to be our home for nearly six months. Twelve feet by fourteen was the size we, or rather old Jack decided upon for a building, for I was not consulted. Logs of suitable circumference were so plentiful that three days only was required to complete our shanty. With a mud fireplace in one corner under a stylish stone chimney, (old Jack was a mason by trade) and a cosy bunk in the opposite corner, we would not have exchanged for a palace hotel. A shelf here and a peg there, a couple of comfortable seats and a table were added, and everything was shipshape, ready to commence operations as soon as it froze up.

From lake to lake the ground was tracked with deer, while the soft mud by the water's edge betrayed some bear and was padded up and down with mink and otter. What scenery we had passed on our long trip! The lovely maples with their variegated leaves overhanging some foam flecked rapids. Then launching our canoes above the turbulent waters we would glide along, here and there disturbing flocks of wildfowl, or see a ruffed grouse strut away from the water's edge with a *twit-twit*. Often an old buck would be suddenly surprised as we turned a bend and caught him drinking. Occasionally a doe and her fawns would scamper away at our approach but they were unnecessarily alarmed as we had no use for them. For food we kept a supply of grouse, and caught all the fish we required on a troll as we paddled along.

A buck allowed his curiosity to get the better of his judgment shortly after we were settled in camp and almost looked in at the cabin door. Jack had just reloaded his rifle after cleaning it, so that buck never went back to report on his investigation. That old rifle cracked like a whip. It carried a ball like a large buck shot and as old Jack proudly remarked, "when she cracks suthin draps," and it surely did wonderful execution. We could have killed deer by hundreds, but on one point we both agreed: we would not kill deer for the hides, tho' they were worth two dollars each. We hung up a good supply of fat bucks and barren does to last us all winter, and dried some for our trip home.

We found a beaver dam early in our first exploration trip and devoted all our attention to them until it froze up, at the same time baiting likely looking spots for mink and fisher. Never shall I forget my sensations when taking the first beaver from a trap. Teeth, tail, and paws were examined and admired. It was a large one and a beauty. We stretched the beaver skins on large hoops of iron wood and hung them out in the frost to dry.

Shortly after we had installed ourselves in our new home we were awakened one morning by a snorting and what sounded to us like a rattling of sticks. Jack instinctively knew what the trouble was, and motioned me to be quiet. He stepped to the door, opening it carefully he beckoned me to see the fiercest encounter I had ever witnessed between two wild animals. There, just at break of day, as if by mutual consent, two monarchs had met on this narrow ridge where their beautiful forms were almost mirrored in the waters of each lake, to fight a battle to the death. At a distance of about one hundred feet we watched this vicious battle, till the smaller buck tried to run. Almost as one motion our two rifles went up to our shoulders and victor and vanquished dropped in their tracks. It seemed like murder in the first degree, willful and premeditated, but meat at our door saved considerable hard work.

One would suppose that time would hang heavy on his hands with nothing to do—but walk a line of traps every day, and at night "skin out" by the light of a piece of cedar bark stuck in a can of tallow and some fat pine knots, that old Jack would not have missed collecting if it had cost him his supper; but the months passed in that old shack, with nothing to read and little to talk about except the small happenings of each day, faster than any like period of my life.

Early every morning we started in different directions to meet at the center of our line. We carried our rifles, a small pouch of fresh bait, and a bag slung over our shoulder to carry any animals we caught. It was just as exciting the last day as the first. The eagerness to see what was in the next trap never abated. Sometimes it would be an otter, then a mink, occasionally a deadfall would have crushed the back of a handsome fisher, till the old shack, festooned with dried pelts, looked more like a tannery than a house.

One exciting episode was caused by my attempting to capture an otter that was traveling across country in the loose snow. I had nearly reached our regular meeting point when I saw a very fresh otter sign. I had taken a stick that day instead of a rifle as the deer had gone south to yard up and the bear were in their dens. Dropping my game bag I gave chase and in a short distance saw the otter. I gained rapidly on him in the deep snow and when he found escape impossible he turned to fight. A sharp blow on the head with a good heavy iron wood club would have killed any other animal, but this was like striking india rubber. In an instant he had me by the calf of my leg, with the weight of his body on my snow shoes. I struck him again but hurt myself the most. He had a good hold and proposed to stay with it. Old Jack had heard my calls for help and came plunging along. He soon sized up the situation and grabbed the animals throat. It scratched and fought to retain its grip but the old man's hands were made to squeeze and gradually the jaws relaxed. Quick as a flash he flung it on its back and before it could recover I struck it under the neck, stretching it helpless. I rained blows enough on its head to have killed a dozen in order to square accounts. The hide went in with the rest but the scar of that battle is on the calf of my leg yet.

March crept on us and the snow was already getting soft, warning us that it was time to return once more to civilization, and the everlasting struggle for the almighty dollar. It was our intention to abandon the canoes and pack our furs on flat sleighs (toboggans) to the trail the shanty men would use coming out of the woods. Loath to leave our snug little shack we returned day after day without our traps.

At last old Jack concluded we should be caught in the break up, so one morning as I left him he turned and in a doleful voice said, "Boy, gather them traps, and spring the deadfalls."

I knew that was my last round on those lakes and as I passed each familiar landmark I felt I was saying good-by to friends I had learned to love. Why do we get attached to inanimate things and also to animals? Is it because we have our own way? Because they never dispute with us? Perhaps; at any rate I felt as if I was going into a new world and was parting from something that seemed part of my life.

That night we baled our furs as tightly as possible, binding them with cords of moose willow, and early next day we lashed them on our toboggans, drew the flat deerskin bands over our foreheads and began our long tramp to the settlement. We "broke track" turn about, and at night lay down under some wide-spreading spruce or projecting rock that had kept the ground bare all winter.

On the third day out we struck the shanty trail and before we had finished breakfast next day a team came along. We agreed to give the teamster five dollars to take us to town, an offer he eagerly accepted.

For over a quarter of a century I have looked forward to returning to that old shack, but am beginning to realize that this old frame is a back number; the spirit is as willing as ever, but rheumatism and stiff joints, brought on by exposure and hardships while hunting, compel me to take my pleasure in recalling the old days and hunting over the hunts that have passed, for the benefit of those who never can see the sights of the primeval forest as I saw them, or enjoy the hunting of those good old days.

OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON

By Chas. Stillman

PROBABLY the greater number of trout fishermen were, like the writer, initiated in the gentle art at an early period of boyhood, and having thus made their debut in the piscatorial field have angled more or less steadily ever since; for it may be taken as a true angling maxim, "once a fisherman, always a fisherman."

Indeed, there is a peculiar fascination in trout fishing, and when once the outdoor-loving man has been properly introduced to *salvelinus fontinalis* he is pretty sure to remain a trout fisherman for all time. It is safe to assume that no other phase of angling is so popular and so enjoyably followed by sportsmen the world over, and this is not surprising when we consider that no recreation which man can name offers more beneficial exercise for the body and at the same time furnishes more wholesome entertainment for the mind.

The first of April is a day we Eastern anglers have all been looking forward to with pleasant anticipations, marking as it does the opening of the brook-trout season; the first opportunity we have for indulging in our favorite pastime of the rod. "All Fools' Day," I hear the scoffer grumble, "a perfect day for foolishness." And yet his words are unheeded, for well we know that to those who follow in the steps of the immortal Isaac Walton there is surely a reward, a pleasure we have often enjoyed, a charm undeniably old, yet ever new. The pleasures of life are by no means limited, but if we journey through life with closed eyes and a pessimistic mind we may be sure that the world can offer but little; while the man who knows how to enjoy the good things that may come within reach, finds Nature respond to his mood, furnishing entertainment with a lavish hand.

It is a singular fact that early in the season the majority of trout fishermen use the bait rod instead of the lighter and more suitable fly-rod and tackle. The employment of the heavier bait tackle is no doubt because during the early spring months the trout are generally found in the narrow and quick reaches of the streams, which are invariably found inconveniently waded. In brook fishing there are of course fewer opportunities for fly-casting than in the more open water of larger streams, and as most brooks are thickly edged with willow and alder, casting the fly is for this reason more difficult than bait fishing. And again, the delicate, whippy fly-rod is likely to come to grief in forcing it through the overhanging branches, while the stiffer bait-rod can be easily pushed through the undergrowth and a shortened line dropped into some promising but almost inaccessible pool.

Although a few fishermen advocate the use of fly spinners and soft rubber baits, they are comparatively little employed by trout fishermen, who prefer the natural live bait. Probably the most satisfactory live bait is the common fresh-water minnow or dace. Trout will rarely refuse this tempting silver-coated morsel, and when all other baits fail to get a strike, the minnow may be relied upon to whet the appetite of the trout. But the minnow is a delicate fish and to keep it alive and in good condition a minnow bucket is an absolute necessity for its transportation, and the water must be often changed, for these tiny fish will soon die in any but the freshest and purest of water. On a day's tramp along the wooded brook the minnow bucket is a decided handicap and few fishermen care to be bothered with the bulky pail and constant care necessary to keep this bait in fishing condition.

The salt water minnow or "mummychug" is available to those fishermen who reside near the salt water and is an excellent bait. These fish are easily obtained on the shoal water of creeks and on the edges of the flats bared by the ebbing tide. Unlike the fresh-water

minnow, the salt-water mummychug is a hardy little fish and will live for hours if packed in wet sea-weed or eel-grass. A sufficient quantity of these fish (which should not be over two inches long for brook fishing) to last for a day's sport may be conveniently packed in the common tin bait box. To keep them in good shape, the bottom of the box should be covered with a layer of wet sea-weed, with another layer of the wet grass on top. When using the minnow the hook should be carefully passed through the loose skin just below the dorsal fin, taking care not to injure the backbone. Minnows hooked in this way swim about in a natural manner and are evidently but little inconvenienced by the hook.

Another excellent bait, which is perhaps more easily obtained by most anglers, is the larva of the May beetle. This larva (or "white grub" as it is frequently called) is found in the roots of grass or turf upon which it feeds, and quantities of them may be picked up by following the furrows of the plow used in breaking up turf in the spring. The white grub is easily identified, having a brown head and a white body about an inch in length. It is one of the very best baits for trout and is preferable, I think, even to the minnow.

The common angle or earth worm is of course the most available of all baits, and while not as attractive as the grub and minnow it is nevertheless a good trout bait. In using the earth worm the usual practice of brook fishermen is to affix two of them to the hook by impaling them at intervals of an half inch or so, the heads and tails being left to freely wriggle about. When small hooks are used—and I should certainly advise small hooks for early fishing—one worm is sufficient and should be so impaled on the hook that the body forms a series of small loops, the tail and the head being free.

But many trout fishermen do not take readily to the heavier bait rod, and to the many anglers who prefer the fly rod there is no reason why they should not also use the fly even at the beginning of the season. Many devotees of the fly seem to believe that the trout will only rise to the feathered lure during the warmer weather of late spring, and on account of this erroneous opinion many fishermen think they are by necessity compelled to use live bait. Several arguments have been advanced in favor of this idea and while I admit that it is but natural to suppose the trout will be unlikely to rise to the artificial fly during the months when no insects are flying or dropping on the water, the fact nevertheless confronts us that they do. Actual fishing has time and time again proven that trout rise well to the fly during the early days of April when the water of the northern states are icy cold, and despite the fact that live bait is abundant. I have often used the fly with success during the early spring days, both in the waters of Maine and in the smaller brooks and streams of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Other fishermen, better known than the writer, relate the same experience, and in a letter received from the late William C. Harris—some four or five years before his death—he wrote me to the effect that he found trout seldom refused the fly even in the cold waters of Maine, when many streams were still fringed with ice. Early fly-fishing is often more successful than bait fishing, and it has frequently been my experience that upon certain "off days," when but a few fish come to the landing net, the substitution of the fly generally has the desired effect of filling the empty creel.

The selection of trout flies for any particular water is a matter of much import, and local and varying conditions of weather and water has a great deal to do with the killing quality of any selection of flies. For brook fishing, where the fish seldom exceed a pound in weight and the average is in the neighborhood of half a pound or under, smaller flies (i. e., hooks) are required than in the waters of Maine and Canada where the trout are larger and more robust fighters. Among the many patterns of winged flies the trout fishermen should certainly include the following among his first dozen, adding others of a pattern which his own and other fishermen's experience suggests as suitable for the waters of his neighborhood: Parmachenee Belle, Silver Doctor, Blue Jay, Coachman, White Miller, Seth Green, Light Montreal, Grizzly King, Jock Scott, Butcher, Professor and the Cheney fly. This selection should by no means be regarded as an infallible choice for your water, but as far as my experience goes the above patterns are generally acceptable to the brook trout, wherever it may be found.

Waders or high hip boots are necessary for trout fishing, for it is only by wading the

stream that the fly can be cast with advantage and the entire water worked over by the rod. But wading does not mean "splashing" and the utmost care must be taken to enter the water quietly and walk cautiously over the stones, slippery with moss. The feet should never be lifted from the water to make a splashing sound. Rather walk by quietly sliding the feet along. The question of fishing up or down stream is an often disputed one, some anglers preferring the former while as many more prefer the latter method of fishing. Personally, I prefer to fish "down stream," not only because it is much easier to walk quietly with the current, but rather because the flies or bait can be cast to cover every foot of the "swim," which is more difficult to accomplish when the current drags the lure in the opposite direction. Another advantage in favor of "down stream" fishing is that the line, being some forty or fifty feet ahead of the angler, there is less danger of frightening the fish. And again, it is natural to presume that the fly is more likely to be taken by the trout as it floats down with the current in exactly the direction the fish expect its food to come.

When fishing "up stream" the current catches the line, and instead of the fly being attractively presented to the trout the drooping leader floats under the nose of the fish, the bedraggled fly following in the wake of the sagging leader. The argument of the up stream advocate, "that as trout always lie with their heads up stream, they are on this account less likely to see the angler or the reflection of his rod when casting," hardly warrants the adoption of this method. In short, if the angler sums up the advantages of both fishing methods he cannot fail to see the many points in favor of fishing down the stream. Both methods may secure a full creel, but for pleasure as well as for fish the rational way may be said to be your own way, which a year or two of brook fly-fishing will without reasonable doubt win you to favor the down stream method.

In conclusion I should like to say just a word or two in regard to the trout after you have caught him. Be humane and kill your fish as soon as caught. Don't let him flop and mar his beauty by thrashing against the side of the creel only to die a lingering death. Kill him at once by inserting the point of the knife in the indentation on the back at the juncture of the head and body. A slight thrust and the spinal cord is severed and all future annoyance caused by sudden and despairing thrashing of your trout will be avoided. To preserve the beauty and freshness of the trout they should be washed clean in water and packed in damp ferns, grass or moss. A layer of dampened moss should cover the bottom of your creel before beginning to fish, and just before leaving for home all fish should be washed in the cold water of the brook and again packed in damp moss or leaves.

TRAILED

By Edwin L. Sabin

IT IS a current joke in frontier army service that when ranchers of a section need a little money, and have forage to sell, they forthwith send to the nearest Post word of Indian depredations and unrest, and demand a visit from the soldiers.

However that may be, the spring of 189— saw a small detatchment of us, from the —th cavalry, scouting up into northern Arizona, called out by worried farmers and stockmen.

The column was small, with one wagon and a few pack animals, for we expected to live on the country. But the country grew less and less generous of subsistence, and when we had been out a week we found ourselves on shorter rations than we fancied.

Thereupon the old sergeant tipped us "rookies" or recruits a wink, with the intimation that if we struck off, incidentally, and came back with fresh meat, even a beef, we would not be reprimanded.

Accordingly, while the other boys were doing a little reconnoitering, obtaining data upon the region surrounding our present temporary camp for future use, a chum recruit and myself, being given leave of absence, took a pack mule and rode away bent upon distinguishing ourselves.

'Twas our high ambition to return with meat; we well knew that if we returned without it the sergeant and all the other veterans of the detachment would tease us unmercifully.

The country into which the column had penetrated was the usual Arizona desert—mostly flat, with now and then a bare mesa, underfoot being sand and cactus and occasionally a barely distinguishable outcrop of rock. But ahead, in the distance, could be noted rougher country awaiting, and toward this Dick and I trotted.

All the morning we travelled without sighting a living thing worthy of powder and ball; in the afternoon we reached some foothills, rocky and bearing timber, scrub oaks and cedars. That night we camped in a draw, between two mesas. Early the next morning, on a little detour from Dick, I sighted some animal moving leisurely amidst the brush of a hillside. At first I thought it a deer, but in stalking it I discovered it to be a specimen of range cattle, separated evidently from companions and grazing alone.

So new was I to the army that I had never shot an army carbine; but when, leading my horse, I had got within about three hundred yards of the animal, I knelt and aiming carefully blazed away. Over it fell and lay kicking and struggling. I gleefully galloped for it and in a few moments arrived Dick, attracted by the shot, bringing the pack mule.

My victim was a young steer. Dick and I made a fist at dressing, but not being adepts at the butchering business our work was rather "messy." However, blindfolding the mule we hoisted on her back our meat and clumsily tied it, wrapping and rewrapping it with rope. An expert packer would have laughed, but the meat was on to stay, just the same. Then we set out for the cavalry camp.

The meat, of course, dripped on either side—dripped the worse because of our packing efforts; for slipping, or cut by the rope, it would constantly bleed in a fresh place. Several times the pesky mule "hung up," catching between rocks or beneath a low-branching tree; finally, however, each time scraping loose. We must have been all of thirty miles from the camp, consequently it was four in the afternoon when we reached it, bloody but triumphant, feeling that we had risen above the position of ordinary recruit. A portion of the beef was prepared for supper; the remainder was deposited beside the wagon and covered by a tarpaulin.

Much to my disgust I found that mine was guard duty that night. Not being in an actually hostile country we were maintaining

only one camp guard; but that one was essential, if only for discipline, and the fact that I had shot a beef and procured meat did not exempt me nor accord me special privileges. The lieutenant was adopting no favorites.

The nights in Arizona, whether winter or summer, are cold; and when I turned out at midnight I was glad enough to slip on my overcoat and gloves. The horse herd had been staked near the camp so that they might graze upon the scant herbage. My principal responsibility was to have an eye on them lest they break from their tethers and stray; so, selecting a beat skirting them, from wagon to herd, I paced slowly up and down.

The moon was only a sliver and low in the west; but the stars were gloriously bright, steadily twinkling through the thin atmosphere. The horses munched contentedly; some were lying, resting. The canvas top of the wagon loomed ghostly, and I could hear my brothers of the ranks snoring underneath their blankets on the sand. Afar a coyote yapped; but the impression abroad was stillness—calm, frosty stillness.

I seated myself on a slight projecting boulder for a moment, my carbine between my knees. I must have dozed off—a serious offense in peace as well as in war, but sometimes committed by the best of us—and I was a recruit, green and soft, and had been riding hard the day before. Abruptly I was awakened with a jump by the most astounding confusion among the horses and I staggered to my feet. The animals were snorting and tugging at their ropes, and in less time than I tell it every one in that bunch had jerked free its pin and had gone galloping frenziedly away over the dusky plain.

"Indians!" was my thought, of course, and my heart was in my mouth. "Bang!" resounded my carbine as alarm.

At the report the camp sprang into instant activity. Blankets were hurled aside, the men leaped to their feet, grabbed their carbines, and to the word of the old sergeant fell into formation; the lieutenant came striding from where he had been sleeping a little apart, buckling on his revolver.

The last sound of galloping hoofs and scraping picket-pin died away in the distance, and the detachment waited for the next event. Stillness reigned again, and staring over the desert we could discern nothing.

"Where's the sentry? What's the matter, sentry?" demanded the lieutenant, sharply.

I saluted, reporting.

"The horses stampeded, all of a sudden, sir."

"What ailed them?"

"I can't imagine, sir. The first thing I knew, they pulled their stakes and galloped off."

"Did you hear anything?"

"No, sir."

"See anything?"

"No, sir."

"What do you think about it, MacDonald?"

"It might have been 'Paches, sir; but seems odd they didn't rush the camp, by this time," answered the old sergeant. "But of course it may be just a thievin' business. The smell of one Injun will stampede a whole horse herd."

Annoyed, the lieutenant muttered under his breath.

"Detail six men and send them out a ways, and see if they can get a rise," he ordered.

Five men and a corporal were told off, and dispatched, two and two, in three directions, thence diverging so as to cover a circle. We watched them fade away into the desert, and again we waited.

Nothing happened until, my eyes chancing to drift across the camp wagon, they were halted, midway, by the apparition of a longish, darkish object extended atop the canvas, and at the same time I imagined that I heard a scratching there. Seemed to me that I could distinguish, too, a pair of eyes, shining down through the dimness like twin greenish coals.

"There's something on top of the camp wagon, sir," I announced to the lieutenant who was standing by me.

"Go and investigate, then," he bade.

I advanced upon the wagon; advanced as far as I deemed proper, when leveling my carbine I fired. Down with a scramble came the object, on the near side, and lurching and doubling athwart the sand made straight for me. I dodged, hastily; and into the formation of soldiers it bowled, snarling ferociously and scattering the men right and left. There were cries of "Look out!" What is it?" "Shoot it!" "Hit it!" and the lieutenant, springing aside to avoid it, shot once, twice, with his revolver. The thing lay still. Breathless, the skirmish squad came running back, thinking the shots were a recall.

We gathered about the object. 'Twas a cougar or mountain lion, now dead!

This, then, had stampeded the horses. The solution of the mystery relieved us, but why in the world was a mountain-lion away out here in the desert, far from water or cover? The lion's habitat and hunting grounds are the rough country, amidst rocks and timber.

"It trailed that beef you 'rookies' packed in yesterday," asserted the old sergeant; and we all agreed. In the morning light, out of curiosity we proved the theory to be correct; for a mile or two or to what distance we traced, back-tracking the course of the beef-laden pack-mule, we could make out, occasionally, mingled with the hoof-marks, the padded foot of the lion. With unerring nose the great cat had followed the blood trail for perhaps thirty miles—at least, from where he had picked it up, in the hills, until he had struck our camp. He had slunk through the horses, frightening them into a panic as a cougar will, and no doubt was nosing the tarpaulin covering the meat when I had discharged my carbine. Then his impulse had been that of the cat tribe, to seek the handiest elevation, which was the wagon-top, for refuge. And here he had been lying, outstretched, snarling at us, eying us malevolently, viewing our confusion, awaiting opportunity to escape, until inadvertently glimpsing him I had knocked him off and the lieutenant's revolver had finished him.

Leaving him, we proceeded to round-up the necessary horse herd. Fortunately, only a short distance away one of the horses had entangled his legs in his picket rope, and was easily captured. Then, with him as a mount, the rest of the herd was driven back and caught.

We skinned the cougar; he measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail. His pelt was raffled off at the post, later, and the money received was put into the troop fund.

THROUGH THE BONNIE BRAMBLE PATCH

By Edward C. Crossman

"SAY, Sonny," howled the old man delightedly, "Did you run out of shells or was you runnin' a foot race with that little blue bird out there in the brush? How's that, you only wounded him and didn't like to waste another shot on him? Well, from the way that bird covered ground, you didn't wound him anywhere in the region of his pants, now did you? It sure looks funny to see a great big six-foot kid like you a-runnin' around through the brush, a hoppin' the hat after a little bit of a quail that can't take more'n three inch-steps.

"You didn't look much like old Jake Worst when he started in to run down that wild turkey back there in Iowy. Old Jake had about twice as much beam—and as long as I'm usin' ship talk I might say twice as much stern—as you and he lacked about two feet of your length. What's that, 'never told you about old Jake?' Well, now, while we're eatin' lunch I'll tell you about it between snacks.

"Jake Worst was an old German who lived near us in Iowy, and of all the huntin' cranks he was the beatenest! Yes, sir, he was worse than you, and, as you kids say, I guess that's goin' some! He'd served his time in the Civil War and of course, bein' as he was nothin' but high private in the rear rank all through the war, everybody called him 'Cap' when he got back, as is customary. He brought back one of those old .57 calibre muskets with him, got the blacksmith to saw about a foot off the gun and used that old cannon for everything.

"He'd load up with three or four buckshot for deer, and a handful o' nines of quail; and everything in between was meat for Jake and that old near-gun o' his. Kick! Say, Sonny, I'll bet there wasn't a ten or eight-gauge ever made that kicked like that old gun o' Jake's, the way he loaded it, anyhow. To wind up the combination, Jake used to ride a cross-grained old buckskin mare that had about as much devil in her as any critter can have and still live. Her favorite amusement was in pretendin' to be gun-shy and kickin' old Jake off when he'd fire at something. She was about as much gun-shy as old Jake himself; but that was too good an excuse to be missed, and just as regular as old Jake fired off'n that old mare's back, if the gun didn't kick him off, the old lady would.

"At first Jake used to get mad about it and bang that old mare around something scandalous, specially when he'd lit rather harder'n usual, but she didn't mind it a bit, and after a while Jake got so he could light without hurtin' himself very much, though I noticed that he took to shootin' on foot as much as he could conveniently.

"I was just a young feller in those days and didn't have much time for huntin', what with gettin' in my sowin' in the spring and all the rest of the performance clean up to Christmas; but once in a while I'd take a day off and laugh myself sick at old Jake'n his mare all the time I was out huntin' with 'em.

"About a mile from Jake's was a patch o' land grown over with hazel brush and all the different sort of thorn bushes you could imagine. The patch was about three hundred yards across. There was a few small trees o' some sort or other sprinkled through the patch and the patch itself was only about a quarter of a mile from the Big Timber, so that the wild turkeys'd get in there pretty regular for some sort o' feed or other they fancied. The minute anyone would get after 'em, up they'd get and off they'd be for the Big Timber close by. Anyone who thinks a wild turkey's a fool ought to try huntin' 'em for a while; he'll change his mind.

"Old Jake got left on the wild turkey proposition in this patch so often that he was gettin' disgusted with it. He'd ride into

In the Balmy Days of June

the patch with the old mare, and small as the patch was he'd be lucky if he got one shot. Those foxy birds would just sneak ahead of him until they got to the edge of the patch, then up they'd get and off they'd shoot for the timber. Ever see a wild turkey fly, sonny? Well, I tell you what, they don't waste any time about gettin' from one place to another, once they take to their wings. Jake wasn't good enough wing shot to stop one on the fly; and besides, that old gun o' his, being free-bored, wouldn't shoot close enough to do any damage over thirty yards. Jake had got left so often he was gettin' all worked up about those turkeys. He'd gone after 'em about a dozen times and landed about three birds. Some old gobbler'd get up on one of those low trees and the instant he'd see Jake comin' he'd pass the word and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em would 'vamoose,' as these greasers say.

"Jake claimed to have a personal acquaintance with the old gobbler in charge of the flock, and the way he used to carry on 'bout what he'd do to that turkey, if he ever got hold of him, would make you laugh yourself sick. Jake sure did take the matter to heart, livin' so close to the patch and yet not gettin' any wild turkey meat.

"One day he came over to the house, just boilin' over. 'Leander,' he says, 'by dot long horn spoon, eider does vilt turkeys shall keep avay from dot patch or I shall cut itd down. Dey yoost make me madder every day. Dot old gobbler is de devil himself,' and away went old Jake in a string of Dutch cuss words that sounded mighty bad, whatever they might mean.

"We finally settled it that the next time the flock got in the patch Jake was to come over for me, and with Bish Benson and some of the neighbors we'd surround the patch and make the flock of turkeys wish they'd stayed in the Big Timber.

"One day in the early fall I was workin' near the house, fixin' up a fence that my stock'd been gettin' through, when away up the road I heard a yell like two or three Indians and a steam engine rolled into one. Down the road came old Jake with his arms flyin' and wavin' his old cannon at me, the old mare all the while hopin' that he'd forget himself and fire the gun.

"I didn't need any tellin', but left for the house immediate after my old eight-gauge, and five minutes later was up behind old Jake and hittin' it for the patch, where old Jake had already sent the other boys.

"Arrived at the patch, old Jake, bein' the commander, on account of havin' a grievance, so to speak, against the flock, posted us around the thicket and after we was all fixed rode into the side nearest the timber. I was next man to Jake so I saw all the fun.

"We'd come up to the patch from the side furthest from the timber and the birds had already sneaked through to the timber side, so when old Jake rode into the brush things started right away. Jake hadn't got more than forty feet when the old gobbler, which had evidently been sittin' in a low tree, watchin' Jake and pokin' fun at him, suddenly took wing and started off over Jake's head, bound for the Big Timber.

"Well, sir, Jake was too sore at those turkeys and the gobbler to miss, and the old bird wasn't more'n about thirty feet above his head when he flew over Jake. Sonny, you should 'a heard that old gun! I'll bet that barrel was a fourth full of powder and shot. They could a' heard that bang up to Muscatine if they'd been listenin'.

"The kick of that old cannon nearly knocked Jake off the mare's back and what the gun didn't do, she finished up with neatness and dispatch, as the stories go.

"Jake lit pretty heavy, not thinkin' of the mare in his anxiety to get that old gobbler. He jumped up with a string of that weinnywurst language o' his and aimed a kick at her that would have put her belly above her backbone if it had landed, but the old girl side-stepped as neatly as a prizefighter and winked at him out 'o her green eye, which didn't make him feel any better.

"Jake pulled his leg back out o' the empty atmosphere where it had been strayin' and cast an eager glance around for the old gobbler. He'd hit the old bird all right and the turkey fell like a three-story house into the brush near Jake. I thought it was killed but in a second it jumped up and stood lookin' around in a sort of dazed manner. I could a' killed it easy from where I was standin, but I saw some fun ahead and I wouldn't a butted in for any money.

"'There he is, Jake,' I says, pointin' out the gobbler, and he was around the bush in two jumps.

"At sight of the big bronze bird, standin' there, tryin' to get his bearin's, Jake let out a whoop of joy and went for that poor turk like a hen after a small bug. He'd got within about ten feet when the gobbler suddenly came to life and shot for the thicker brush like a rabbit. Jake's gun was empty, but if it had ever landed on that bird, the way Jake threw it, that gobbler would a' been busted in about seven pieces. He wasn't much of a hand throwin', however, and the gun struck the ground just behind the gobbler and hurried him up more than ever.

"Well, sir, instead of stoppin' to load up that gun and goin' after the turkey after he'd got loaded up, what did old Jake do but forget all about gun and everything else and start off through the brush after the bird, with a regular wake of bad language and terrible threats behind him. The gobbler, apparently, only had a broken wing and I could see some fun ahead. I was pretty near bustin' anyhow, at old Jake and the mare, and the way he took after that turkey, and I just sat down on the ground and roared till my sides were sore. In about two minutes the rest of the gang came hustlin' around the patch to see what the row was about, and we all stood round, waitin' for Jake and the gobbler to turn up again, which they was certain to do pretty quick, if they stayed in the small patch. The rest of the flock flushed out of the other side of the patch and the boys had downed two or three of them before they made their get-away, so the happy pair, Jake and the gobbler, had the whole patch to themselves.

"Now we could a' told Jake that when he started in to run down an old, tough, able-bodied wild turkey gobbler, in a patch of thorn bushes, that he was undertakin' a big job, but there was no use tryin' to talk to a man who was as mad as he was, and we settled down to enjoy the feast the Gods provided for us, as the books say. Did you ever hear a Dutchman who was mad clean through express his feelin's without reserve? Well, I tell you, sir, you've missed somethin'. They take all the bad words they can think of convenient and make one big word of them, after that Dutch fashion. It takes an able-bodied man about three minutes to say one of those double action compound words, and the very sound of one of them would make a man want to fight if he happened to be the target. Old Jake was short and stocky, but he was tough and had wind to spare, and the way he carried on at that poor turk was a caution for the Humane Society. We couldn't see him, but we didn't have any trouble tracin' his devious course through the brush by the slight blue vapor and the rumble of those jaw-breakin' Dutch cuss words.

"Pretty soon he hove in sight again, preceded by that scared turk with about thirty feet breathin' space in between, the turkey runnin' easy and in good form, while Jake was tearin' along like one of these big S. P. engines with a flat wheel, but makin' good time just the same. Well, sir, old Jake was a sight. That brush patch wasn't any boulyvard, to speak mildly, and Jake hadn't stopped to pick the best route, either. That round red face o' his looked like he'd been trying to chew off a wildcat's ear, and the wildcat with both hands free and hittin' in the clinches. His clothes was torn until he looked like he'd been rollin' around in a barrel full of fish hooks, and one big rip extended across the southwest section of his trousereens, the loose flap waving coyly in the breeze. Jake had a look of ferocious resolve on that scratched mug of his that would have scared the gobbler into seventeen kinds of conniption fits, if he'd had time to look around, but he was too busy finding thorns for Jake to run through.

"Well, sir, there was only six of us, but you could a' heard the laugh that went up seventeen miles away, if you'd a stopped to listen real sharp. Of course the pair was out o' sight in a second, as the clearin' where we was standin' at the edge of the brush was only about forty feet across; but before Jake went crashin' into the bushes at the further side he gave us one awful look of contempt and disgust that would a' made a statue laugh—and we had statues beat to death!

"Well, sir, there's no use talkin', that Dutch is certainly a flexible language. Of course we didn't know what all the words meant, and Jake might a' been saying the

Dutch multiplication table backwards or puttin' up a fervent prayer for rain for all we knew, but one thing we could swear to, he didn't repeat himself all the time he was chasin' that turk, and from his expression he was sayin' something besides comments on the weather or other small talk. I'll bet four dollars if that turkey's edication had been extensive enough for him to understand half of what Jake was callin' him, he'd a' turned around and took a fall out of Jake or died tryin'.

"That fool bird seemed to feel a hankerin' for the timber and a dislike for the brush and Jake's company, so he kept close along the edge of the patch, wishin' he could get across to the shelter of big trees but not likin' to leave the shelter of the patch and expose himself in the bare piece of land that lay between the patch and the timber. If Jake and him had been over there to the county fair grounds, runnin' a race for the Corn Festival Cup on the regular race track, they couldn't a kept on a more regular course. Round and round the outer edge of the patch; the turk wishin' that he could get up nerve enough to make a dash across the open ground for the timber, and Jake wishin' that the gobbler would.

"It didn't seem like more'n about half a minute before the ground began to shake again and in shot the turk with Jake not more'n a dozen feet behind, still keepin' to their old course of the edge of the patch.

"Well, sir, we thought old Jake looked funny before, but his appearance the first trip round was as solemn as payin' your gas bill compared with the get-up that shot across the clearin' the second trip. We couldn't even get breath enough to laugh for about ten seconds.

"The first time round, the thorns had just yanked Jake's clothes into tatters, but the next trip they got vicious and started in to remove his wearin' apparel entirely. That flap on the basement of Jake's pantaloons was too good a thing for any wait-a-bit thorn to miss. Some one or other of that tribe had got a good grip, Jake kept goin'; something had to give, and something did.

"Did you ever see these pictures in the store windows of a little scared-lookin' four-year-old kid climbin' up a flight of stairs, with an openin' in the tardy portion of his nightie that his ma'd forgotten to button up, the picture bein' labeled 'On the stairs with a bear behind?' Well, sir, that just about describes old Jake. To tell the truth, there wasn't much left of his pantaloons, exceptin' the waistband, but this feature struck me more than anything else, maybe on account of Jake's peculiar style of architecture. His appearance was nothin' short of scandalous, but he wasn't thinkin' about that feature of the entertainment. His breath was gettin' short and his temper shorter, and he was hangin' on that gobbler's trail like grim death.

"Well, sir, Jake's old buckskin mare had been feedin' peacefully close by us durin' all the rumpus, feelin' that after throwin' Jake off as usual she'd done her full duty and therefore was not interested in the proceedin's any further. This time when Jake showed up in his Fiji Islander get-up, the old girl raised her head and took one long look at him. She stopped her slow, contemplative munchin', her eyes bulged out, and then, if ever a horse grinned she did at sight of old Jake with his two hundred pounds of weight and collection of airy draperies, chasin' after a poor scared-to-death gobbler and consignin' him and all his ancestors to a Dutch perdition, with every jump. Besides she understood Dutch and we didn't.

"Well, sir, we just rolled over on the ground and clawed each other and howled like a pack of coyotes. My ribs were sore for a week after and I had condensed laugh in my system for a month. I don't ever want to see anything funnier than Jake and his rig, unless I can buy a new set of ribs somewhere.

"In a few seconds, more or less, there was a sudden explosion of language that sounded like two pages out of a sauerkraut catalogue, on the further side of the patch, and from the sound something unusual had happened.

"In no time at all, here comes the turkey in his regular merry-go-round course. A long hundred feet behind came old Jake, puffin' and blowin' but with a big bunch of turkey tail feathers clutched firmly in his hand and still spoutin' bad language. That turk wasn't takin' any more chances but was really runnin', while Jake was just

about all in, as you kids say. The less said about Jake's appearance the better; even the old mare modestly turned her back on the spectacle.

"'Hurry up and catch him, Jake,' calls Bish Benson, 'I've got to get home and get to work.' This to a man who was runnin' his legs and clothes off, tryin' to get the gobbler. Jake stopped short with what you might call a peeved expression and seemed to search his mind for a new and untried word that would fit the case, but time was valuable and he shot into the brush again without unburdening his feelings.

"'We'd better catch that bird for Jake,' said one of the neighbors. 'His hide'll begin to go next if he keeps runnin' around through those bushes.' We hurried out and took our positions where the turkey'd most like show up. In a minute out burst Mr. Gobbler into our midst.

"Bish Benson makes a grab for him and misses and I didn't come within a mile of the dodgin' bird. Right behind him old Jake burst out of the brush, lookin' like a picture of Adam in the Garden of Eden, with the extra addition of the neckband of a hickory shirt and a few odds and ends here and there. The gobbler gave one terrified look behind him, saw that he was cornered, gave one little flap of his wings and was shooting through the air like an arrow, bound for the shelter of the timber before we could bat an eye! That wing that seemed to be broken was sort o' paralyzed instead for the time bein'.

"Old Jake looked after the bird, watched him light in the timber with an exasperating flirt of his tail, then turned to us with his lips movin'. We could see he was searchin' and mentally turnin' the pages of his dictionary of words that would fit the occasion, but he had used 'em all. He walked over, picked up his gun, climbed aboard the horrified mare, and without a word rode off across the fields for home.

"Language is a mighty poor thing on some occasions. Yes sir."

ANIMAL WEAPONS

By F. W. Reid

PART I.

"WHAT fine white teeth you have, grandmother!" cried little Red Riding Hood admiringly. "All the better to eat you with," replied the cunning old wolf, when the precise moment had arrived for throwing aside the coif and mufflers, and showing her true carnivorous colors.

Among animals the mouth is the most universal weapon. Supplemented in some families by claws, the jaws of the beasts of prey, equipped with a variety of cutting and tearing instruments, serve at once as the tools of their butchering trade and as an armament for attack and defense. These animals need no special weapons. But among the eaters of herbs and grasses are found parts, the horns for example, which are useless to them except for purposes of self-defense or aggression. Few animals are so poor as to be weaponless; and some, even the most insignificant from our point of view, are curiously and effectively armed.

Apart from the necessity of holding their own in the struggle for existence, of saving their skins from the greed of their neighbors, animals have few incentives to quarrel. In spite of the doggerel which asserts that "dogs delight to bark and bite," one doubts whether animals in a state of nature ever fight for the mere love of battle. There is danger enough in the unsheltered life without courting it by useless combat. The professional killers fall out over booty; but for the rest of the animal world the chief reason for strife is sexually-motived rivalry.

"The female is a terrible cause of battle," said Horace, using a metaphor that reduces woman to her lowest common denominator. This is true throughout creation. The mating season fills stags full of quarrel. Then it is that horn is clashed against horn, and tooth and nail are red with the blood of forest brothers. And this contention, as Darwin teaches, has powerfully aided to develop in the males those peculiar weapons which, in certain species, it is their sole prerogative to carry, and which are always more developed in them than in the females.

An armory of animal weapons, assembled in a museum, would make, I believe, a most interesting exhibit. It would include swords and daggers of bone, saws, horny bayonets, an immense variety of curious contrivances. Some interesting types of these it is proposed to pass in review in this article. Also to glance at their use in offense or defense; and, as being of interest to hunting men who may find themselves the objects of attack by animal weapons, at the nature of the wounds they inflict. And the number of such organs, which the bounty of Nature has provided or the evolutionary progress of the species fashioned, being very large, it will be advisable to limit the survey to the land and amphibious animals, excluding birds.

Let us begin, then, with the horn, the typical weapon of the grazing animals. Straight or curved, single or double, it is a puissant weapon, whether carried on the head of the unwieldy rhinoceros or that of the nimble goat. Among the wild sheep and goats some remarkably handsome specimens occur. There is the *Ovis poli,* the wild ram of the Pamir plateau, the so-called "Roof of the World," with his pair of 50-inch horns curled, as a shell is convoluted, so that the tip points inwards, as it does, also in the case of our American big-horn; the *markhor,* a Kashmir goat that carries a pair of weapons equally long, but sticking out from his forehead in peculiar corkscrew twists; and the ibex, whose 40-inch head protectors curve backward like fish-hooks without barbs.

These are the arms of mountaineers and trophies much coveted by sportsmen. To procure them it is necessary to travel far and high, into bleak and inhospitable wilds where

the highland paths are narrow, the abysses bottomless. When goats clash horns on the brink of a precipice, their efforts seem to be directed rather to butt their opponents into space than to inflict damage with the points of the horn. These last come into play when the animal is on the defensive, kneeling with lowered front to meet a charge, or when it steps aside and hooks under its rival's belly.

Fights between curly-horned rams may be witnessed in the hills of the Indian Punjaub, where the native rajahs keep animals trained to fight. There is nothing to shock the feelings of any but the supersensitive in these bloodless encounters. Much cry there is—from the throats of the amused and interested onlookers; and very little wool is torn. Launched from opposite ends of an enclosure, the matched rams rush to meet in a head-on collision, and above the din of betting and shouting you hear a tremendous thud when skull meets skull. You imagine a neck has been broken. Nothing of the sort; the animals separate, breathe, and go at it again—biff! biff!—till one of them is grassed. The broad frontal bones and the roots of the horns receive the brunt of the ramming, and these are thick enough to stand any amount of punishment. After exchanging a terrific rally of head thumps, victor and vanquished turn to and graze.

Wounds to man from the horns of such game as the ibex and big-horn are rarely heard of. The risk attendant upon their pursuit comes from another quarter; it is the danger from falling stones, avalanches, exposure to cold and rarefied air, slipping on the brink of a *khud,* as precipices are called in the land of the ibex. It is quite another matter when the horn is that carried by big game.

The formidable weapon which the rhinoceros wears on its snout is conical and sharp-pointed. The buffalo is effectively armed with a pair of long, smooth, tapering horns. In the case of these huge animals the penetrating power of the weapon is increased by the momentum of the charging body. Death may ensue at once from shock to the nervous system, even if no vital organ be wounded. There is something relentless in the fury of these animals when roused. Both rhino and buffalo toss their victims; and the anger of the latter is not spent until he has stamped life and motion out of the prostrate body. Except, perhaps, for the trained *matadors* of the Spanish arena, a hand-to-hand encounter with a savage bull is a desperate adventure.

Such a tussle between a man and a wild horned animal was witnessed and has been recorded by the African hunter, Sir Samuel Baker. The hero was his own brother, Julian Baker. He was suddenly charged by a buffalo which, impaling his thigh, lifted him clear of the ground on one of its horns. The unfortunate hunter grasped the other horn of the bovine dilemma, and with astonishing dexterity, worked his limb free. He then dropped to the ground, but, like a skillful horseman who never lets go of the reins, he held on to the near horn; and, when the animal tried to gore him, he thrust with all the strength of his other hand and arm against its muzzle. It was a brave bid for life that the hunter made, drained as his strength must have been by the severe wound; and he won out. For at this crisis, this deadlock between horns and hands, a plucky native attendant ran in and cut the bull's throat. But it was three months before Baker recovered from the consequence of the fight.

The man who escapes with his life from such an encounter must expect to remain a long time on the sick list. The thrust of a horn makes a punctured wound, like that caused by a bayonet. Much tissue is destroyed and repair is slow. The weapon, from its nature and position, is a clean one; and there is little danger of blood poisoning. But it is a sound measure to wash the wound out with a twenty per cent solution of carbolic acid, which is the safest antiseptic for the hunter of big game to pack in his kit. There is no mistaking its odor. White powders are all alike to the uninitiated; and corrosive sublimate, of which a small quantity goes a long way in solution, is handy but odorless, and should a native cook mistake it for baking powder the consequences might be more fatal than those of a buffalo charge. Such poisonous white powders, if carried, ought to be mixed with some inert coloring matter to distinguish them.

Some persons may be surprised to hear that the rhinoceros horn is nothing but a bundle of hairs tightly glued together. But when the pedigree of the horn is investigated with microscope and test-tube, its ultimate source is discovered in the cells of the epidermis, the

skin. A "horny" hand is no flight of metaphor; it bespeaks actual fact. Bristles, hair, nails, and horn are all derived from certain cells of the skin, which pass on to a more advanced stage of that change which those of the outer layer undergo when calloused by friction. A bunch of stiff bristles growing on a pimple on a man's nose and a rhino's horn differ only in degree, not in kind. Chemical analysis reduces them both to the same substance, "keratin," and so it does the ovine and bovine horns in all their variety, and the hollow horns of the antelope kind.

On the other hand there are horns not made of horn. The antlers of deer are bony; they are solid outgrowths of the brow, or frontal plate of the skull; when they become old and worn out, they are shed and replaced by a new growth of bony substance.

The antlers that ornament and protect the head of a stag are weapons eminently masculine. Among the truly horned animals there are Amazons, and it is as dangerous to be chased by a cow buffalo as by a bull. The females of the wild sheep and goats possess short horns; but these little implements of defense are reduced in the case of deer, one may almost say, to a vanishing point. The stags are the defenders of the herd. A set of full-grown antlers, with all their tines in place, is no puny weapon. It bristles with points like a cactus hedge; its long reach makes it an effective guard. The bony branches stab and tear, inflicting severe lacerated wounds. All the hound's nimbleness is required to avoid their strike, the severity of which he instinctively fears. In the old days of "venerie," when the huntsman gave the grace-stroke to the stag at bay with his knife, cases of wounds by horning were common. Even when the body cavity was not pierced, skin and muscles would be terribly torn, and the "leeches" of the day regarded all such wounds as serious. A slash from a boar was comparatively trifling; but, so ran an ancient distich,

> "He that is hurt with horn of hart
> It brings him to his bier."

But the modern sportsman slays at a safe distance, and when he comes up with his quarry it is past inflicting damage. It is best, however, to heed the old warning, "'Ware horns!" A few years ago a gentleman was killed in England by a pet deer. It was an importation from Africa and on account of its rarity attracted the curious of the neighborhood. One day two strangers called and asked to see the animal. With the good-nature that is often found among sportsmen, the owner himself conducted the visitors to the paddock, where the stag was tied up. Under confinement it had shown itself up to that time quite docile. But whether irritated by the sight of strange faces or not, it ran in on its chain, attacked its master furiously, and mangled his body so that he died from the wounds.

Tusks, like antlers, are specialized male weapons. As if by a kind of Salic law, the females of the elephant herd are not allowed to grow them; for defense they must trust to their lord; he is the "tusker." A tusk is an overgrown, strangely shaped tooth. The immensely long, beautifully shaped tusks of the elephant are projecting incisors. They are continually renewed from behind as they become shortened and worn away at the tip by friction. In the case of the boar, the tusks are canines, that is, the first long teeth, converted into cutting weapons.

His tusks are intended for aggression, as their structure and position indicate. They are carried outside the mouth and take no part in the work of masticating the food. The lower one sticks straight up, ending in a sharp point; the upper tusk curves out to meet it and is tilted upward at its apex. In this way the pair rub together and their edges are kept sharp. A boar's tusks are beautiful cutting tools of clean, white bone.

Deftly he wields them when, hunched up and bristling with anger, red-eyed and foam-flecked, he faces the circle of baying hounds. A slash that cuts down to the bone is the portion of the impetuous youngster who attempts to seize the boar by the fore-quarter; lucky if he escapes the fatal rip that opens the belly cavity like a butcher's knife. In India, where boars are chased on horseback, the ponies often come in for cruel cuts about the legs. Nor do their stout leather hunting boots always save the rider's legs from a gash, for the boar is uncommonly quick on his feet and clever to resent with his tusks a prod from a lance.

But a wound received from these knife-edged bones is not as a rule dangerous. If

no blood-vessels have been cut through, the gash heals readily enough, for it has been made by a clean weapon. It is an incised wound that mends, as surgeons say, "by the first intention," without the tedious process of suppuration. The edges having been sewn together, the sides of the wound adhere, just as happens with a common razor-cut. It is a great point in his favor as an adversary that there is little danger of blood-poisoning with its terrible consequences in a hurt received from a boar's tusks.

The most superb example of the tusk weapon belongs, of course, to the elephant. Without his "ivories" the enormous brute would be a mere mountain of muscle, a colossus of unwieldly brawn. But the long tapering spears of bone give to him the port and presence of a warrior, as, loudly trumpeting, the elephant marches into the arena. However, the tusker is not aggressive by nature. A placid vegetarian, he lets his fellow brutes alone, except when he goes *musth,* as it is called in Hindustani. He is then for the time insane, quite off his huge base, and literally spoiling for a fight. When two such monsters meet, comes the greatest tug of war on earth. Tusk clashes against tusk, brow bumps brow, as they squeal, shove, and hustle one another about. A long pair of tusks is as good as a shield to the *shikar* elephant when he is exposed to the attack of a tiger. Some show discretion and turn tail to a charge, but your staunch tusker plants himself squarely so as to receive the springing foe on the point. He uses the same tactics as the foot soldier armed with a bayonet against the onset of a cavalryman.

Wounds from elephants' tusks seem to be uncommon. In the annals of Asian and African sport, many hunters have related escapes by infinitesimal margins from infuriated elephants. But it was not death at the point of the tusk that was imminent; it was being dashed to earth and trampled out of existence. When a hunt ends disastrously, that is how the Finis is written. Otherwise, if the hunter eludes the brute's rush, he escapes scot-free.

To descend from the colossal elephant to an animal no bigger than a mouse is taking a long tumble down the ladder of animal life. The anticlimax we find at the bottom is that interesting little nocturnal man-hunter, the vampire bat. The elephant's yard-long incisor teeth, it was seen, have been turned into tusks. The corresponding teeth in the mouth of the vampire form cupping instruments, as efficacious as those used by surgeons for letting blood, and, moreover, painless in their operation.

The vampire is a native of tropical America, but, not being generally known, a word or two of description may be not out of place here.

Figure to yourself a mouse-like creature about as long as your fore-finger, the tip of its nose grotesquely accentuated by an upturned fold of skin, shaped like a leaf. This is *Diphyllus;* there is another kind without the ornament. Neither has any grinders in its jaw; but both possess minute cutting teeth, in pairs, that never lose their razor edge. True stomach they have none, but in its place a tube, which is all they need to receive a ready-prepared food like blood. It is the equipment of a parasite.

The first reports of travelers concerning these South American burglars of blood were received by stay-at-home naturalists with incredulity. The statement clashed with preconceived notions; bats were insectivorous and fruit-eating. The evidence, moreover, was purely circumstantial; and such evidence is not convincing except to people who live among the circumstances. No reliable person had caught a vampire in the act; the stealthy crime was attributed to large bats, which seemed absurd, for how could they cut without being detected? Yet there was no doubt that natives of South America suffered from nocturnal blood-lettings which they attributed to bats, and against which they defend themselves as well as they could with nettings. It was a case for a Sherlock Holmes of zoology.

It fell to the great Darwin in the early part of his career to detect the culprit. When in Chile, he was present at the capture of a bat which was sucking a horse's withers. Having got the right bat by the ear, he anatomized it and joined together the circumstantial links, the peculiar wounds, the teeth that made them, and the bat whose internal make-up demanded the same food as a leech. So far the mystery was solved.

One point, however, remains in obscurity. How does the vampire abstract the desired dose of blood without waking the sleeper? Some think that the bat sucks while on the wing, like a humming-bird, the rapid fanning of his pinions acting on the skin like an

anesthetic. But this is to conjecture too much. Common experience proves that a barber often scarifices the man in the chair without the latter feeling the cut. The bat's teeth are as sharp as razors; the muscular action of his jaws would be much gentler than that of a man's hand, which is greater than his whole body. The wound the vampire makes closely resembles a leech-bite, and he probably sucks it after the manner of a leech. When the bat has flown away, the blood still flows for a little time, then it clots and glues the wound to the blanket or hammock in which the sleeper is lying. I vividly remember how my neighbor woke me one morning, where we were camping in the Guiana forest, with a complaint that his great toe was stuck fast in his hammock in such a way, and my regret that I was not awake to catch the thief at work. The lantern which had been lit to scare the bats away had gone out.

Such bites heal rapidly without medication. The quantity of blood abstracted is small, a healthy man would not miss it; but Indian babies suffer from the effect of these depletions, when repeated. Therefore their mothers cover them at night with baskets made of cane.

(To be continued.)

The Cañon of the Yellowstone

ON TOP WITH THE DRIVER

By Frank A. McClelland

GOING out of existence with the approach of what the world—or the experts who quote their own opinions as being those of the world—calls the approach of civilization, is one of the most picturesque occupations of the days of the "frontier." The stage driver is sending his coaches to the scrap heap and turning his horses out to grass, while he resorts to other means of a livelihood. As the driver of the Overland stage he was famous before the cowboy became a known factor in the industrial and tragic history of the West. Soon after trails were opened to permit of the invasion of the vast country then known as "the Great American Desert" he followed, with his lumbering coaches, his fast ponies and his distinct personality Prospective settlers, their goods, their mail, the people who would come after, all needed the services of wagons and drivers to transport them. Thus was the emergency created that gave to the West the stage driver, who, for picturesqueness in every manner open to a new and boisterous country, may have had equals but never superiors.

It was a time that made men rely upon themselves. The drivers were the agents of the controlling corporation, known as "the company," but were thrown upon their own resources for the meeting of emergencies. By the ordinary routine of business, a matter that is presented to a subordinate is referred by him to his room chief, by him to the division chief and so on up through the grades of boss-ship until it reaches the ultimate authority. No such course of red-tape was possible when the head of the concern was hundreds of miles away, across a country swarming both with hostile tribes of aborigines and with white men banded into thieving gangs. If the superintendent of the division was not on the coach when the emergency arose, the duty devolved upon the driver to act at once. If the emergency was a "bad" man intent upon making trouble for passengers or inflicting injury upon the company property, the driver had to use either diplomacy or force, whichever was required by the occasion, to either placate or subdue the obstreperous one. As the West knew more of the philosophy of force than of the intricacies of diplomacy, the imagination does not feel a heavy draft in making a guess at how the emergency was met. Yet there were times when discretion and diplomacy were called to play an important part. When the "bad man" had "the drop" on driver and passengers, held his gun pointed ready for use, threatening damage to company property and company representative—then was a moment when demand was strong upon the active chambers of the brain. These occasions gave birth to one of the most strict rules of Western etiquette to always pass when the gun was cocked and held directly on you.

Thus, in dealing with the unruly travelers, with his equally hard to manage horses, dodging away from Indian ambuscades, trying to outwit bands of white desperadoes, picking his road so that he might get the most service out of his "cattle" with the least amount of weariness to them, looking after mail and treasure box, repairing harness given out at unexpected and frequently most inconvenient times—these, and dozens of other happenings requiring quickness of resource and promptness of action made up the ordinary day.

Do not think that drivers were of a people born especially for that one calling. They were sifted from the men who drifted into the West, the call falling upon those fitted for the work. "Back in the States" where conditions had been on an even level

"Over the edge of the road were visible, darkly, crowns of evergreen trees."

for generations, they might have been political leaders, foremen in stock ranches, prominent in any calling that required knowledge of the ways of men and "critters." They came to their own by a process of natural selection, working quietly though effectively through the whole framework of unorganized society. Sometimes the choice fell upon men whose standard fell below that required, for even some men in places of trust within the bounds of "civilization" prove to be unworthy, but these accidents of selection were capable of correction, the incompetent one being sent to the stables to care for the horses or put to work more fitted to his ability.

The position of choice on the coach was the seat "on top with the driver." There the passengers could listen to his sage remarks on politics, religion and philosophy—for he was frequently an authority on all three, just as he was on horses, history, the manner for dealing with savage and white derelicts and other matters incidental to driving. Sometimes the position was one of danger, then it was occupied by a "company man" with shot gun and rifle. These were frequent in the very old days, when Indian tribes looked with covetous eyes upon the team, the wagon and its contents. Equally dangerous was it when the "road agents," as the men who stopped coaches were known, understood that the treasure box was heavy with gold.

More than twenty-five years have passed since I took my first and last ride on the stage coach. Since that time the Concord has practically passed from existence in the West, as all of the long routes have been taken up by the railways. And even then the business had passed its heydey and was on the down grade. On only a few routes were there dangers from the Indians; the treasure box no longer attracted the bold hold-up, as the express companies sent their largest deposits to the railways by private conveyance, under official guards, and passengers seldom carried enough to make the danger worth while; the driver was no longer a law of the route, for courts and sheriffs were of power sufficient to punish all offenders, even should one prove to be a driver.

Thus, while most of the danger had passed, making a trip memorable only because of its many serious discomforts, the halo yet hung over the vehicle and its lord. One early morning in June I stepped off a freight caboose at Blackfoot, Idaho, to register for a trip across to the Wood river country, which was then the center of interest, and on to Boise City. I was unused to the ways of the stage route, was young

and did not know the high privileges that attached to the first to register for the trip. But I did hear the agent say that "the young man was the first and might ride on top if there wan't no through passengers on the train." That there was none was a fact I did not grasp until the day was over, for three other men appeared to take seats when the "wagon"—every driver affectionately called his coach a wagon, except when he spoke of it derisively as a "mud-wagon"—was ready to begin the long two-days' journey over the lava beds. Thus four of us started on that ride. There was a man who gave the name of Morrison, and who chatted all day of his farm on San Rafael island, off the coast of California; there was an insurance man who gave the name of Cooper; another insurance man, whose name was of such little importance that the mind does not retain it, and, lastly, a large, hulking individual, who lounged in his seat all day, gave no name, offered no information regarding his occupation, entered into none of the conversation of the day, and seemed to care nought about any of the others.

Within two minutes after the coach had swung away from the agent's office, and before it was free of the small town perched on a bluff of the Snake river, the four men destined to pass two days together had been placed on an easy familiarity. Mr. Morrison had ostentatiously drawn out his pocket book to conceal it in the hangings of the "wagon," an act that only Cooper followed. The other insurance man said he had papers that were worth no one's while, the lounging individual only laughed and pushed himself further down in his seat, while I had put nearly all the capital left into the ticket that was to permit me to ride into Boise. And, too, the noisy way of Morrison did not give me confidence in him; I felt a distrust of the man present greater than any fear of any not present. The morning had opened like many another in that section at the summit of the summer—clear and cloudless, just warm enough for com-

A Typical Bit of Northern Scenery (Falls of the Yellowstone)

fort, with a promise of great heat by noon. As the coach passed the bridge over the river a solitary squaw of the Blackfoot Indian encampment was shambling through the sand toward the town.

"What a shame," declared Morrison, "that she has wrapped her feet. How do we know she belongs to the tribe."

"Oh," responded Cooper, "look at her face. If her feet are as black as that there is no doubt."

And that was the last person of any sort we saw all day, save the two who kept the small dinner station where the stage stopped at noon. Sand, lava, sage-brush, weeds, the sneaking sage rabbit, which is a cousin of the jack but of a sluggish disposition, bright little chipmunks and a few almost mute birds were all that were seen throughout the day. The only comfort was that the road, sandy and hard, with occasional rough places where it passed over unburied fields of lava, gave up little dust, was smooth and easy. During the day the driver called for one of the passengers to get up and ride with him—think of that, ye coveters of high honors—and the insurance men and Morrison took turns in doing so. I did not know that my place, first on the way bill, entitled me to the privilege, and I did not care much, for the sun had gathered such strength of heat that even within the stage was discomfort and a desire to keep in the shady places.

During the morning the San Rafael proprietor had discoursed for an hour over a servant girl who had, while working on his immense ranch, attracted the affection of a wealthy Englishman. He spent half an hour telling that he had compelled the English husband to make a "settlement" on the wife and her possible children before he would permit the match. Someway the story had its impossible points, for who can fancy a servant of the West allowing any man, especially the boss of the ranch, to decide whom she shall marry and under what conditions. Experience has been that any interference has only hastened the wedding. And yet, the man's story might have been true. Later Morrison told of an experience in the early days of Denver, when a horse thief named Cooper had been killed by a mob. He described the pursuit of the thief, and his death by bullets. The insurance man early showed an interest in the story and at its close claimed the dead man as an elder brother. The manner of his death had not been known to the family, he said, so he felt under obligations to Morrison for having told. This coincidence was so obvious that it created further suspicion against the two. Both spoke pleasantly and entertainingly, telling many of their experiences, until they grew weary. Then they began to cast about for some way to pass the time. No cards were produced, as playing games on a swinging coach is not of easy accomplishment. At last I drew from my hand satchel a copy of Bill Nye's "Baled Hay." It was at once appropriated by the farm man and the two insurance agents to the exclusion of even the owner. They laughed over the odd conceits of the humorist, but did it to themselves, forming a little society of amusement apart.

At noon a stop was made at the stage station, where dinner was provided. The station was a small building with a curved roof, built in a waste of waterless country. Let it be known that the river we crossed in the morning was the only running, living water to be encountered until the day's journey was completed at Little Lost river. All the provisions and water for man and beast were hauled across twenty-five miles of sage-brush and lava country. This wide barren strip was a menace also to the owners of cattle, who frequently drove across country. They avoided much of the suffering that the trip entailed by crossing farther north, where it was but thirty to thirty-five miles from water to water. On the day that trip was made the bunch would be started early and driven late. As soon as the thirsty cattle smelled the water on ahead, the cowboys would take positions in advance. They would string lariats from saddle-horn to saddle-horn, in order to keep the cattle back and spread them out to present as wide a front as possible. Should they be allowed to act on their desire to rush into the water in a bunch many would be trampled to death, others mired down and others injured. To further protect them the men in the saddles would work their lariats up and down, striking the

pushing cattle on the noses, thus holding them back. This was possible up to a certain point, when the beasts, crazed by the thirst burning their throats and by the nearer approach of water, would break all bounds and rush. When the nervousness of the bunch came to the threatening point, each cowboy would drop an end of each lariat, allowing the cattle to hurry on as they pleased. With all these precautions many times cattle would be trampled to death at the muddy edge of the desired water.

During the afternoon, the driver leaned over in his seat, to call down within the stage: "Here's a good piece of road. If you fellows like, I will give you a sample of old-time staging." We "liked," so he put the four horses to a gallop, or what is known in stage parlance as "on the dead jump." In imagination we were pursued by a shrieking, shooting horde of red savages, with bullets "whistling" about the wagon. In reality we were holding to our seats in fear of being bounced out through the open sides. But the road was smooth, the heavy leather springs strong, and the old wagon swayed easily and tenderly, like a babe's cradle. When we were at the station of Little Lost river in the evening, the unknown insurance man made a reference to the day's experience, only to be cautioned by the driver: "S-h-h-h; the superintendent's here." Thus we came to the knowledge that there was a higher authority than that of the driver—one of which he stood in awe.

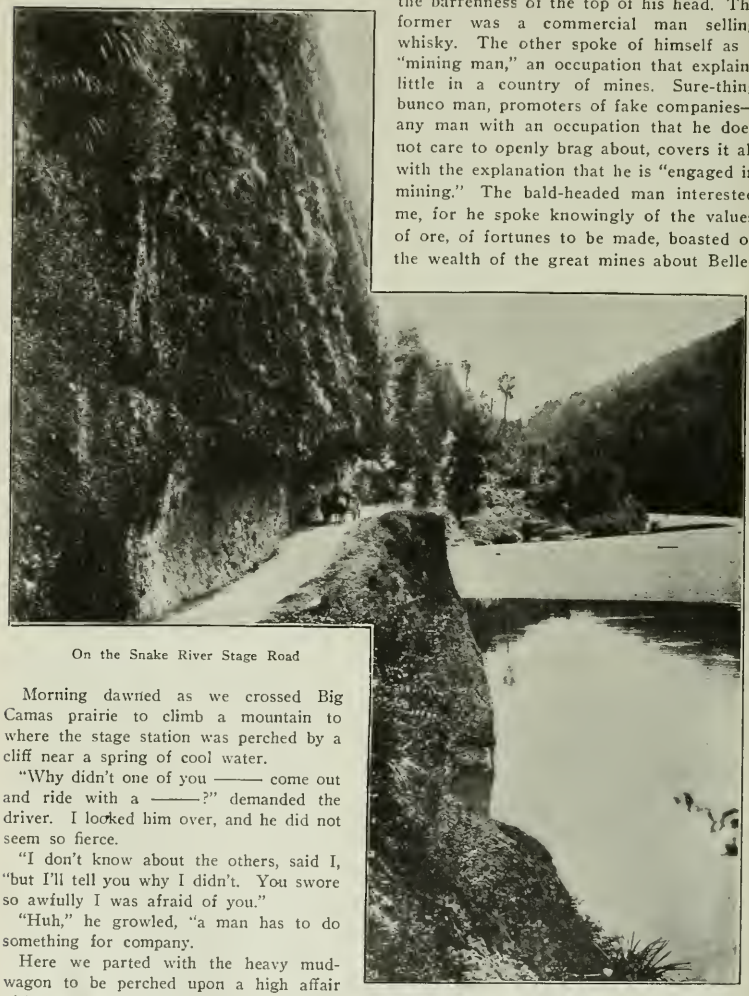
Little Lost river was one of the features of the country. Its waters were gathered in the high mountains where melting snows held a perpetual supply, to pass out to the thirsty plain and disappear in the sands. Plains tales had been free in mentioning such streams, and it was something to view the confirmation of romance.

Night riding in a stage coach has nothing of pleasure, nothing of comfort; it breeds weariness of body and mind. That first night, going from Little Lost river to Big Camas prairie, was a wakening to the fact. The early evening was delightful. The great heat of the afternoon had given place to a restful cool; slight breezes moved over the plains, stirring the heavy sagebrush, which was of a ragged growth, like young cedar. Birds sang in a half-hushed voice, as though cooing their young to sleep. The wheels of the stage ground evenly along a hard road that had just the covering of sand to give the crunch that is a real part of riding. The only discordant note was that of the driver, who swore fearful oaths all through the night, beginning when we left the Little Lost and continuing to morning, creating the fancy that his was a soul hopelessly damned and making its last journey—from purgatory to the place of everlasting fire.

Soon the evening was gone and night settled blackly over even the near-by points. The sole light was from the lamps by the driver's seat, and through their radiance moved a procession of sagebrush tops, usually evenly at about the height of a man's waist, but sometimes jaggedly breaking where soil was poor or where the underlying creation rock rose to the surface. In spite of the poor quarters for sleeping, sitting upright with a man on the other end of the seat, sometimes the sulphurous profanity of the driver sank into a monotone, the brush-edge glare of the lamp dimmed to a dreary twilight, and I slept. Perhaps for an instant unconsciousness came. Then the easy swinging of the coach stopped, and the voice of the driver called down: "Will one of you passengers step out on the left side brake block? The road here is shelving and slanting, and I want weight to keep the coach from turning over."

That is the effect of what he said, the words of which were manufactured in crude moulds of rough-hewn opprobrium. Afterwards the stage rolled and slid and bumped, so that we knew we were passing over a rocky hill. There was perhaps a deadlier tinge to the profanity of the driver, as though he had killed one tribe of Indians and was working up his courage to attack another. Then the road descended to a valley, the horses took up the rhythmic pounding that is sleep-compelling, sand ground delightfully under the wheels. I slept in exhaustion, dreaming of the days when Indians and wild beasts were menaces to travel. I was awakened by my head driving against the roof, while the driver paused in his profane explorations of language to remark:

"There; I have been looking for that hole for the last ten miles." Pleased, indeed, that he found it!



On the Snake River Stage Road

Morning dawned as we crossed Big Camas prairie to climb a mountain to where the stage station was perched by a cliff near a spring of cool water.

"Why didn't one of you ——— come out and ride with a ———?" demanded the driver. I looked him over, and he did not seem so fierce.

"I don't know about the others, said I, "but I'll tell you why I didn't. You swore so awfully I was afraid of you."

"Huh," he growled, "a man has to do something for company.

Here we parted with the heavy mud-wagon to be perched upon a high affair without cover and with more seats. Two recruits were received to the passengers enlisted for the trip. Both wore long beards, one furtively, for he kept it braided and pushed beneath his vest in the day time; the other openly, as an appeal against the barrenness of the top of his head. The former was a commercial man selling whisky. The other spoke of himself as a "mining man," an occupation that explains little in a country of mines. Sure-thing bunco man, promoters of fake companies—any man with an occupation that he does not care to openly brag about, covers it all with the explanation that he is "engaged in mining." The bald-headed man interested me, for he spoke knowingly of the values of ore, of fortunes to be made, boasted of the wealth of the great mines about Belle-vue, Hailey and Ketcham, which towns we would reach in the evening. An "expert," he explained, could make plenty of money;

and he extended me an invitation to join him.

"But I do not know anything about mines," I objected.

"You don't have to," he explained, with a sly look. Someway his manner impressed me with the belief that his expert knowledge extended further in cards than it did in mining matters.

Leaving this station was an act fraught with the possibilities of adventure.

"I am going to the top of the hill," said the driver, "where we can push the wagon down on the horses' heels. As we go by the station you men jump on. I have a young team of broncs," he explained, "and if we stop them at the station we may not get them started again." No accidents marred the re-embarkment behind the broncs, though the two insurance men came near turning handsprings through over-anxiety to be first on the wagon. As this day's riding was not on a coach, but on a sort of a band-wagon affair, where the driver and all his passengers sat on a level, it was devoid of the romance of the trail. The country passed over was very broken, far away from the haunts of men. Not a community of any size was seen during the day, and views were obtained of a few outlying homesteads in the distance.

During the morning we passed through an immense army of crickets. They were crossing the road from left to right in a laborious fashion. The insects were of all sizes up to an inch and a half long. They would walk solemnly along for a few inches, and then jump blindly in the air, alighting with confusion, perhaps all right on their feet, but usually at random on any part of the body. Then the cricket would gather himself together, crawl along the ground for another few inches, and launch himself on the uncertainties of another spring into the air. These armies were, the driver explained, a pest of the country, but were more easily fought than the hordes of grasshoppers that had visited the region years previously. The grasshoppers, being able to fly, could escape most of the traps set for their destruction, while the poor crickets blundered into them to their death.

Toward evening we began to pass little cabins perched in the hills, or settled in some watered valley. Occasionally a pile of freshly dug earth and stones and shattered rock would be visible high on a hill. We were nearing the great Wood river region, then the Mecca and Eldorado to which all miners were journeying. Simultaneously broke out stories of wonderful "strikes" made in the mines, tales of sudden wealth that had overwhelmed mere prospectors and tenderfeet. The insurance men, the San Rafael farmer, the man of no occupation and no conversation, the whisky expert, the mining expert with a tendency to cards, and the driver—all had heard tales of sudden wealth coming to some poor devil. Evidences of prosperous farming met my eye, and we passed herds of fine cattle driven along the trail from one market to another; there was even a band of Oregon horses being driven East for sale; all these appealed to me, with my farmer training, but attracted notice from the others only in anathemas against the dust they raised.

But when the rainbow chasers had been left at Bellevue and the stage had resumed its journey west toward Boise City, with a depleted passenger list, we were again in the atmosphere of stage romance. We had a real stage, covered in for those who rode inside, with the seat beside the driver again a place of honor and importance. As an opening for a night's acquaintance and to start the conversational grind in an easy and proper manner, the driver asked, as we started, speaking, as though casually, to one of the stable men:

"How's the river to-night?"

"Oh, a little higher than last night."

"Still a bit dangerous, then?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. Drive right through the center and nothing ought to happen. That driver last night got a little off the road. He'd never a-upset if he'd kept a little higher up."

There was a pleasing prospect. Had I been an older traveler I would have suspected that the dialogue was a regular thing between the two, a device for disturbing young passengers at the time, and to enhance the reputation of the driver who should take his passengers safely past the threatened danger. This crossing of Wood river, over which the anxiety was manifested, was peculiar. A ford existed for half the way, and a bridge for the remainder. The bridge spanned the deeper

water, while the ford was for a very shallow branch or side-stream. Of course the stage crossed without accident, and of course the driver received praise for his expert handling of the lines. Little is retained in my mind of the ride of that night. We were bumped and thrown about at the bad places in the road, every effort to try to sleep being rendered futile by the jars given. Again the driver rode alone, and again he—though a man new to us—spent his leisure hours in refreshing his mind on the worse language he had ever heard. Remembering the excuse of the former driver, I thought that drivers preferred a very low kind of company on their night trips.

Somewhere during the night the stage stopped for a change of horses. There I quickly fell asleep, securing perhaps a quarter of an hour of repose, and then the jar of starting, the long and continuous fire of profane remarks above and the decidedly uncertain unevenness of the road over which the wheels ground, murdered sleep. For the second night I remained awake, like a man with an active conscience. Through that night and all the next day I was wearied almost to death. Loss of sleep, the cramped position of sitting hour after hour in the stage seat, the sameness of existing for three days on scenery without the spice of constant change, sagebrush, greasewood, the constant grind of the wheels over the sand, I do not wonder that drivers grow irritable and have to fight to get back into good humor. When the stage drew into Mountain Home that night, after the descent of a cañon that would have evoked enthusiasm from a man alive to receive beautiful impressions, I asked to be allowed to lay over a day. My objective point was Boise City, and that station was fifty miles away—just the night ride—but I was too exhausted to attempt it.

"I will take you off the waybill," said the driver, "if you wish." Waybill, indeed; listed like so much merchandise! "But you will have to take your chances on the next stage. If it is crowded you will have to wait over for the next." Even the fear of being marooned by many subsequent stages did not provoke me into changing my decision. Three nights of wakefulness, increased by jolting and jarring, had brought me to the condition that, in a horse, would have been said was "played out." So I enjoyed the bliss of sleeping from dusk of a June day to 10 o'clock the next morning. And then it was the heat that awakened me, not the consciousness of having been in oblivion for too long a time. As I went into the down-stairs room of the hotel a fellow sufferer looked at me with some interest, so intently that it was almost a scowl.

"Where you been?" he asked, as an introduction to himself.

"Sleeping," said I.

"What?" he demanded. "Did the bugs allow you to sleep?"

"Never feazed me," said I.

"Well, you were tired," he admitted grudgingly. "I have seen and felt bugs in my time, but never saw them in such numbers as last night. Everything must be in armies in this country—like the crickets."

Luckily an unoccupied seat was found on the coach for the subsequent night. I was squeezed in by two men on the middle seat, with a heavy canvas strap to act as the back. Like other makeshifts of life, that strap was one of the things that make men willing to die. It furnished no firm support, swaying with every motion of the "wagon;" the upper edge bound across the back at about the third rib from the bottom, pinching the flesh between bone and canvas My advent had not been received in the most kindly manner by the earlier occupants, for which no blame could be laid on them, as a crowded coach gets more uncomfortable with each addition. My station was beside a young man with a stiff white hat; he had conditioned himself for the ride by drinking strong waters, before which imbibation he had partaken of raw onions. Drowsiness that threatened me at different hours was overcome by the effects of drowsiness upon this man. Whenever he dozed momentarily his head dropped quickly to one side and the stiff brim of his hat struck me over the right ear. With each recurrent awakening he would resume an interrupted talk on his experiences as a disagreeable citizen; but never, oh never, was he more unpleasant than during that night ride. I sat to one side, the night air brushing my face; blow-

ing steadily it could not dissipate the fumes of onions, drink and unpleasant conversation of the man with a stiff hat.

Two men whose clothes and talk were heavily scented of range cattle were in a distant corner. From the gloom came tales of their lives, and they were just as low-down as my seat-mate. One man who said little, and that in evident disapproval of the others, was in some unknown place, heard from but once during the night, and that was when he disapproved of a sentiment advanced by the two cattlemen. When the darkness began to fade before the new day, I was seasick. Loss of sleep, the fumes of the laden breath beside me, disgust at the reeking conversation, had brought me to a feeling of extreme nausea. The road ran through forests of sagebrush, which vegetaiton was, the pleasant man explained, indication of a rich soil. Dry, dusty bluffs, of a loose earth that appeared like ashes, rising to great heights in a slight breeze—desolate and uninhabited. Exerything was the brown that comes during a long dry spell of weather. The worn-out, abandoned plains of the first home of man, where the felling of the trees and the drying up of the water courses has shown the destructive hands of former ages, are not more apparently waste places, than was this new country into which man was moving to grow roses.

The arrival on the edge of a bluff from which the traveler looked down over the city of Boise was sudden; one moment the eye roved over the burnt, deserted, dry abhorrent plain; the next it feasted on the restful green of maple trees, grass, apple trees bending to the ground from the weight of rosy fruit, a great river winding through surrounding verdure—rest, peace, comfort. I felt all these impressions even midst the terrible nausea. Rapidly we rolled through the mile of "bottom" road that brought us into the town. The instant I was down from the stage, I was a new man. No sickness, rested from the weary ride, looking delightedly about at the return to where people live in comfort. It was worth while to feel the pangs of such a ride to come to such a terminal.

One more short ride closed my staging experience in the Idaho district. That was the trip from Boise City to Weiser river, the ride of a day. It added so little to my knowledge of staging that it is hardly worth notice here, save for the disgust of a German who smoked continuously at a pipe with a long stem. In the mature wisdom of middle age he made statements concerning love that I considered too coarse to be near the fact. With a tremendous pull at his pipe that resulted in a tornado of smoke he objected to being told anything about love by a "poy widoud no experiences." He did not know!

One other stage coach ride came to my lot, when I traveled from Portland to Jacksonville, the line running along the first range of mountains east from the coast line of the Pacific. All the way from Portland to the end of the railway I counted on securing the seat beside the driver, for I had learned of its importance. Inquiry of the train crew showed that I was the only through passenger, and I remembered what I had heard at the Blackfoot—that the first through passenger was entitled to the desirable place. Descending from the railway carriage at Glendale, or Julia, as it was then called, in the first blackness of night, I saw a town typical of the "end of the road." Construction was then progressing on the Oregon and California, which was known as the California and Oregon at the other end being pushed up the Sacramento valley toward Oregon, and the northern end had been built as far south as this station. One main street lined with structures of boards, unpainted and new; lights streaming through plain window glass, was all of Julia that was visible. Within a moment or two a small coach, which would have been called "mud wagon" along the larger routes, was driven up to the depot. I walked over to the driver to ask for the seat to which I was entitled by right of precedence. "There don't no man ride on top tonight," he said with emphasis, snapping his whiskered jaws to make his statement stronger, "they's a lady goin' down, and she rides there." Accordingly I walked meekly to the door and took my place on the familiar inside. I was only common cattle again, no favorite of the prince of the road.

This ride came nearer to being ideal of staging than any other in my experience. After the start we were soon beyond the

kerosene lights of Julia and in a forest. The glimmering lights of the lamps gave flitting views of slight trees, showing that we were in a quaking aspen or tamarack grove. On the higher ground would be visible trunks of pine or kindred trees. Now and then the road would drop to a lower level and an unfamiliar bumping be administered to the travelers. It was a corduroy road. All through my life I had heard of these roads, associated in name with a familiar style of goods for heavy wear. As those who have had experience know, the corduroying of a road consists of placing the round trunks or limbs of small trees at right angles to the right of way and directly where the wheels will pass over them to give a series of jolts to passengers. I have ridden over rocky slopes in the mountains and have plowed in a field strewn with boulders, and both of these systems of torture may take off their hats to the corduroy road. Luckily there was not much of this, it being placed over only those portions where seeping water made the going muddy and slow.

Safely out of the region of many jolts, the stage began a climb. Around and around the wagon went—up and up, the horses bending to their work with a will, and the driver's voice, in a monotonous growl and roar, coming back as he told his woman passenger tales of mighty derring-do on the high seat. The wagon seemed to be everlastingly turning corners. Over the edge of the road were visible, darkly, crowns of evergreen trees—spruce, pine and fir, perhaps. Any effort to separate the trees into species was a mere guess. At times the wagon was turned another way, and the scant views of something along the side were of excavated bank where the road had been dug into the hillside. And so on, interminably, up, up, through an eternity. At last the top was surmounted. There was a pause of mental effort, for the way was over a level course, and then began a descent. The horses broke into a lively trot, the brake-block was put on with a chug to grind against the rear wheels. The road was smooth, the pace rapid. Such glances as a passenger took out of the sides showed tops of green trees whisking by—they might be a thousand feet high. They might be ten thousand feet high, rising out of ground somewhere near the center of the earth. No sound came out of those abysses. Perhaps there was a slight movement of air to bring sighs from the bending tops of trees, but from out those awful depths came nothing but the straight spire-like tops pointing upward. It reminded one that he was not yet ready to follow the course to which they pointed, neither did one care to make that other trip that seemed so imminent—down to their roots. Carelessly, recklessly, even joyfully, the driver continued his tales of hold-ups, stage robberies, wild rides from Indian attacks, murders and border troubles. Had he lived in the West two full lives he would hardly had time for all the dark and daring deeds he recounted. The woman listened admirably, for all we on the inside could tell, refuting the popular belief that a woman never can keep silence.

For an interminable distance the seat in front kept falling away, and I was battling with a tendency to slip forward. Then a voice—a sweet young voice—came out of the gloom. "Gentlemen," it said, "mamma is sick from riding backward. Will you change seats?"

I knew there had been a divine appearing young woman in the coach, but I had not presumed she possessed any such voice. A stone monument must have moved at her appeal; but the man on the other end of the rear seat feigned sleep. When I cheerfully offered to accede to the request the man, who was a Hebrew, snored audibly. Twice I asked him if he would move over, without receiving a response, save that noise made by air rushing noisily through the nose. Then came a sudden lurch of the coach, throwing me bodily across the seat into the Jew's corner. Even this did not wake him, but it gave me a new zest in life. From that time whenever there came a jar or a jerk I was hurled across the seat, to strike heavily against the Jew. Marvelous how soundly some may repose! I detatched my mind from the threatening tops of those ten thousand-foot trees, neglected to watch the distance between the coach and the black night just beyond the edge of the road. Down the remainder of that decline I devoted myself to assaults against the body of the Jew.

And not once did he waken through the whole.

After we had, by a minute calculation, made during intervals of smooth riding, descended ten miles into the earth, the coach stopped, and the insides heard a conversation like this:

"What station is this?"

"Grave Creek."

Sarcophagus Bend or Monument Cove would not have sounded more appropriate. We had dropped so far that we might well be away beneath the deepest grave or sepulcher.

This terminated my experience on stage coaches. And I had never the high honor of riding "on top with the driver." Now I never will, for the stage is a thing of the past. In place of the romantic six-horse "wagon," swinging heavily through the gulches, there is the "hack" that runs short distances. No more riding day after day, night after night, for all the long courses have been occupied by the railroad. And even there has no pause been made, for the stage has been driven off the road by the automobile, the autocratic driver replaced by the chauffeur.

Perhaps the last of the grand epochs in the life of the staging business was the rush into the Black Hills mining district of Montana, during the middle seventies. Hundreds of men went into those hills from all points, Cheyenne being the main outfitting point from the south. The route was a typical one. It was long and through a sparsely watered country; it was through a region dangerously beset with Indians; hold-ups by white outlaws were not unknown, and the route was hundreds of miles long. There was everything that the ideal stage line required for a setting. And when the railroads forced their way into the region the stage driver passed out.

He has had no place to make a stand since. Whenever a mining excitement has arisen, the road in has been short, comparatively, and has been free from all dangers except those coming from white man sources. The picturesque quality of the old days was absent. Dawson City and the Alaska discoveries added nothing to the glories of the life, for dog trains of necessity took the road to do the business. There was no place for the stage driver. Even into the Nevada fields about Tonopah and Goldfield the driver had but a brief reign. Automobiles were placed on the route, outrunning stages, furnishing a faster and equally sure mode of locomotion. This disposed of the last stand for the driver—he was driven out, a derelict floating on the great ocean of western sand, a wreck cast upon the shore, telling of the romantic days of the past.

WESTERN FIELD

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West

OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislatnre, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

WILL REAPPEAR NEXT ISSUE

WE REGRET that owing to an unavoidable accident we will be compelled to omit from this issue the last installment on the Shotgun, in our serial, "The Art of Shooting." It will, however, appear in our July edition, after which time the serial will continue uninterruptedly until the whole range of firearms will be exhaustively covered. The articles on "Revolvers and Pistols," "Rifles and Smoothbore Ball Guns," will be particularly interesting, and the whole series, when completed, will be easily the best contribution on ballistics ever offered to sportsmen.

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL WE KNOW THEM

ACCORDING to the statement of the chief deputy of the State Board of Fish Commissioners over $113,000 has been paid in cash into the Commissioners' hands, during the season just ended, for hunting licenses, by resident, non-resident and alien sportsmen. With the exception of a few small disbursements all of this large sum of money is immediately available for the one and sole purpose designated by the statute under which the hunting license tax was imposed; namely, for the preservation of game, restocking the public domain, introducing new desirable game species, and logically to defray the entailed operating expenses incident thereto.

In the absence of any detailed and specific report by the Commission as to the exact amount of money received, the disbursements so far made and the purposes for which these were made, it is not unnatural that sportsmen should be a bit curious in this regard or that they should be voluble in their questions to the editor of this magazine as to why the money has not been used for the purposes prescribed by the statute, or if it has been so used, why a statement has not been given to the public by the Commission. To these questions we can and do make but one answer: The Commission has never, for some inscrutable reason, seen fit to disseminate through the sportsmen's publications (concededly the logical and best medium through which to reach sportsmen) any information of any kind whatsoever, and we are therefore just as much in the dark as to its star chamber manipulations of our interests as is the most wilderness-secluded sportsman of far-away Alaska. It is true that every two years or so the Commission gets out a very creditable booklet—but usually in such a limited edition that not one sportsman in every hundred can obtain a copy, even by the most prompt and persistent application, a reasonable excuse for which, heretofore, being the lack of funds—but there is no reason why monthly reports should not be given to the public, even if a part of that $113,000 has to be expended for clerical facilities. Western Field would be only too glad to print such reports in full detail and we unreservedly throw open our pages to the Commission for that purpose.

One question which appears most persistently in our correspondence is as to whether any part of this hunting license fund is being used, or is to be used, for fish hatchery or other piscatorial purposes. The position invariably taken is that the expenditure of revenue derived from these hunting licenses is by both inceptive intent and statute restricted to game only, and that the sporting anglers and professional fishermen are not entitled to any benefit therefrom. "Let those who fish

pay a specific and separate tax for that privilege, just as we pay a similar tax for our hunting privilege," they declare, and the argument is reasonable and fair. As before stated in these columns, we believe in, and earnestly advocate a $1.00 fishing license for non-professional anglers in addition to the hunting license now required. There is no tenable argument that can be urged against such a license, while there is everything to be said in its favor. From the standpoint of revenue alone the Commission should eagerly endorse it and we trust that no opposition will develop from that quarter when the sportsmen present a bill to that effect before the next Legislature.

In the meantime, what is the Commission doing—and what are they going to do, and when are they going to do it—with the money which we have paid to them for hunting privileges? The sportsmen are an unit in the anxious query. The object of the license tax statute was certainly not the accumulation of vast sums of money to be left lying idle in the hands of the Commission. There was a distinctly specified use to which this money was to be put; has it been so put—or, if not, why? The sportsmen have a right to know and they demand the information. In one more month there will be another demand made upon us for another $113,000 or more—and it will concededly be more, for there will be a largely increased number of licenses taken out for the season 1908-9. We modestly urge that this money was collected for a definite purpose, and it should be promptly and effectively employed, instead of being permitted to lie idle and useless. It is due to the Commission itself, both in a business as well as a reputative way, to make public its policies and its operations; it is the official servant of the people, and having paid the required price, the people demand evidence of the service.

We do not wish to be misconstrued in this matter; there is not in our intentions the remotest approach to any insinuation that this vast sum of money has been or ever will be misapplied. We believe in the efficiency of the Commission and its employes to handle this big fund most satisfactorily and we anticipate great results therefrom. But we certainly deprecate the clam-like reclusiveness and reticence that for some curious reason has always characterized the Commission. Come out into the limelight a little more, gentlemen! In these hard times we would like to see how it affects a fellow to have over a hundred thousand dollars of ready money in his possession—especially when it's *our* money and we are eager to see it working in our behalf. If you will only take us a little more into your confidence it will obviate a great deal of unnecessary unpleasantness, and go a long way towards establishing that amity of relations which has so long been lacking between the Commission and the men whose interests the Commission was created to foster. A house divided against itself always falls; let us see if we cannot get together in harmony and concertedly work in unison towards that better game protection which we both so ardently desire.

The Commission is going to be popularly judged by the fruits of its administration in two seasons—the one just passed and the one now coming. It will need to "make good" within this period. And the first step towards making good is to cut out the comical air of secrecy and pomposity that can serve and has served no better end than to make the Commission an object of suspicion and irritation. Come out into the open and let's play fair. Show us your hand and we'll back it with our money.

GOOD FISHING

FROM all over the state come reports of most excellent fishing. Every stream seems to be full of trout and they are obligingly rising to the fly—"any old fly!" as one enthusiastic expert declares. In no one year of the past ten has the sport been so good at the season's opening, and the outlook is very promising. Evidently the Fish Commission has been doing good work in this respect; the results prove it conclusively and we are glad to make this cordial acknowledgment. We like to throw bouquets when they are deserved.

California Game and Fish Laws 1907-1909

HUNTING LICENSES — Residents $1.00; non-residents $10.00; aliens $25.00. Licenses must be carried afield and shown on demand.

SALE of all game and birds prohibited except ducks, geese and brant.

SALE of Trout under one (1) pound or Striped Bass under three (3) pounds prohibited.

UNLAWFUL AT ALL TIMES to shoot game between half hour after sunset and half hour before sunrise; or to net or trap any game animals or birds, or to take the eggs or destroy the nests of game or other wild birds; or to shoot on enclosed or cultivated grounds, when posted, without permission; or to kill any Elk, Doe, Fawn, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Swan, Pheasant, Imported Quail, Grouse, Sage-hen, Blue or White Heron ("Crane"), Sea-gull or any non-game birds except Geese, Brant, Sharp-shinned, Cooper's and Duck Hawks, Great Horned Owl, English Sparrow, Linnet, Blue Jay, Butcher Bird (Shrike) and such fish eating birds as are not mentioned above.

SHIPPING GAME—All game and fish must be shipped in open view, with name and address of shipper.

OPEN SEASONS.

DEER—(Bucks only) July 15 to Oct. 1. Limit 2 for the season. Dogs can only be used for trailing wounded deer.

VALLEY QUAIL, CURLEW and other SHORE BIRDS—Oct. 15 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL—Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DOVES—July 15 to Oct. 15. Limit 25 per day.

DUCKS—Oct. 1 to Feb. 15. Limit 35 per day.

WILSON or "JACK" SNIPE—Oct. 15 to April 1. Limit 25 per day.

TREE SQUIRREL—Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 12 in one season.

SALMON—Oct. 23 to Sept. 17 of the following year. [Closed above tide water from Oct. 23 to Nov. 15].

TROUT AND WHITEFISH—(Hook and line only), May 1 to Nov. 15. Limit 50 fish (but not to exceed 25 lbs.) No fish less than 5 inches in length.

STEELHEAD TROUT—(Hook and line only,) May 1 to Sept. 17 and Oct. 23 to Feb. 1. [April is also an open month in tide water.] Limit 50 fish not less than 5 inches in length.

BLACK BASS—(Hook and line only,) June 1 to Jan. 1. Limit 50 fish.

GOLDEN TROUT, STURGEON AND SACRAMENTO PERCH —NO open season.

PENALTIES—Killing Elk, imprisonment from 1 to 2 years; killing Does, Fawns, Antelope or Mountain Sheep, $50 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any other game law, $25 to $500 or imprisonment. Violating any fish law, $20 to $500 or imprisonment. Using any explosives for killing fish, $250 or imprisonment. Attempted violation punishable same as actual violation.

GAME LAWS IN HANDY FORM

We present herewith a full sized cut of a handsome aluminum card, issued by Western Field for the benefit of Sportsmen, which gives at a glance a condensed, yet sufficiently complete resumé of the game laws of California.

These handsome metal cards—which are very light and of a convenient size to carry in the vest pocket—will be sent to anyone free. Simply enclose two cent stamp for return postage and same will be forwarded without delay. Dealers in sporting goods will be supplied with quantities for free distribution on request. Address Western Field Co., 609-10 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco.

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BULLETIN OF PROGRESS PUBLISHED BY

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

MANY thousand acres of new vineyards and orchards will come into bearing in California during the coming season, and indications point to good crops in all lines. Increased activity is marked in all California industries.

The demand for labor is marked in viticultural pursuits, and all competent men can obtain steady employment. Reports received by The California Promotion Committee from the vineyard districts show that the shortage in labor there is so great that employment will be found for all who apply.

There is great demand for women and girls in the canneries and drying establishments. These will be needed with the opening of the fruit season, and they will have constant employment for three months.

Reports from the mining districts of the State indicate increased interest and activity. In addition to several new discoveries many old properties which have lain idle for a number of years are being reopened with good results.

One of the most important steps toward development was the ordering by the United States Board of Engineers of a survey of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, for the purpose of deepening the channels, this being the preliminary to vast government improvement of those rivers.

In San Francisco, building activity has gone on with undiminished vigor. Sanitation work has been carried on most successfully, and the city is now declared to be one of the most healthful and cleanest in the United States. Preparations for the reception of the battleship fleet are progressing, and arrangements are being made for the accommodation of an immense crowd of visitors at that time.

The following summary shows California conditions from February 29 to March 28, inclusive:

San Francisco building permits	$ 2,676,909.00
San Francisco building permits since the fire	99,683,459.00
Los Angeles building permits	946,079.00
Oakland building permits	469,514.00
San Francisco real estate sales, 650; value	2,250,000.00
San Francisco bank clearings	128,811,115.29
San Francisco bank clearings, March, 1907	185,004,042.79
San Francisco bank clearings, March, 1906	177,699,263.70
Los Angeles bank clearings	38,343,094.00
Oakland bank clearings	5,821,708.55
Sacramento bank clearings	3,211,997.05
San Jose bank clearings	1,677,755.06
Stockton bank clearings	1,724,609.83
San Francisco customs receipts	564,856.50

Statistics for 1907 Showing Material Progress in All Lines of Industry in California

Bank Clearings.

	1900	1906	1907
San Francisco	$1,029,582,595	$1,998,400,779	$2,133,882,626
Los Angeles	113,586,763	578,689,575	577,569,639
Oakland	No C. H.	120,853,367*	137,681,207
San Jose	No C. H.	No data	28,889,386

*7 months.

Pacific Coast Cities, 1907.

San Francisco	$2,133,882,626
Los Angeles	577,569,639
Oakland	137,681,207
San Jose	28,889,386
Seattle	488,591,471
Portland	350,933,525
Spokane	301,419,017
Salt Lake City	292,158,324
Helena	48,177,437
Tacoma	245,969,795

Western Cities, 1907.

Kansas City	$1,649,175,013
Omaha	567,515,788
Denver	407,803,849
Wichita	68,234,781
Topeka	50,176,759
Fargo	28,677,746
Fremont	17,531,822

Population.

	1900	1908	Increase
California	1,485,053	2,502,017	1,016,964
San Francisco	342,000	480,000	138,000
Los Angeles	102,000	290,000	188,000
Oakland	100,000	245,000	145,000
Total	544,000	1,015,000	471,000

Real Estate Sales of San Francisco.

1900	1905	1906	1907
$18,528,814	$74,926,065	$68,064,300 (7 mos.)	$31,624,122

Building.

	1900	1906	1907
San Francisco	$6,390,705	$69,064,300*	$58,970,541
Los Angeles	2,519,451	18,153,497	14,234,421

*7 months.

California Products, 1907.

Almonds, pounds	1,500,000
Apples, pounds	135,450,000
Apricots pounds	2,110,000
Asparagus, pounds	12,000,000
Barley, bushels	24,000,000
Beans, pounds	125,000,000
Brandy, gallons	5,726,475
Butter, pounds	44,599,211
Canned fruits and vegetables, cases	4,856,920
Cheese, pounds	5,928,942
Cherries, pounds	2,940,000
Citrus fruits, cars	29,820
Corn, bushels	2,000,000
Figs, pounds	5,000,000
Grapes, pounds	103,800,000
Hay, tons	3,000,000
Honey, pounds	8,700,000
Hops, bales	85,000
Olive oil, gallons	50,000
Peaches, pounds	25,000,000
Pears, pounds	31,170,000
Plums, pounds	31,170,000
Other fruits, pounds	32,550,000
Potatoes, bushels	7,000,000
Prunes, pounds	95,000,000
Raisins, pounds	140,000,000
Other dried fruits, pounds	41,000,000
Sugar, tons	94,285
Walnuts, pounds	14,000,000
Wheat, centals	4,000,000
Wine, gallons	35,657,573
Wool, pounds	22,000,000
Lumber, feet	900,000,000
Petroleum, barrels	37,650,000
Gold, value	$19,750,000
Silver, value	2,460,000
Copper, value	3,750,000
Quicksilver, value	900,000
Other minerals, value	6,000,000

Value of Productions of California

Agriculture	$213,000,000
Lumber	17,000,000
Manufactures	400,000,000
Mines	44,000,000
	$674,000,000

San Francisco Shipping

	1900	1906	1907
Imports	$39,424,435	$49,193,303	$54,277,011
Exports	41,419,679	45,479,422	38,907,194
Tonnage (tons)	5,228,000	5,771,274	4,615,603

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

SPRAY FROM SPOKANE

By August Wolf

OW for the wily trout! The season in the state of Washington opened April 1 and will continue until November 15. The streams, brooks and lakes are well stocked and there is every reason to believe that the season will be one of the best in the history of the Northwest.

While the lakes in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and southeastern British Columbia have their popularity and are the rendezvous of thousands during fishing seasons, the Spokane river also has its friends and they are legion. Many are satisfied with the pleasure they can find right at home and the results warrant this. In the last three years the Spokane Fishing Club has put into the Spokane river 600,000 trout brought from the Little Spokane hatchery.

This plant was established years ago as a salmon hatchery, but through the efforts of the members it was converted into a trout hatchery. It turns out from 750,000 to 1,000,000 trout a year and has done so for the last three years. It is ready to turn out 500,000 trout, which are to be distributed between Spokane and the little creeks tributary to the city. The eggs are secured from Lake Chelan and those for eastern trout from Wisconsin.

Although trout fisbing is not of the very best at the opening of the season, because of the high water, yet there are three lakes in the vicinity of Spokane which are renowned for their abundance of fish from the moment the thin covering of ice leaves. These are Hayden lake, Spirit lake and Trout lake, where trout will take the fly. There are other good lakes, however, in which trout and bass abound, and the puzzling question is always which one to select. Here are a few:

Newman lake, 23 miles east of Spokane.
Clear lake, 22 miles west of Spokane.
Fish Trap lake, southwest of Spokane.
Sucker lake, Ida., northeast of Spokane.
Silver lake, 19 miles west of Spokane, near Medical lake.
Liberty lake, 16 miles east of Spokane.
Loon lake, 40 miles north of Spokane.
Horseshoe lake, 25 miles northwest of Spokane.
Fernan lake, 36 miles east of Spokane.
Priest lake, Ida., 50 miles northeast of Spokane.

Priest lake in the last few years has acquired the reputation of being one of the best trout lakes in the United States. The trout there are the gamiest in the northwest. They fight as strongly as in the river. As an illustration, it is stated that where it is possible to catch a six-pound trout here with a No. 6 hook, there one requires a No. 1 or 2 to land a trout weigbing not more than one pound. For early fishing in the river or nearly all the lakes, hooks such as No. 10, No. 8 and No. 6 are used, but no fisberman going to Priest lake would think of using anything smaller than a No. 2.

Chief A. Harry Meyers of the Spokane fire department, Harry Baer and J. T. Omo are fond of Priest lake and the three make up a party every year, going between May 20 and June 1. They stay a month and have often reported that the trout caught there hardly vary in length or weight. They say that in a catch of 100 the fish would not show a difference of one inch in length.

The flies used in this part of the country include the Royal Coachman, Coachman, Brown Hackle, Peacock Body, Yellow Body, Red Body, Professor, Olive Sedge, Beaver Kill, Par Belle, Imbrie, Hare's Ear, Seth Greeo, Silver Doctor, Governor, Blue Dun, Red Ant, Stone, Red Spinner, Shoemaker, Dusty Miller, Grizzly King, Fern, Golden Spinner, Green Drake, King of the Waters, Queen of the Waters, and Montreal.

* * *

Osee W. Noble, one of the best sportsmen in Stevens county, Wash., north of Spokane, bas this to say of the sport in that part of the country:

"The country around Kettle Falls abounds in opportunities for the enjoyment of outdoor life. This is especially true for the hunter and fisherman. Game abounds. The sportsman may find what he pleases, from the timid deer to the silver-tip bear, from the covey of grouse and prairie chickens to the flocks of ducks and geese. In the fastnesses of the higher mountains, one may hear the eagle scream and listen to the plaintive wail of the cougar and wild-cat.

"Our game laws are good and are well enforced. At Kettle Falls we have a Rod and Gun Club, one of its objects being the preservation of game and game fish. The club owns its own club house and has two target ranges, besides traps and trap houses for clay bird shooting.

"The devotee of the rod may go to any of our mountain streams or lakes and have the pleasure of landing the beautiful mountain trout and the gamey rainbow trout; or if he wishes larger fish, he can fish in the Columbia river for silver and rainbow trout or for char and salmon trout, which are fre-

quently caught weighing from 17 to 20 pounds. In the Colville river he can catch whitefish, trout and black bass.

"The climate is unexcelled for camping, the scenery unsurpassed, and coupled with these facts, the streams and lakes abound in game and food fishes, the forests and fields in game birds and animals. If the tourist enjoys the chase, he may follow hounds after bear, wildcats, lynx, cougar or the wolf. If he wants a nice salmon steak in the summer or fall, he can get it from a fish of his own catch."

* * *

Deputy Game Warden Mac Harbaugh of the Snake river and Clearwater district, south of Spokane, is to be exonerated by the state game warden of Idaho according to reports of R. C. West, who has made investigation of the charges preferred by R. L. Pennell and R. B. Hibbs against the officer, who has been charged with selling trout, killing game out of season, and shooting more deer than the law permits. Warden West has just returned from a trip in the Clearwater country, where he visited Hibbs, who has been active in making charges against Harbaugh, and he reports that Hibbs is not willing to make any charges, although he tells of numerous hearsay violations of the law in connection with the wardenship. Mr. Pennell has been active in the crusade against Harbaugh, but he declines to sign an affidavit incriminating the officer, although he claims to know of several persons who have accurate knowledge of violations. No one has been found who will swear to the complaint, so that Warden West will make a report practically exonerating Harbaugh, although he states that he is willing to hear any testimony against the accused officer.

* * *

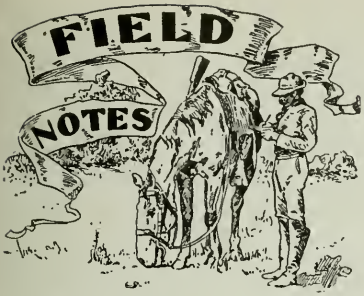
J. A. Uhlig, game warden of Spokane county, has returned from a four-days' trip through the southwest part of the county. He walked the entire distance along the line of the Milwaukee right of way, where many construction camps are located. The purpose was to look for any infractions of the game law, this being a closed season on all game birds except geese, which is open until May 1. He reports that he did not see or hear of any violations of the game law. Being also an officer of the Humane Society, Mr. Uhlig wished to see if any lame horses or animals unfit for service were being used on the railroad work. He did not find anything of this sort, but on the contrary found that the work horses are of the best class and all are in good condition, showing good care. The trip covered a strip of territory a mile or more on each side of the new road. As an illustration of how the game law is being observed, he told of stopping at the home of Munroe Mason, eight miles south of Tyler, where he saw four mallard ducks in a pond within gunshot of the house. The birds have been unmolested and are nesting on the shore of the pond. Six wild geese were shot the day before Mr. Uhlig's visit and these were sent to friends in Spokane.

* * *

Since the adoption of the present regulations providing for the payment of bounty on wolves, $21,674.40 has been paid to persons in the province of Alberta, Canada. Of this amount $4,622.70 was paid during 1907, and the balance, $17,045.70, since the beginning of the present year. Warrants are now being received at the rate of $250 a day, which means that $20,000 voted by the Legislature for this purpose will be exhausted in April. As it is deemed unadvisable to unduly exceed the amount voted for this purpose, all wolf bounty inspectors have been instructed to cease issuing warrants after Arpil 20.

* * *

Thomas Ingersoll and H. Loer, youths of Wardner, Ida., have developed into regular "Kit Carsons" when it comes to trapping and hunting. The boys started out a month ago to break Shoshone county in paying the advertised bounty on coyote and lynx scalps. To date they have killed five coyotes and four lynxes and say they have many more in sight that they will run into the traps within a short time. The boys either get the animals by trapping them, running them down or shooting and sometimes use all three methods. They take the scalps to Wallace and rake in the bounty after every clean up.



SAN FRANCISCO FLY CASTING CLUB'S CONTEST

THIRD CONTEST, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
C. G. Young.....	90	98.11	98.9	98.	98.18	97.7
J. B. Kenniff.....	134	98.11	98.10	100.	99.20	97.9
Austin Sperry.....	95	97.4	97.2	94.	95.34	97.9
F. A. Webster.....	79	97.13	97.14	96.	96.58	96.1
G. C. Edwards.....	.....	99.1	98.13	98.10	98.46	.....
F. H. Reed.....	92	98.5	98.3	99.5	98.46	86.8
T. C. Kieruliff.....	104	98.4	98.11	98.10	98.42	97.7
E. A. Mocker.....	109	98.	97.10	98.5	98.	97.6
Re-entry--						
Austin Sperry.....	94	96.13	95.14	97.5	96.38	92.7
G. C. Edwards.....	.....	98.11	98.13	97.5	98.6	.....
F. A. Webster.....	81	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
F. H. Reed.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	91.7

Judges. G. C. Edwards. J. B. Kenniff. T. C. Kieruliff: clerk, E. O. Ritter.

THIRD CONTEST, SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
C. Huyck.....	80	98.6	98.	96.	97.	81.5
C. A. Kieruliff.....	88	98.8	97.13	95.	96.26	85.7
H. B. Sperry.....	85	98.2	99.	100.	99.30	96.7
T. C. Kieruliff.....	100	99.	99.1	100.	99.32	97.6
C. G. Young.....	.....	98.12	98.14	99.5	99.8	97.9
J. B. Kenniff.....	119	98.11	99.	99.5	99.10	98.7
F. M. Haight.....	.....	98.2	96.10	98.5	97.30	.....
H. C. Golcher.....	121	97.14	98.13	98.10	98.46	.....
Dr. W. E. Brooks.....	.....	98.13	98.7	98.10	98.34	95.6
H. H. Kirk.....	.....	96.6	97.7	97.	97.14	.....
Austin Sperry.....	90	96.6	98.2	99.	98.34	91.
C. H. Kewell.....	.....	98.14	92.9	96.	94.18	90.2
C. R. Kenniff.....	102	98.12	98.2	98.	98.4	.....
E. A. Mocker.....	101	96.13	98.2	98.10	98.24	97.7
F. H. Reed.....	92	97.6	99.7	99.5	99.24	73.9
G. H. Foulks.....	90	97.1	97.13	97.5	97.36	57.5
James Watt.....	.....	96.2	97.	96.5	96.40	95.8
F. V. Bell.....	.....	96.4	95.4	91.	93.8	.....
Re-entry—						
C. R. Kenniff.....	111	99.6	98.7	95.	96.44	.....
H. C. Golcher.....	110	96.14	97.13	99.	98.26	.....
C. Huyck.....	75	97.14	97.13	94.5	96.6	.....
James Watt.....	.....	95.2	97.2	96.10	96.54	96.2

Judges. E. A. Mocker. Dr. W E. Brooks. C. R. Kenoiff: clerk. E. O. Ritter.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FISHING

Los Angeles, May ..., Editor Western Field:—The meeting of the Southern California Rod and Reel Club, held at Burbank Hall in this city a few evenings ago was well attended, despite the fact that the trout season was on the eve of its opening.

But, to return to the Rod and Reel Club: Nine new members were proposed, including a professional boatman. His application aroused an argument, but it was decided that inasmuch as he is not a professional fisherman he is eligible. This doubtless establishes a precedent by which future applications of similar nature will be decided.

The report of the committee on the proposed banquet to David Starr Jordan was laid over and the committee continued in office until next fall, when it is expected that something will be done toward spreading a feast for the famous ichthyologist.

A letter from President Roosevelt was read, acknowledging an invitation to be present at a banquet to be given by the club, regretting that he could not be present and expressing hearty approval of the club and the projects for which it stands.

The tournament committee reported the season to be from May 1 to October 1, with practically the same rules as last year. There will be thirteen different classes with at least that number of prizes, distributed as follows, the prize in each class to go to the angler catching the largest fish in that class on regulation tackle:

Class 1, tuna; Class 2, yellowtail; Class 3, white sea bass; Class 4, black sea bass; Class 5, albicore; Class 6, striped bass; Class 7, spotfin croaker; Class 8, corbina (surf fish); Class 9, rock bass; Class 10, yellowfin; Class 11, mullet; Class 12, halibut. It was also decided to give a prize for the largest fish caught on any kind of tackle.

Light tackle is defined as "any rod measuring six feet in length or over when set up, and a standard nine-thread linen line with a breaking strain of not over twenty pounds," there being no limit to weight of rods.

All catches entered in competition must be registered with the president of the club, E. L. Hedderly, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, upon properly filled out blanks, attested by two witnesses, or accompanied by an affidavit, when witnesses are not available.

The question of a clubhouse, either on the coast or in Los Angeles, was brought up, and after debate was laid on the table, as it was held that the club could not be properly accommodated at any one beach when the fishing was to be had at so many different beaches up and down the South Coast.

After this, however, the clubhouse project was reconsidered and a committee appointed to see if suitable quarters cannot be obtained in Los Angeles.

It was decided to hold the first fish barbecue of the season at Redondo, on the fourth Sunday in May, and Messrs. Salyer, Shaver and Knapp were made a committee on arrangement. A casting tournament will be held at the same time.

THE AUTOMATIC IS SAFE

Redding, Cal.

Editor Western Field:

IN THE April number of the Western Field is an interesting article on self-loading or automatic arms by "Smallarms;" while this writer may be right in the main as to the shooting qualities of these firearms, many of his deductions are hasty and without foundation. All of the automatic firearms manufactured in the United States are the production of one master mind. The first of these was the Colt automatic machine gun; the automatic Colt pistol followed; then came the Browning shotgun, made first in Leige, Belgium, and now by the Remington Arms Co. Winchester Arms Co. about that time got out the self-loading .22 cal. rifle, and followed with two larger calibres, and then the Remington people got out an automatic rifle.

It is said that Mr. Browning was the inventor of the lever, and of the trombone actions, and he is probably the greatest inventor in firearms that has ever lived.

It was my lucky privilege to get one of the first automatic shotguns that came to the United States; it is still in my possession and has been shot hard during the last five years. The gun is number 697.

"Smallarms" tells us of the great danger of these guns that throw out the shells by force of the explosion. The barrel being securely locked to the breech block in the shotgun, (the gun cannot be fired until it is locked) by two strong springs, one in the stock and one around the magazine, there can be no recoil without the explosion and there can be no throwing out of the shell until the barrel is thrown forward by one of the springs; and it is the separating of barrel and block *after* all force of explosion is done that ejects the empty shell and throws another one into the barrel. All of which is done within a steel shell or receiver, making the gun, as Mr. Browning says, "the safest gun in the world."

It is true that in a wind there is often a blow back of powder—always from the muzzle, however—and in one case I was struck in the face by what I thought to be a grain of sand from the breech. "Smallarms" says: "Then again comes the question of safety to the shooter himself. When he places his head and arms within three or four inches of an arm shooting 26 grains of a high pressure powder like Ballistite or Infalible, etc., he is displaying a trust in Providence and a disregard of the laws of chance that is touching in its innocence."

Now, this is the richest kind of rot. For over five years I have shot 3½ drams of the strongest nitro powders and 1⅛ ounce of chilled shot. Last winter, in shooting geese near Willows, and also on the Gridley Gun Club grounds, I have used 28 grains of Infallible (the best powder in the world) and one ounce and 1⅛ ounce of chilled shot. Have shot these loads by the thousands, and while they do shake up the man and the gun they nearly always get the goose. It is true that in the time that I have used this gun I have broken recoil springs, locking blocks, firing pins, and latches, but always had a feeling and knowledge of safety, knowing that an accident is impossible with this gun with all mechanism encased within a solid steel shell which protects the face and eyes of the shooter.

I do not hold that better shooting can be done with an automatic gun, for the recoil of barrel and block has a tendency to shake the gun, therefore two shots can be made quicker and the aim is surer with a double barrel. It is, however, the most comfortable gun in use, as the springs take up most of the recoil and heavy loads can be shot without getting a blackened arm or headache.

All of the repeating arms are bad in the hands of men who use them without regard to making clean kills. It should be the practice of every sportsman to kill his bird dead, if it takes one or two or three shots. I have killed four geese from one flock, and have several times got three ducks—not down but dead—have also used three shots to kill one duck. I have seen men with pump and automatic guns fill the air and tulies with cripples, shooting always until the gun was empty or the flock out of reach.

All automatic arms must be kept in perfect condition, as these guns will block with a loose cap from the shell or from dirt. But when in reasonably good condition they are the most perfect arms yet invented.

W. COYNE.

* * *

A NOTE OF THANKS

I BEG your pardon, Mr. Editor, for intruding upon your columns, and the pardon of your readers for trying their patience, but the real fact is that for this once I cannot refrain. I must thank "Smallarms" for his excellent article in your March number of Western Field on repeating automatic firearms. It is one of the best-written, most truthful things on the subject I have ever read. With my fifty-four years' practical experience with the guns of almost every maker of note, both here and in England, I know something of shotguns (but not of rifles or pistols) and am still learning.

I have never been in favor of the repeating type of shotgun, looking upon it as unnecessary, and I am a sworn foe to the automatic gun. Have often felt like fighting it in the sporting journals, for the reasons given by "Smallarms." But he has done his work so well that there is nothing left for me to do. Every sentence, every word of this article is truth. Truth backed up by incontrovertible facts, for the facts are proved by a personal practical experience.

Of course I do not know who "Smallarms" is, and have no right to ask, but I would feel myself highly honored if I knew him, to be able to count him on my list of personal friends. Men who come out boldly and plainly, without any mincing of words, writing not from theory but practice, proving what they say by facts as he does, are the kind of men we need to write for us concerning guns, dogs, game, and game laws, and everything pertaining to field sports. I, for one, hope "Smallarms" will continue his contributions to your columns, for they are plainly written, convincing, and interesting. With many thanks to "Smallarms," and good wishes for you and your most excellent and entertaining magazine, I subscribe myself as usual,

"RECAPPER."

Yardville, N. J.

THE HUNTING RIFLE

Editor Western Field:

I HAVE been reading the Western Field for nearly one and one-half years and I find everything very interesting. In March issue I find an article by "Lycurgus" on the subject of repeating rifles. I would like to say something on this subject if the editor has any spare space in his magazine, and I hope he will have.

Now, as to the different rifles: The niceness on the outside has nothing to do with the working and shooting parts; the ——— rifle is a nice gun, looks pretty, is well balanced, but it does not always work as it ought to. I bought one of them in 1895 and was much pleased with it; I thought it a fine gun—until I went out on a hunt, when I jumped a few antelope in number five. I dismounted from my horse, threw down the lever—and there I was, with a shell stuck between the carrier and shoulder of the chamber. That was discouraging to me, and I have had this happen to me more than once.

I afterwards got a Winchester rifle, Model 1886, Cal. 45-70; it was a fine gun, but too large a bore, so I got rid of that and got a .32-20. I got just as much game with it as with the larger bore. Then I thought I wanted a different model, so I disposed of that and got a .38-40, which I kept for a time and gave away later to a friend, replacing it with a .30-30 Winchester, Model 1894.

This proved to be the gun I had longed for, and I think for all kinds of big game hunting it has no equal. It shoots where one holds it and shoots to kill! The recoil is only 7 1/20 pounds and anyone can stand that. The cartridges work perfectly in the carrier and that is something I can not say for repeaters of other makes.

As to ammunition: I can not see any difference between the U. M. C. and Winchester cartridges. Is there any difference? If so, will some one please explain it?

In my opinion it is not all in the rifle or ammunition, but usually in the man who handles it. The old muzzle-loading rifle used to do the work that we now expect of our high power guns.

I have practiced shooting for the last four years without raising my rear sight at different ranges, judging all by the front sight, and have done good shooting. I have done as well as some that have used rear peep sights from 200 to 500 yards. I would like to hear from sportsmen who use the front sight in judging their shots, never raising the rear sight. And will some one state just what kinds of different game there is in Oregon, and also the open and closed season for all game—that is, game of interest to all sportsmen? And is there any closed season for bear or mountain lion? Hoping to hear from some one on this, yours very truly,

M. GARTNER.

Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

THE BEST RIFLE

Editor Western Field:

I READ the articles by "One of Them" and "Smallarms" in your last number with considerable interest. Now, the Winchester company didn't expect the sporting public to shoot cottontails with the .405, but I think if one of these writers had to face a grizzly that he would grab the .405 instead of the .32-40.

"Smallarms" has had, I think, very little experience in killing deer when he says the old black powder .32-40 was without an equal. It wasn't in it with the .40 and .45 calibres. I have seen more deer get away after being wounded with .32-40 than any rifle I ever saw. I remember of one deer having been shot five times in the body, and then it ran about a mile before the dogs caught it. How far would that deer run with five .30-30 bullet holes in it? I think about ten feet.

The next time "Smallarms" writes an article on the .32-40 he ought to stick a little closer to facts; he gives the muzzle energy of the .32-40 at 1558 foot pounds, which is right. But the energy of the .30-30 quoted as 1449 foot pounds is fifty feet from the muzzle. Take this in consideration with the heavier bullet of the .30-30, and I don't think the .32-40 has the advantage that Mr. "Smallarms" would have us to believe. I would like him to take his .32-40 and the Remington .35 auto-loading rifle with its 200 grain bullet and 1800 foot pounds energy and compare them any way he wants to. I think Mr. "Smallarms" would sell his .32-40 for about six bits. Let him try the smashing quality first. Then try the holding up quality. Next, say about four or five hundred yards, I think the 200 grain Remington would be speeding on its way while the .32-40 with its only 165 grains of lead would be biting the dust somewhere behind.

He also says the .32-40 has one-third more striking power than the .351 Winchester; I think he is wrong there. If I am not mistaken the .351 has a striking energy of about 1400 foot pounds fifty feet from the muzzle, and with its 180 grain bullet, I think it is the wickedest rifle I ever handled. I killed my two bucks last season with mine. The soft point bullet does fearful execution. The only objection I had to it was the trigger pull, but I filed the hammer off mine until I got the right pull and then I sent it to a gunsmith and had him case harden it, and it improved my shooting greatly. Of course, to a person that has been accustomed to a hard pull this would not be necessary.

If Mr. "Smallarms" and Mr. "One of Them" write any more articles for Western Field I would suggest that they would come out in the open and sign their true names.

SAMUEL J. STUART.

Grass Valley, Cal.

* * *

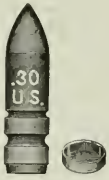
THE U. S. MODEL 1906 RIFLE

IT IS but fair to say that thus far the 1906 Model rifle with the various kinds of ammunition, made by the government, or private manufacturers, as well as the individual reloading with various bullets, cast and otherwise, has proved to be a most agreeable surprise, for the predictions have been many that the shortened barrel and increased velocity would tend to inaccuracy and shorten the life of the barrel. As to accuracy of the light, sharp-pointed bullet with the high velocity and its ability to withstand the wind, this has been proved without doubt. As to increased wear on the barrel in general, time and use alone will reveal.

It is always considered good judgment to take time by the forelock and it is always best to lock the stable before the horse is stolen. These maxims

may be put into practical use by the military organizations throughout the country, by saving their empty shells and reloading them with cast bullets, for use at 200, 300 and 500 yards. It is a useless waste of money for the State or military organizations to use the expensive high velocity ammunition at these ranges when their reloaded shells can be used for all this practice. This will not only save the wear on the barrels, but will be a saving of money. This reloaded ammunition may also be used on ranges where the high velocity cartridges would be dangerous. It would also be fine for schools and clubs where there were no safe ranges longer than 200 to 500 yards.

Such ammunition has been used extensively in the Krag and many who are equipped with bullets, thinking they can use them in Model 1906, will get into trouble, if they make the attempt, for the following reasons: When the Springfield rifle Model 1903 was changed at the breech of the barrel for the 1906 ammunition, the barrel was cut off and rechambered for the shorter shell. This operated two ways, first by shortening the neck of the same Model 1903 shell, and shortening the lead in the barrel just beyond the end of the shell, so that while in the Krag or the original Model 1903 rifle, a bullet with a straight body .308 to .311 inch in diameter 11/16 long could be used, in the Model 1906 the body of the bullet should not be more than ⅜ inch long. If longer the body of the bullet will project beyond the muzzle of the shell and it will prevent the closing of the action, or the base of the bullet will be forced in the shell beyond the length of the neck. It was therefore necessary to design bullets especially for the 1906 Model. Dr. Hudson, in his article, mentions bullets 308,334 with sharp point for outdoor work with 25 grains weight of "Lightning," and 308,280 for indoor practice with a charge of 5 to 7 grains of Unique powder. The latter bullet will be found fine for 200 yards when used with charge of 16 grains of "Marksman." A greater charge, however, would be apt to cause fusion because the base is unprotected. These two new bullets we here illustrate, together with 308,278,150 grains and the old 308,241,150 grains. The latter bullet became very popular with the shooters of the Krag rifle, and it is the only one of these heavier Krag bullets that can be used in the Model 1906. These two bullets will be found fine for ranges from 50 to 100 yards with a charge of 8 to 10 grains of "Marksman." These bullets must be seated in the shell deep enough to just cover the two base bands.



Many of the bullets that were all right for the Krag, cannot, as stated above, be used in the New Springfield, for reasons as stated. All the bullets used in the latter, however, can be used in the Krag with good success. At the suggestion of Dr. Hudson and other interested shooters, the writer has made quite a variety of cast bullets. One identical in shape with the government's latest model of metal covered, this shape in a cast of soft metal bullet is found to be very erratic in flight. The reason for this in the mind of the writer is because the bullet is not entered sufficiently and properly aligned in the barrel before the explosion takes place. If the bullet when started from the shell is not in perfect alignment, when striking the rifling the bullet would not shunt to a central position, then the initial indent on the bullet from the rifling is out of true, hence the erratic flight. This is overcome in the bullets illustrated, by having the long bearing or front portion, of the proper diameter so that they fit snugly and rest on the lands of the rifling, thus they are started properly, before discharge. We submitted various modifications to Dr. Hudson, who finally decided on bullets 308,280 and 308,334. Some of the bullets submitted were exactly like 308,334 except the forward portion being shortened 1/16 to ⅛ inch, and in every case, the longer bearing, the front portion of the bullet had on the lands, the more accurate was found the shooting. All of which goes to prove that in many cases the cast or soft metal bullet cannot be used of the same shape as the hard metal covered.

"Change! Improve!" is the watchword of the times. Every change, however, may not be an improvement. The Doctor says, "Take it altogether, we are not starting out under such unfavorable auspices with the new gun." The change from 1901 to 1905 sight that is now used on the New Springfield, also necessitated a slight change in the Micrometer Sight Gauge. It is now correct for 1901 and 1905 sights. The latter of course is graduated much finer on account of the greatly increased velocity and the Micrometer Sight Gauge will be of greater need to the shooter on account of the finer graduations. The writer wishes, through the columns of Western Field, to extend thanks to Dr. Hudson, James H. Keough and others of the rifle shooting fraternity for their kind suggestions from time to time, also this medium, through which all shooters who have the interests of the shooting fraternity at heart, may exchange experiences for the benefit of all.

Respectfully,

J. H. BARLOW.

Conducted by H. T. Payne

THE SAN FRANCISCO SHOW

THE recent San Francisco show developed nothing remarkable either in dogs, management or attendance. It was run by the same old crowd in the same old way and in the same interests. The dogs, too, were pretty much the same lot as have been seen regularly at all the recent shows. It was noticeable for the almost complete absence of the old-time exhibitors, who, without any axes to grind, showed their dogs for the pure love of the dog. About the only old face seen in the hall was that of Tom Banks, who was there in personal charge of Spratt's benching and feeding, which he had in the usual fine condition. Banks says times may be hard and money scarce with others, but the dogs of the Coast demand Spratt's biscuits and his business is in a most healthy condition.

In number of dogs the show was about the same size of the Oakland show, with very largely the same dogs.

Mr. E. Courtney Ford is stepping a bit high these days, and he has a right to, for his grand little bitch, Bellfontaine, a field trial winner herself, is the dam of St. Ives and Tiburon, first and third respectively in the last derby and first winners dogs, and third in field trial bitches. But this is not all the reasons for the high steps. Bellfontaine won first in her class, reserve, winners and special for the best dog or bitch with a field trial record. This is a record that Mr. Ford may certainly be proud of.

* * *

JUDGING AT THE OAKLAND SHOW

IN OUR last issue we only gave the awards of the Oakland show, as the affair closed just as we were going to press, and we therefore had to leave all comments of the dogs and the awards until the present. But before I enter into the subject of awards there are a few things in connection with the success of the show that cannot be too strongly emphasized. Of these, the broad-minded, sportsmanlike management, and unselfish part played by the officers of the club, stands prominently to the front, and through its influence upon even the most disappointed exhibitors proved a healing balm to their wounds. Scrupulous cleanliness and perfect ventilation were at all times maintained. This neatness and spirit of generosity was entered into fully by Spratts, whose benching seemed more roomy than usual and appeared with a new coat of paint and freshly galvanized wire partitions, and our old friend—everybody's old friend—Tom Banks, kept his eye upon the details of the feeding and ticketing with an air of just-look-how-spick-and-span-we-are, and a pardonable pride for the neatness of the show to which he had contributed so much.

Another case of sportsmanlike unselfishness on the part of one of the sponsors of the show was when Mr. Ellery, of the Valverde Collie kennels, had been awarded the special for the best dog or bitch in the show; he, like the true sportsman, withdrew at once his dog, Southport Student, from competition for the prize to be awarded to the best of the opposite sex to the winner. Mr. Ellery is no mug hunter; he is in collies for the love of the collie, and while he has one of the very best kennels in America, he says that hereafter he shall only show young dogs of his own breeding.

The Pacific Coast Setter and Pointer Club proved another important factor in the splendid success of the show. The officers of this club were untiring in their efforts to see that every attention was paid to the exhibitors of these breeds. And this brings me to the subject of awards in these breeds.

At the request of this club Mr. McConnell, of Victoria, was selected to judge setters and pointers. He demonstrated his knowledge of the right lines of a pointer when he placed that nice little bitch, Santa Rosa, at the head of the breed, though, as judging goes, he was a little hard in refusing winners to the dogs. Still, if this course was more generally followed the title of bench show "champion" would mean something and stand for something more than a travesty on the word. In his awards in the Irish setter classes there was considerable complaint. But in this I stand with the judge. And for the very good reason that when there was not a typical Irishman to enter the ring there was nothing left for him to do, but look for working conformation—inasmuch as an Irish setter is a working dog—and place his awards where it was found the best. And this he certainly did. There was not a dog in the show that had a typical Irish setter head. All were too faded in flag, all too long in the leg, and very few of the right Irish setter color.

good deal of criticism was heard on his turning down Champion Jerry, a big coarse-headed dog,

much too long in leg and far too dark in color. He has won his "championship" under judges who either never knew or have forgotten what a true Irish setter looks like. Let those who find fault with the awards in this breed take time to read the standard and study the measurements of a few of the real typical dogs, and they will learn what the judge was up against.

"The skull," says the standard, "is narrower" (that is, narrower than that of a typical English setter) "and rather longer from the forehead to the occiput; occipital protuberance is marked as in the pointer." Now let us take the measurements of some typical dogs. Elcho's nose was 5½ inches long and from muzzle to occiput 11 inches. Elcho, Jr.'s nose measured 4¾ inches with a total length of head of 10¾ inches. Beau Brummel was 4¼ and 10¼. Dick Swiveler was 4 and 10¼, and Kildare 4 and 10. As to color the standard requires that it be "a rich blood red without any trace of black on the ears or back." Then these dogs while standing from 23 to 25 inches at the shoulders, measured from 40 to 43½ inches from the nose to the root of the tail.

The truth is we are losing the Irish setter just as rapidly as we are losing the English, and it is the judges who place these long-legged, thick-headed red dogs to the front that are responsible for it. Take any of the dogs shown in the Irish setter classes and color them black and white, or black and tan, and they would have done equally well in the English or Gordons classes, for typical specimens in all these breeds, barring two, were just as badly lacking.

Knowing that Mr. McConnell came from a country where there are many good English setters of the right type, I expected a good deal of him as a judge of these dogs. In looking over the dogs before the judging began I found one quite nice little bitch of the right type, and one fairly good dog, I was curious to know what a man, who must know the true type of an English setter, was going to do with the motley lot. When they began to come into the ring, I am free to confess that the judge disappointed me—and very much so in the class for open dogs, when he placed the big, coarse, loosely-made Tiverton first, Fleet Sargent, second, and Arbutus Dash, much the best of the lot, third, sending Mallwyd Beau out without a mention. His reasons for placing Arbutus Dash third was that he was but thirteen months old and was already showing coarseness. In this I disagree with Mr. McConnell.

No matter what the age, all dogs in a class are there on even terms, and the judge should judge them for just what they are at that day and hour. He has no right to pass judgment of what he thinks they have been or may be in the future. Dash was the only dog in the ring of the English setter type of head or body. It is true his head was somewhat coarse, but even then it was a hundred per cent better than either of the others. Tiverton is too thick in skull, dished in the nose, thick in shoulders and out at elbow. Fleet Sargent, is thick in head and short in muzzle, thick and upright in shoulders, straight in hocks and a bit low in loin. Mallwyd Beau, sent out without mention, is but little worse in skull than either Tiverton or Sargent and much better than either of them in front of the eyes. While there is plenty of room for improvement in his shoulders, he is better here also than either of the two mentioned. But Beau is quite low in loin, and it was this that condemned him, together with his thick skull, in the eye of the judge. Arbutus Dash was easily the best dog in his class, and I believe he would have been so placed by Mr. McConnell had he not known his age and taken into consideration the possibiltiy of his growing coarse. Beau should have been second, for his faults are certainly less than the others, and Sargent third.

In the bitch classes Mr. McConnell pleased me much better. In these there was no really typical one. Lady Dorrie M. was right for winners, but Cato's Norma while shown in bad coat, should have been reserve, as she is better in feet, shoulders, hocks and bone than Bell's Beauty.

But when it came to awarding the cup for the best English, Irish or Gordon setter, Mr. McConnell showed that his trouble was not in any lack of knowledge of English setters. For he readily placed Rockline Flirt, the only really typical English setter in the show, and shown for specials only, over them all. The difficulty with Mr. McConnell, therefore, was not in judging setters, but in trying to pick winners from dogs that were only setters in name, color and length of hair. Without type the whole foundation is wanting, and all that a judge can do is to consider the uses of the breed and select such conformation as seems to him best adapted to that use.

I have criticized the setters shown at Oakland somewhat severely, because of their being shown under the auspices of the recently organized Setter and Pointer Club. Not in any spirit of fault-finding, but in the hope of awakening its members to a clear realization of the condition confronting them, a condition they hope to improve.

I have studied and handled pointers and setters for fully half a century, and have bred and owned some good ones of both breeds. For the last twenty-four years my favorites have been the English setter. When of true type there is no member of the canine family can equal these animals in beauty of coat, intelligent shapeliness of head, and gracefulness of anatomical construction. Add to this the easy gliding motion of one of typical form, its wonderful speed and marvelous endurance, and you have an animal that no man whose heart is in the right place can fail to love. This type we have nearly lost, and the show men and the field trial men are equally to blame for it, and are pulling at cross purposes, each wanting to be recognized as "it" when both are wrong. This club is organized for a laudable purpose, but the first duty of its members is to get a clear understanding of the true type of the several breeds it proposes to foster.

If the beauty of the English and Irish setter is to be perpetuated this understanding of perfect type must be clearly defined in the mind of the breeder, and strictly adhered to, whether this judge or that places one shaped dog or another to the front. Few of our professional judges know anything about setters or pointers, and those who do are now confronted with classes wherein there are

few if any typical specimens. In such cases they are compelled by custom to give some dog a first. Possibly in two or three shows he becomes a so-called "champion," when in reality the same judge wouldn't give him a "C" card in a class of typical dogs.

* * *

If anyone who has good field dogs or duck dogs for sale will let it be known through our advertising columns, they will undoubtedly find ready purchasers. Our readers are asking for them, and we know of no one to refer them to.

* * *

Mr. George B. M. Gray purchased, at the Oakland show, that handsome little English setter bitch, Rockline Flirt. Flirt is the most typical English setter that has been seen at the shows in this section of the state for a good many years. Mr. Gray, by breeding this bitch to a good headed dog of the right blood, ought to produce that type of setter that can win both in the field and on the bench. Detroit Joe has sired some very good headed, as well as good bodied dogs, and should prove a good nick for the Flirt.

* * *

The Manitoba field trials begin on September 1, at Arnaud. The present indications point to a good meeting. Several California dogs are expected to be in the running, also in the money.

* * *

The Eastern Field Trials Club, after taking a rest since its trials of November, 1906, announces that it will hold trials again commencing January, 1909. The organization of the Eastern Field Trials Club antedates that of the Pacific Coast by four years, but the Pacific Coast is the oldest club in existence holding trials every season since its organization. We are glad to see the Eastern Club again in the field, for its trials have long been considered the most important of any in America.

* * *

The Pacific Northwest Field Trials Club will hold its trials this year at Laconnor, Washington, beginning September 30. The organization of the Oregon Field Trial Club should tend to swell the entries of the Northwest club and establish a good circuit of trials to the north of us. Then after the dogs of the north have had the experience of the four trials in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, they should all come down to California and have a final tryout in the Pacific Coast trials on the game little California quail which puts a dog's ability to a harder test than any other bird that flies.

* * *

Pointers are certainly coming to the front with a rush when a Louisiana bitch throws a litter of twenty-one. If Mr. R. H. Thompson of Winfield, the happy owner of this famous breeder, will just keep this up he will soon establish the supremacy of the pointer.

* * *

There seems to be no end to the usefulness of the dog. He points birds, retrieves waterfowl, trails game wounded or unhurt, herds stock, drives sheep, guards the house, takes care of the children, kills vermin, goes errands, brings in the morning paper, hauls sleds and carts and does a dozen or more useful things. But a New Yorker has reached the limit in the usefulness of our canine friends. The man, as well as the dog, is fond of fishing, in a way, and takes his terrier with him. He is also fond of a quiet sleep when the fish bite slow. So he throws in his baited hook and cork bob and then drops into the arms of Morpheus, leaving his faithful terrier on guard to watch the bob, and slumbers peacefully until some hungry fish begins to nibble. But the watchful terrier keeps his eyes riveted on the floating bob, and the instant it is drawn under water he arouses the sleepy angler by a tug at his sleeve, and the sluggish cat is hauled in. Why not tie the line to the dog's collar and let him take a run up the bank when the bob sinks, and sleep undisturbed? The sport would be just the same, the fish would weigh just as many pounds, and there would be more sleep.

* * *

BRYSON AND THE ENGLISH SETTERS

MR. P. H. BRYSON, the owner of the great Gladstone during his life time, judged setters and pointers at the recent San Francisco show. The bench show setter men did as much kicking over his awards as they did over Mr. McConnell's at Oakland. Yet in the open class for English setter dogs Mr. Bryson made a complete reversal of Mr. McConnell's selections. Notwithstanding this reversal both men demonstrated that they knew the proper type of an English setter when one came before them. In my criticism of the judging of the setters at Oakland, written before Mr. Bryson made his awards, I said that Arbutus Dash should have been first in the open, Mallwyd Beau, second, and Fleet Sargent third. Arbutus Dash was not shown in this city. Mr. Bryson therefore placed the Oakland dogs in the same order I said they should have been at Oakland, viz: Mallwyd Beau, first; Fleet Sargent, second; Pope Leo, not shown at Oakland, third, and Tiverton reserve. In the field trial class for dogs St. Ives and Boy Blue, the only two shown, were placed first and second respectively, the same order they ran in the derby.

In winners Mr. Bryson placed St. Ives first, to Beau's reserve. This brought out a loud kick from the bench show men, but a careful analysis of the two dogs proves Mr. Bryson's judgment to be correct. In front of the eyes Beau is unquestionably the best, but St. Ives beats him more in skull. In shoulders and front St. Ives is the best, but both are too thick at the top of the scapula. St. Ives is best in the legs, hocks and feet and very much best in loin, while Beau is best in hips. Neither are typical setters, and Mr. Bryson was up against the same problem that Mr. McConnell was at Oakland, that is, picking a winner where neither was typical of the breed and both had plenty of faults. He therefore did the right thing by giving the ribbon to the dog with the best working conformation, which St. Ives certainly has. Like Mr. McConnell Mr. Bryson showed plainly that his knowledge of setters is correct when a real English setter was brought before him, and placed that typical bitch, Rockline Flirt, first in her classes, and special for the best setter, which she also won at Oakland. Again Mr. Bryson was right when he placed Bellfontaine over St. Ives for the best in the field trial classes; as Bell is much better in shoulders, front and hips

than St. Ives and his equal at nearly every other point. Mr. Bryson's awards demonstrated clearly that he will give you the right type if you will give him the opportunity—the same as Mr. McConnell did—but failing in typical dogs to select from, he will do what all judges of working dogs ought to do, select the best conformation for the work of the field, which is the only logical course to pursue.

Again I would say to the members of the setter and pointer club, study the general character of Rockline Flirt, the shape of her head, especially the skull, the general contour of her body, its length compared with her height at the shoulders, her strength and fullness of loin, her nicely turned hips, her length from the stifle to the hock, her wide hock and shortness from the hock to the foot. Don't look upon her as a perfect specimen, but get this general outline fixed in your mind; this type, the type of the true English setter. Her head lacks refinement, but it is generally of the right shape. If she was a bit better sprung in ribs, she would be nearly faultless behind the shoulders. She lacks a bit in length and cleanness of neck, and her shoulders should have better slope and the blades at the top come closer together. When you produce dogs of this type—and if the type is right, the individual parts cannot be very bad—and a judge turns it down for the very best of what you are showing now, kick and kick hard, but do not kick when there are no real English setters in the ring and the judge has to resort to a selection of the best working conformation.

* * *

DOGS are not taxable in Washington. This is decreed by the state board of tax commissioners. J. E. Frost, a member of the organization, has written a letter, which is made part of the board's opinion, replying to a question by L. Oxum of Pe Ell, Wash., west of Spokane, as to why dogs should not be taxed as personal property. Mr. Frost says in part:

"It is an axiom that the more dogs a man possesses the more shiftless and impecunious he is and that the number of dogs kept in a neighborhood is a never failing index to the thrift and character of the population.

"So far as we have been able to ascertain, our courts have never been called upon to interpret the status of the dog, and, in consequence, we are without a guide to our faltering footsteps, and must perforce grope in the dark without the illuminating rays of judicial wisdom to disperse the mists of ignorance that befog our pathway."

* * *

Ned Williams, a fancier at Coeur d'Alene, Ida., 34 miles east of Spokane, has a pair of Airedale pups, one of them being Culbertson Mistress Pam, bred from the world-famed Colne Lucky Baldwin, owned by C. F. Hubbard of Atlantic, Ia. The other is Deacon. Pam, whose pedigree can be traced to the thrice famous champion, can lay every claim to value and superiority, having as her sire Royston King and Colne Bell as her dam. These are the only Airedale dogs in this part of the country, but it is believed when their worth as hunters and general utility dogs becomes known, they will become popular throughout the Pacific Northwest.

* * *

Some of the best dogs in the Spokane country will be exhibited at the annual show at Seattle May 4 to 9. The proposition of having a national show during the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exhibition next year is meeting with hearty support in all parts of the Pacific Northwest.

* * *

The Seattle Dog Fanciers' Association has elected these officers for the year: President, L. B. Young; vice-president, Arthur Murphy; secretary, William B. Bailey; treasurer, J. E. Hubbard; trustees, William Matheson, Oscar Jones, R. M. Palmer; bench show committee, Walter Piper, C. W. Ireland, W. S. Tarrant, J. E. Hubbard, Arthur Murphy, R. C. Callahan, William Matheson; superintendent of the bench show committee, Oscar Jones.

* * *

Several of the best collies from the Glen Tana kennels were sent to the five point show at Los Angeles. The reputation of the Glen Tana kennels for breeding good collies is spreading. Evidence of this has just been received by T. S. Griffith, manager of the kennels, in an order for pair of extra fine collie pups to go to Concepcion Del Oro, Mexico. He also exhibited two of his best collies, Glen Tana Squire and Glen Tana Sybil, at Butte.

* * *

The Kennel club of Victoria, B. C., has extended invitations to dog owners in Spokane and the Inland Empire to make entries at the bench show in the Drill hall, April 1 to 4, when a big prize list will be awarded. The last two days will be devoted to cats.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 40 cents per line for first issue, and 30 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line. Cash must be sent with order to insure publication.

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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Angora kittens; pedigreed prize-winning stock sired by "Cherub," holder of Western Field Challenge Cup. Address, 64 Stanyan street, San Francisco. Phone West 7026.

* * *

"BIG GAME"—Make your dates for this season's hunt. A. R. Gates, Hunter and Guide, Hay Fork, Trinity Co., Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Shooting Dogs. Lowest price, $100. Kenwood Kennels, Kenwood, Cal. W. B. Coutts & Co.

* * *

TWO of the best bred, high class English setter puppies in California for sale. Are eight months old; unspoiled. Will make first-class field dogs. Dr. F. D. Walsh, Loyalton, Calif.

* * *

FOR SALE.—Highly bred orange and white setter bitch, ten months, registered, $25.00; also fine pointer bitch, one year old, has been shot over and is a good one, $20.00. F. F. Wilson, Auburn, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Setter and pointer pups and trained dogs; also spaniels and retrievers—good ones; prices right. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

* * *

PHEASANTS—I now have for sale a fine lot of English Ring-neck Pheasants suitable for stocking or breeding in pens, this is the Ideal Game Bird for Beautiful California. I also have pure bred Golden, Silver, Reeves and Amherst Pheasants. Trained Gray Ducks (used for Hunters' Live Decoys), Wood Ducks, Mallards, Teal, Geese, etc. Write for prices. Wallace Evans, Game Farm, Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

WANTED—Agents to sell, on commission, the Green Bay Ever Camp Out Bed. Terms liberal. Write for particulars. Address, Green Bay Cot Co., New London, Wis.

FOR SALE—Pointer puppies, Young Rip Rap and Four Spot stock. Guaranteed. Address, J. L. Anderson, Box 373, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Parker gun of high grade, cheap. Also a new motor boat and a fine lot of Indian rugs (Navajo blankets). Cheap for cash or trade for ranche or city lots. Address, "Rancher," care Western Field.

* * *

FOR SALE—Acme Folding Canvas Boat, 16 feet long, 52 inches wide; folds into package 5 feet by 10 inches; weight 85 pounds. Two rubber air tanks and all accessories included. Boat is absolutely new; has never been unpacked—a bargain at $45.00; cannot be duplicated for less than $65.00. H. L. Betten, 1213 Railroad Ave., Alameda, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—A few more Mountain Lion Skins at $10 each; also glass eyes and taxidermists' supplies. Albert E. Colburn, taxidermist, 706 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

HUNTING AND FISHING: I can guarantee to catch bear any time from April 1st till December 15th in Trinity county, California. Lions are plentiful in this district. I can locate parties in open season for fine deer hunting, and the best of trout fishing. I have good dogs. If reference is wanted it can be furnished. Address, E. W. Goe, Hyampom, Trinity Co., Cal.

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THAT newspaper manager who is not by this time in possession of a copy of N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual is doing his intelligence an inexcusable violence. In the first place it is easily the best compiled compendium of information indispensable to the craft that we have ever had the pleasure of reviewing. It is a veritable atlas of American towns, with all the valuable data pertaining thereto, even the population of towns having only 75 inhabitants being given. A colored map of each state is bound in the volume and the whole book is replete with good because unexpected things.

No publication better reflects the changes which take place in the newspaper field. This book aims to give the facts which an advertiser, or anyone else dealing with the publishing interests, needs to know and to bring these facts down to date once each year.

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Supplementary to the general catalogue are lists of magazines, women's publications, mail order publications, agricultural and religious papers, together with all the trade and class publications in their proper groupings. While the book is large and contains a vast amount of information, it is in tabulated form with everything in plain figures, which makes it very easy to get at any information desired.

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* * *

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SOME PETERS PERFORMANCES

MR. H. D. FREEMAN, shooting at the Atlanta Gun Club on April 4th, broke 196 out of 200 with Peters Premier and Ideal shells.

Mr. L. I. Wade was high gun at Giddings, Tex., April 1st, with 48 shots out of 50, using Peters factory loaded shells.

L. H. Fitzsimmons shot with the Suburban Rod and Gun Club of Iron Mountain, Mich., April 4th, breaking 96 out of 100 with Peters factory loaded shells.

Peters shells in the hands of Mr. T. H. Keller, Jr., won high average at Richmond, April 4th, score 96 out of 100.

Mr. J. M. Hughes, shooting Peters factory loaded shells, won high professional and high general average at Cedar Bluffs, Neb., April 1st and 2d, scoring 381 out of 400, with a straight run of 92. Captain Hardy landed in fourth place with 361 and a run of 89 straight.

Mr. H. D. Freeman tied for second professional and second general averages, scoring 190 out of 200 with Peters factory loaded shells. He started with a run of 71 straight, and finished with 50 straight.

At De Graff, Ohio, April 2d, Messrs. Horace Heikes and F. LeNoir won first and second professional averages, and Messrs. Lon Fisher and Charles Schell first and third amateur averages, all shooting Peters factory loaded shells.

High general average at Waycross, Ga., April 6th, was won by Mr. Guy Ward with Peters factory loaded shells. Score 155 out of 160. Mr. H. D. Freeman was third high gun, scoring 153 out of 160 with Peters shells.

Mr. H. D. Freeman, shooting with the Atlanta Gun Club, April 1st, made a most remarkable record, and scored 100 straight; then 97 out of 100; then 95 out of 100 doubles. Each shot Peters Ideal and Premier factory loads.

Mr. J. M. Hughes, now taking in the circuit of Kansas tournaments, broke 120 out of 125 at Kansas City, April 14th; 108 out of 115 at Sterling, Kans., April 15th; 187 out of 200 at Marquette, Kans., April 17th; all with Peters factory loaded shells.

At Galveston, Tex., April 15th, high average was won by Mr. Spinks, who scored 98 out of 100 with Peters shells. Mr. L. I. Wade was second with 96, and Mr. E. D. Chadwick tied for third with 95; all using Peters shells.

At the regular weekly shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club, April 11th, high average was won by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, who scored 94 out of 100 with Peters factory loaded shells.

195 out of 200 is the score made by Mr. H. W. Cadwallader with Peters factory loaded shells, at the Covington, Ind., tournament, April 14th. This included two runs of 83 and 78 respectively.

At Sterling, Kans., April 14th, Mr. Ed. O'Brien won high professional average, 108 out of 115; Mr. J. M. Hughes, second professional average, 107 out of 115; both using Peters factory loaded shells.

At Palatka, Fla., April 8th, Mr. H. D. Freeman broke 194 out of 200, tying second professional and second general average with Peters shells; he broke 110 straight, and 138 out of the last 140.

At Stuttgart, Ark., April 20th, in a contest for the live bird championship of Arkansas, the title was won by Mr. W. B. Miller of Little Rock, with a score of 24 out of 25. Mr. C. D. Conroy of Stuttgart was second, with 23 out of 25. Both gentlemen used Peters factory loaded shells.

The tournament given by the Tally-Ho Club at New Orleans, April 20th and 21st, resulted in almost a clean sweep for Peters factory loaded shells. The victory was all the more noteworthy because the conditions were exceedingly hard. Mr. A. M. Hatch won first professional with 365 out of 400; Mr. H. D. Freeman was second with 360; Mr. L. I. Wade tied for third with 358, and Mr. Walter Huff fourth with 350. First amateur was won by Mr. Guy McMurdo, 345, shooting against some of the best trap amateurs of the South.

High general and high professional average at the Manito, Ill., tournament April 21st and 22d, were won by Mr. H. W. Cadwallader, with 372 out of 400, using Peters factory loaded shells.

Mr. L. I. Wade won high average at Corsicana, Tex., April 9th, scoring 117 out of 125 with Peters factory loaded Ideal shells.

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At the Pittsburg, Kans., tournament, scheduled for April 7th, 8th and 9th, the weather conditions were so abominable on the first day that the remainder of the program was declared off, and under the conditions on the first day a score of 90 per cent was considered exceptionally fine shooting. Great credit is due to Mr. Wm. Veach, who must have imagined he was shooting ducks, for not only did he shoot in a continuous rain, but he and all the other contestants were compelled to stand in several inches of water. Mr. Veach made the wonderful score of 218 out of 225 with Peters factory loaded shells, winning high amateur and high general averages. Mr. Harvey Dixon broke 215, being second high amateur, and tied for second general. Mr. J. M. Hughes 213, Mr. C. D. Plank 210, Captain A. H. Hardy 209, and Mr. Ed. O'Brien 208, won second, third, fourth and fifth professional averages, all with Peters shells. In the Hunter Arms Co. Live Bird Race, Messrs. Dixon, Hardy and Hughes broke 25 straight, and Mr. J. S. Day 24 out of 25, all with Peters shells.

At Phillipsburg, N. J., April 5th, Mr. Neaf Apgar won high professional and first general average, breaking 161 out of 200 under very difficult conditions; Mr. E. F. Markley high amateur and second high general average with 159; and Mr. H. S. Welles third general average and second professional with 155; all using Peters factory loaded shells.

* * *

Mr. C. A. Young won high average in London, Ohio, March 13th, with 78 out of 85, and again in Springfield on March 14th, 92 out of 100, using Peters factory loaded shells on both occasions.

Mr. L. I. Wade won high average at Santa Ana, Tex., March 16th, breaking 91 out of 100 65-yard targets with Peters factory loaded shells.

Capt. A. H. Hardy won high average at Beaver Crossing, March 2d, with 90 out of 100. Next day at Juniata, Nebraska, he was also high with 180 out of 200; he was also high professional at Exeter, Nebraska, February 25th and 26th, with 273 out of 300. At each of these tournaments he used Peters factory loaded shells.

Mr. H. D. Freeman, shooting Peters factory loaded shells at Atlanta, Ga., Gun Club, March 7th, broke 123 out of 125, with a run of 107 straight. This augurs well for Mr. Freeman's condition, and he may be exnected to put up some top notch scores at the 1908 tournaments.

Mr. J. M. Hughes, shooting at the Badger Gun Club, Milwaukee, March 8th, won high average with a score of 120 out of 125, losing only one out of the first 75. He shot, as usual, Peters factory loaded shells.

High average at Bellefontaine, Ohio, March 10th, was won by Mr. C. A. Young, shooting Peters factory loaded shells. Score 133 out of 150, which was high class shooting under very difficult conditions.

Mr. H. D. Freeman, who has been making some excellent scores recently, at Atlanta Gun Club on March 11th broke 96 out of the first 100, and 99 out of the second hundred, making a grand total of 219 out of 225. This is just a sample of what can be done with Peters shells.

* * *

WON WITH WINCHESTER

THE popularity of Winchester shells among trap shooters was more than ever shown at the tournament of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Show Association, March 10, 11, and 12, as more than twice as many used them as any other make, and naturally most of the winnings were made with them. John Martin, who won the preliminary handicap with a score of 87 out of 100, used them; W. J. Moffatt, who won the Fox trophy for doubles, and M. Roser, who was second, both used them; George H. Piercy, who won the fine Hanover trophy cup with a score of 313 out of 380, used them; as did also Lester German, who made high professional average, with a score of 314 out of 380. In the live bird championship match, 95 per cent of the total purse of $370 was won by the users of Winchester shells. Such a showing at this big spring tournament puts several more feathers in the cap of the famous Red W brand.

At Kansas City, Mo., February 18 to 21, where over 52 per cent of the contestants used Winchester shells and 26 per cent used Winchester guns. Need-

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WESTERN FIELD

PUBLISHED AT GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Vol. 12 JULY, 1908 No. 6

SEA CADENCES

THE lion-crested breakers heave
And leap, and couch again, to spring
Upon the wide, white beach; to weave
Protean webs, that softly sing,
As loitering backward to the main,
They change to gathering waves again.

Caught by the jealous undertow,
They slide and vanish mid the roar.
Their race is run, and Earth shall know
The selfsame wave—Ah, nevermore!
Dear Mother Earth, that loves the wave,
And sends it singing to its grave.

The rounded moonstone's lucent gem,
The tiny, tributory shells,
That border fair the gleaming hem
Of her green robe—each token tells
The labor of the loving wave—
As, dying, love for love it gave.

Sweet, azure-veiléd Mother Earth
That patient bides to see depart,
Through myriad changes from their birth,
The children dearest to her heart.
Never the once-known ones again—
Clouds in the sky—waves on the main.

The glad, strong waves—that leap to serve
Their unknown fate; yet love the spell
Which draws—however winds may swerve—
At last their restless fall and swell
To that ecstatic dying rest
On Earth's kind, soothing mother-breast.

—*Alice Spicer.*

SOME RIVERS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

By F. M. Kelly.

I WILL not commence this article by stating that there are any number of untried trout streams flowing into the coast waters of Vancouver Island, but I will state what I believe to be a fact—the angler will not anywhere find better sport than he can enjoy along the numerous streams of this island. Fish there are in plenty. My first acquaintance with Vancouver Island trout streams began when I was yet a boy. I have extended it considerably since that time, and have as yet no inclination to snub the acquaintance for the sake of any other. Colquitz River was where I caught my first trout in these parts. Why it should have been called a river I cannot state, for it is but little more than a ditch meandering through open meads and small stretches of woodland between Elk Lake and Victoria Arm. Occasionally under the trees it widens into a deep dark pool, from which I have taken fish big to boyish eyes—twelve to sixteen inches in length. On one long summer Saturday, I hooked as many as five trout from the pools of Colquitz River and went home supremely happy.

To the boy enthusiast, the matter of a mile or two added to the day's play is of little account, and Deadman's River soon became my favorite resort. I fairly loved this little river from its source, Pike Lake, to where it also mingled with the waters of Victoria Arm. Its biggest fish were no bigger than the biggest fish of the Colquitz; but it was so noisy, and withal so joyous as it made its way, splashing over boulders and spraying the green mossy rocks of its sides, on which the delicate maidenhair ferns grew in profusion, one could not help but be attracted. I suppose it is still as attractive, and that the boys still go there. For trout, it is just a boy's river, that's all. There is no sport there for the graduated sportsman; but for the student, he can learn the elementary lessons, and learn them well. It is some years now since I lost my hooks among the rocks beneath its whirling waters, but I can never forget the happy days spent along Deadman's River. New fish-worlds had to be conquered, though; for as the sportsman develops, the desire to try new streams comes strongly to him. From the banks of Deadman's, I turned to the banks of Millstream and Goldstream, learning to know their waters really well.

Lake fishing has never appealed so strongly to me as the sport of the river, and when I can reach a river I will pass a lake every time. I went by several lakes to reach the greatest trout river on the southern portion of Vancouver Island—the Cowichan. This river may be the best on the whole island, but I am not well enough acquainted with it to make so broad an assertion. There are many who will state that it is, however. I visited it on several occasions, fishing near Sahtlam and where it leaves the lake. It was there I first learned what angling meant, what big fish were. Three pound fish are common and plenty. By rail from Victoria, you reach Duncans in a little better than two hours, when you take a stage for up river. A visit to this splendid fishing resort requires at the least from four to five days, but week-enders occasionally get regal sport near the railway station. I have never tried the Kokisilah River between Cowichan Station and Duncans, but I have been told by one who should know that it beats the Cowichan in the early spring.

One of the most tantalizing rivers near Victoria is the Sooke. It is about twenty-two miles from the city, is off the beaten track and can only be reached with a vehicle of some sort. A friend of mine has a cabin about four miles from the mouth of this river, and I have spent many week-ends there. In all conditions of weather, using all kinds of baits, I got but indifferent luck. The fish are there, too, and are worth trying for; they are very clean and

VANCOUVER RIVERS AND THEIR PRODUCT

1. When the Water Was Warm
2. Sooke River
3. Marble Creek
4. The Kind You Catch in the Cowichan
5. Low Tide, Mouth of Nawhitti River
6. Cowichan River

when hooked prove most game. My best take for one day amounted to three trout, averaging about a pound and a half.

On the east coast of the island is a place noted for its great sport. This is the Campbell River, famed principally for its trolling. This I believe to be unexcelled; for the tyhee salmon grow weighty and show considerable life in the water. Fish weighing fifty pounds are numerous, while seventy pounders have been taken and are by no means rare. In the river the trout fishing is good, but one does not hear much regarding that, owing to the sport to be had with the big salmon off its mouth. Passenger steamers from Vancouver and Victoria call regularly at Quathiaska Cove, immediately opposite. Among other east coast rivers tried by the writer, the following are good in season: the Salmon, Adams and Tsi-ltka, flowing into Johnston Passage; the Nimpkish into Broughton Strait; and the Quatze into Hardy Bay. Of these, the Nimpkish is the most regular, the others being more fall-fishing streams, when the trout follow the salmon on their way from deep water to drop their load of yellow eggs on the shallows of the spawning-grounds.

On the north slope of the island I have tried the Shushartie, the Nawhitti and Cache Creek, and have enjoyed the pastime and the fruits of it. From the back waters of all three rivers I have also taken the tasty mountain trout, which, though never growing large as big trout do, have a flavor distinctly their own. Coming to the west coast, I have spent considerable time on the rivers emptying into Quatsino Sound. Marble Creek, flowing from Victoria Lake, is good fishing water; though the Mahatta, the Ingersoll and the many creeks entering the Sound fairly teem with fish of the trout kind. I have whiled away more than one hour on certain other rivers between Victoria and Quatsino, but the best two hours' sport I ever experienced was at the mouth of the Gordon River, flowing into the harbour of San Juan, some sixty odd miles from Victoria.

It was during the latter part of September, six years ago, that I made my camp at the mouth of the Gordon. I had had a rough trip from the interior back of its headwaters, and was willing to rest near its mouth for a couple of days while waiting for the boat, the wharf being only a couple of miles distant. I wanted to fish a little, too, for I knew the trout were there in numbers, as the salmon were splashing up the river ripe for the spawning.

I have found that the best time to angle for sea trout is when the tide has been flowing in for an hour or more. I made a pole ready, one I cut myself. About four o'clock in the afternoon the tide was right. I had a collection of flies with me, but not one would entice a fish to the surface. My stock lacked one fly, however, which is generally a good killer on our rivers—the coachman. I had several when I started out, but had used them up. I wanted one badly, so after I saw it was no use trying to woo the fish with what I had I took the gun and killed a shelldrake. From its wings I secured some white feathers, and with a bit of red flannel cut from the lining of my hunting coat I made a lure. Did it work? When I cast early next morning it had barely touched the water when the latter was boiling about it. Not a single fish, but a dozen at least raced for it, and one was hooked. The sport was on, and it was sport without any tackle to play the game properly. To keep the line taut I would have to walk back up the bank whenever it got slack and then walk towards the water again when the fish was humored to start for the middle of the river. It took me two full hours to land seven fish, four of which were steelheads weighing over three pounds. I had enough, but I would like to have had that sport again; for now as I write of it I can see from eight to twelve great hungry trout rush and break water in a frantic endeavor to secure that poorly constructed fly, which, however, answered a purpose right well.

SONGS OF THE SUNSET SEA

SONGS of the Golden Gate,
Songs of the Sunset Sea;
Sing them early, or sing them late,
Dear the songs of the Golden Gate,
And sweet, of the Sunset Sea.

—*Theo. Brand.*

RAPIDS AND RIPPLES

By Tom Veitch.

FARTHER and farther the gleam of the campfire glinted on the rocks as the dusk deepened, and more insistent came the murmur of the two streams through the stillness —Big Sulphur, the best known of all Sonoman trout streams, and the Fraser brooklet that there lost its identity as it rumbled into a deep pool of the larger water. The Chef and one who was called the "Chef-a-near" were carefully finishing the preparations for a meal, the chief course of which was still in doubt, it being trout rolled in flour and fried in butter, and there being but five trout in the camp. These the Chef had taken in the gloaming from the larger stream on a shining spinner. The camp was the temporary abiding place of five fishers, and any one knows how far an eight-inch trout will satisfy an eight-foot outdoor appetite.

But while the culinary chief and his assistant were becoming more and more dubious as to the size of the evening's finny feast and were even preparing more potatoes and onions, over which the Chef-a-near was softly weeping, the three absent line-wetters were stumbling and splashing down along the black bed of Fraser Creek toward a bounteous meal and a great triumph. And when to the cooks every minute seemed to have been nourished and fed and worried over until it was the size of a small hour at least, a hail came through the darkness and there were the tardy providers with an abundance of fish and a great hunger and an all-pervading tiredness.

And then a meal—a real one in size and necessity—the like of which you cannot buy or barter for within the smoky rim, because they only prepare imitations there and the sauce spoils where the sky is not blue, and the wandering breezes fresh and clean. And then, when everything was fixed all camp-shape, the Chef-a-near lay on his back in the blankets and knew that to-morrow he, too, would be an angler, and he started to count the stars and got as far as ten when he fainted away—and after a few moments woke up when some one tried to balance a straw on his nose and kneeled on his stomach in the doing of it.

At first he wanted to go to sleep again, but was told it was 3 o'clock (which he didn't believe) and that they had to drive up to the top of the ridge so as to strike Squaw high up where the fish were. For all he comprehended "Squaw" might be a fishing ground, or some one who was eating fish who was going to get hit, or—and just when he had decided to stop guessing and go to sleep a contemptible person poured some extremely cold water in his face. And then he knew that Squaw was a creek, of course, and that there were lots of fish there, too.

Grey dawn was but an anticipation when the fishers started up the ridge, away from the murmur and babble of Big Sulphur and the tinkling and rippling of the little Fraser. Surely but slowly the horses drew the wagon higher and higher and the road grew rougher and rougher, until finally when the far side of the cañon could just be seen, an old landslide stopped further progress—and they were there.

Then such a tumbling and sliding and scrambling and crashing as never was, straight down the mountain as the rock rolls for six hundred feet. And when the bottom was reached, Alder Creek was seen tumbling its course through the wooded ways, over rough rocks and mossy logs, foaming down to where it joined the larger Squaw. And here two of the anglers rigged their rods and bade good-by and good luck to the other three who went struggling and panting up over the next brushy ridge, and then down a shorter scramble to the Humming Bird.

And a well-named little stream was this—a tumbling cataract that seemed all mists and rocky pools and rainbows. The sycamores are mighty where it pitches down the mountain side, dancing over, around and between the giant boulders. Here another of the fishers took out his fly book and bade the Chef and Chef-a-near farewell and good fishing.

Then the sometime cook and his disciple, who, when he is not cooking or dreaming or fishing or hunting, writes about these things, made their way around the next ridge and down through the tangle to the main stream, Squaw Creek. There they rigged their tackle, noting that the first of the morning sun was creeping down the mountain side toward the dark pools and ripples of the stream.

The younger of the two, at the suggestion of the Chef, affixed to his leader two "Queen of the Waters" flies. He did this without comment, being perfectly willing to profit by the experiences on those waters of the more capable angler—reasoning the while that an expert fisherman is but a bundle of knowledge and skill, with here and there a sprig of sentiment mixed in, and he knew experience was a hard teacher.

So it was that he cast the yellow lures with some confidence over the surface of the first pool where the straight lines of the little rapids started to curl into folding, foam-flecked eddies. And his confidence was not misplaced, for a fish rose from the gravelly bottom and struck with a hungry fierceness that exaggerated its size. It turned out to be not a giant trout, but only a fair sized nine-inch fish—nevertheless a good start, and he waved it at his companion, who had proceeded up stream, whipping some rushing rapids. The sun now was tinting the lower end of the pool and he cast again far to the foot of the still water. The flies were slipping almost opposite him when the second fish rose. He saw the silvery flash deep in the green water and his eagerness lost him the fish, for he struck too soon and the trout missed. Another trial and there was a swirl of water and a tug, and after a moment out of the depths came the fish, flopping and bouncing.

Then followed several casts without result and the rapids ahead looked alluring, and so they were fished. Out of them three more trout were taken. But here the fish were wary, for the stream crossed a little open flat and the banks were low and clear of undergrowth. That was the way of Squaw Creek where it twisted and turned between the big hills—here it would be choked with brush and alders and then of a sudden it would run out on to a little open flat without a bush on it. And where it was easy to travel it was hard to catch fish; and where one could take trout as fast as one wished, right there one couldn't get without having his temper shredded by a tangle too thick for a mosquito to traverse with any degree of comfort. Not that mosquitoes didn't get through it. You don't often find the scenery tangled up enough to keep these little musicians out.

So, after fishing the rapids, the young angler tramped ahead to where the stream broke from beneath a brushy wall. Here the trail of his companion showed plainly and a great crashing ahead told of no desire to fish brushy

The Hummingbird

A Good Pool

pools. But with the second rod carrier it was different. He shortened his line to a scant six feet and with infinite care and quiet worked his way down to the edge of the first tangle-guarded pool. He was gently swinging the flies to keep them clear of the brush. Back and forth he swung them, trying to drop them under the far bank. Before they touched the water there was a sudden tug! The angler straightened up with a jerk, knocked a large rock into the water, followed after the rock, tangled his line, disjointed his split bamboo, lost his temper and landed—a frog! Then he sat on the bank and talked, and then remembered that no one could hear him and so stopped, and then talked again, because he couldn't help it. But finally, be it said, he put the frog back into the water, unharmed—mayhap because he saw a fish jump into the next pool.

And to the next pool he went, having removed the higher of the two hooks. There the brush formed an arbor with a little opening for his rod, and the water looked dark and mysterious. He doubted if the sun ever struck this pool. The moment his fly touched the surface the water boiled around it and out came a shimmering fish to be swung to the bank. Another, and still another followed the first. Then his line caught in the brush and a wriggling fish dangled over the water to finally flop back into the pool, a wiser and more wary trout.

All of the fish were much darker on the back than those taken in the open, although they were all small steelhead. He had found this generally so—the trout in the sunny sandy shallows of a much lighter hue than those caught in the shady cañons. This he attributed to protective coloration, believing

"Where It Joined the Larger Squaw"

that the trout were not incessant travelers, as some supposed, but stayed some length of time in their favorite pools or rapids. And when he remembered how, through a whole summer in the Santa Cruz mountains, he had observed a trout in a shady pool of a wooded stream, and how the fish had nearly always been in the exact spot where it was first seen only darting underneath the protecting rocks when frightened or rising to feed, his belief that trout stayed in one locality for some length of time was strengthened. Provided they did that he knew that Nature would change their hue to suit as near as possible their surroundings, for he knew of the ptarmigan of the far north and the white rabbits of the Sierran winter, and the little chameleons which he sometimes bought on the streets of the dusty city.

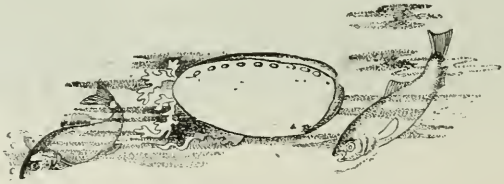
And then there was a tug on his line, which had been trailing in the water while he looked in his creel, and he pulled from the ripple at the foot of the pool the self-hooked fish. Then he broke through the underbrush and made his way to where the stream tumbled into a series of pools beneath some giant sycamores. The absence of footprints told that his companion had left them for him, and so he whipped them with highly satisfying success.

That is always the best way when two are fishing—to allow the faster flycaster to fish ahead and remain happy, while his partner follows him, fishing at his leisure, searching the whole stream with his flies, the parts left undisturbed for him by the one ahead, and the water already fished. Thus is satisfaction arrived at, for to delay the man who believes the best fishing to be in the next pool would make him unhappy, and to hurry the one who knows that the fish in this pool will strike will make him a poor companion. Anyway, anglers generally prefer being alone, maybe because a man is known by the company he keeps, and mayhap to practice their pet piscatorial speeches before an appreciative audience. And then they do not have to tell any one about their mistakes—which were only bad luck, anyway!

Now the last of the pools left undisturbed by the first fisherman was unusually large. It was at least three times as large as most of the pools of Squaw Creek and was correspondingly deep. So of course there were plenty of trout in it, but trout enjoy an early breakfast, being quite uncivilized and so, because it was late, only two of them rose at the yellow flies trailed over the bubbling surface by the dreaming fisherman. And when the flies were changed no fish rose and the fisher took to plain angleworms and still-fished. Soon he forgot his line entirely, for a grey squirrel ran down a mossy log across from him and stopped and looked at him suspiciously for a moment and then disappeared in the shady recesses whence he had come. Then two sombre-colored water ousels came darting down the shady way beneath the trees and stopped near him on some rocks over which the water chuckled now and then. There they busied themselves looking under the rocks for aquatic insects and larvæ. When he pulled a fish from the water they flew upstream with marvelous speed and reminded him somewhat of the quail of the lowland fields. And when he had almost decided to move on, a hermit thrush, that serious, lonely pantomimist of the deep woods, hopped into a nearby bush and detained him.

But when the thrush had flitted away he roused himself and was again upon his way, casting his line thither and yon, with now and then a trout darting out of a foaming pool at his flies.

Soon, however, there was much fishing and few fish, and often the thought of the lunch over the mountain came to the fisher, until finally he turned and started to retrace his way to the trail which he had descended in the fresh morning. Across open flats he went, where the great black bumblebees hummed in the clover, and down through shady cañons where the wild grapes twined around the great trees—down past dancing rapids and happy ripples, having enjoyed to the full "the stuff that dreams are made of"—a few hours on Squaw Creek.



JULY

HERE comes the sweet, blithe haymaker, July,
Her long, light rake across her shoulder placed;
The ardent Sun, with burning kiss has traced
Her face and arms all o'er with nut-brown dye.
How clear the light that dances in her eye,
As lithe she bends to cull the lily chaste,
Or wander from her path in merry haste
To chase the bee or wanton butterfly.
The nodding poppy blushes at her smile,
And hides his head amid the ripening corn,
The blue-jay, frightened, quits the brambled pile,
And, saucy, mocks her laugh from yonder thorn.
July is ever joyful—work or play—
Now, with glad song, she turns the new-mown hay.

—*Donald A. Frazer.*

CANOEING ON THE COEUR D'ALENE

By J. L. Bayley.

DURING the year 1885, shortly after the discovery of gold on Pritchard Creek I was engaged in building a wagon road up the north fork of the Cœur d'Alene river, to be used as a "tote road" for getting supplies from the little town of Kingston, which was the head of steamboat navigation on the river, to the placer diggings above. Previous to the building of this road the only way of successfully getting freight to the mines was by means of large canoes, which were propelled by setting poles, one man standing in each end of the canoe and using stout poles, about fifteen feet in length, to shove the boat upstream until a rapid was reached (which was quite often) and then the boatmen laid aside their poles, jumped overboard and took their canoe "by the hair of the head," as they expressed it, and dragged it after them up through the rapids, when they again resorted to their setting poles.

The distance from Kingston to Pritchard Creek was estimated to be about forty miles, and the time required to make the up trip was four or five days by expert canoeists, while many who started with skiffs and canoes gave up the attempt before they were out of sight of Kingston. At this time people usually walked to Pritchard Creek over a rough and lonely mountain trail; but if they possessed the nerve (and the price) when coming out, they came down in the canoes, making the trip of forty miles in from four to six hours, and dashing down some of the rapids at a speed that seemed to exceed that of an express train.

It happened that on the day following the completion of the wagon road to Pritchard Creek, Ed Costello and Al Cady, the best canoe men on the river, were ready to start on the trip to Kingston. Having the required nerve, and more money than time, I at once engaged a passage, and we started about noon, if I remember correctly. I have no recollection at this late day of how much I paid for this passage, but am certain of one thing: it was well worth the price, whatever that was.

One man stood in the bow of the canoe with setting pole in hand, ready to guide the craft by some huge boulder while descending a rapid, and the other sat in the stern with a broad paddle, with which he kept the canoe under perfect control, although going sometimes at race-horse speed. As the stage of water always varied from trip to trip, the man in the bow was obliged to keep a keener watch on the rushing frothing waters ahead than a locomotive engineer ever kept on the illuminated space ahead of him in a dark and stormy night, nor did an engineer ever close his throttle or apply his air brakes with less time intervening between thought and action than did Cady reach out with his pole and swerve

the canoe just enough to pass rocks which would have meant certain death to all had the boat struck. More than this, while plunging down these rushing, roaring rapids it would be impossible for the two men in the ends of the canoe to hear each other, owing to the noise of the waters, hence it was necessary to understand each other's actions thoroughly and instantly that the rear man might know what was required of him to insure the safety of the craft long before words could have explained it.

The canoe in which I made this trip was a dugout of cottonwood about twenty-two feet in length and probably thirty-six inches in width at the center. As the boat was nearly empty I had plenty of room amidships, so I held my Sharp's rifle across my lap and endeavored to watch the shores for game. I was first rewarded by seeing a fish hawk perched in the top of a dead tree some distance from the shore. We were then running a light rapids, and more for experience in shooting from a rapidly running boat than with any hopes of hitting him I drew a hasty bead and fired. Greatly to my surprise he fell straight to the ground without flopping a wing. When we reached the foot of the rapids, Costello asked what I shot at. I told him and he offered to go ashore and get it, but I said it was not worth while, so we continued our journey, and a few miles farther down we came to the longest and swiftest rapids in the entire forty miles.

These rapids were perfectly straight and between a quarter and a third of a mile long, and so swift that the water was white the whole distance. When about half way down the rapids a big buck jumped out of a willow thicket, made three or four bounds and stood still, with his full side in sight. Had my gun been anywhere except in my hands I would have been too late for a shot, but I pulled the trigger as quick as possible. The buck made a few jumps straight ahead and passed out of sight. I could not tell whether I had struck him or not. At the foot of the rapids Costello again asked what I had shot at. I told him, saying I believed I had hit the deer. They were in favor of finding out, so they tied the boat and we all walked back. About the second jump he made he had left plenty of frothy bright blood on each side of the trail, and I told the boys he was shot through the lungs and could not go far. We followed it for about a quarter of a mile, blood being plenty at every jump he made, and found him lying stretched out dead. He had a fine head of horns, about six prongs each side, and in full velvet. I took them to Spokane, Wash. (which was then my home), the next day, but as there was no taxidermist in that city then they spoiled before I had them mounted.

We dragged the carcass back to the canoe and proceeded to Kingston, about one hour behind schedule time. This was twenty-three years ago, but if Al Cady or Ed Costello happens to see this story they will either of them vouch for the entire truth of it. The steamer was already in port when we arrived in Kingston, and the steward insisted on having a half of my buck for the steamer's table, as he had no fresh meat that day. He offered to pay for it, but I would not take anything, and found myself a "dead head" the next day on the trip to Cœur d'Alene. I told this story many times to fellow passengers on the steamer that day, but this is the first time it has been given to the public.

THE OLD TIMBER ROAD

FLECKED with pale sunlight glinting through soft green
  Of redwood branches and madroño leaves,
In a cool silence where fern-shadows lean
  And glance in dusky pools along its side,
  Like some god's path to shrines undeified,
When no sound enters save when wood-dove grieves,
Winds the old road, deserted and serene.
  Yet dimmed against the gray dusk of the trees,
Gaunt outlines form and waver in the road,
  A horned head tosses and its motion frees
The bells on every yoke; with strain and slip
The sharp hoofs struggle to the crack of whip.
  I hear the pant of labor 'neath the goad,
  I smell the breath of oxen on the breeze.

—*Eleanore F. Lewys.*

In Summertime

TWO DAYS ON THE GUALALA

By Montezuma.

"YOU will find millions of trout in the Gualala," said a friend to whom I confided my intention of fishing that stream, "but they run small. You'll have no end of sport, for it's a fine bit of water and fish are plentiful."

Now, smallish trout—big enough, however, to safely stand the legal size requirements—are my particular hobby. I love them like I love small boys, for their very exuberance of life and vivacity, their enthusiastic and reckless abandon, their audacity and mischievous insolence in the gravest of situations. To carry the parallel further I am just as liable to eat a small boy as I am to devour a small trout—I am a catcher, not an eater of fish—and so the supply suffers but small depletion at my hands. But I *do* love to see the saucy little beggars knock the chip off the shoulder of my assurance, and I will go a long way to teach the freckled scamps a salutary lesson. And, aside from the shock to their conceit, anatomists assure us that a fish feels no pain when lip-hooked only, so that I am fully convinced that the shake I give each troutlet's tail when I return him to the water fully squares our account. In any event it does not lessen my respect for him. He was either hungry and tried to eat, or else he was game enough to resent the imputation which I cast on his cleverness. It is enough for me that he hit my fly as savagely as he could; that he bit off more than he could chew does not count against him—even we, the vaunted culmination of Creative power, frequently do the same thing, and generally with more lamentable results.

So one morning early in May, in company with Mr. W. G. Chamberlain, the genial manager of the Gualala Hunting and Fishing Club, we took the North Shore line to Cazadero, where we had arranged to obtain horses for the cross country trip to his ranch. But we disembarked in a Scotch mist, which by the time we reached the ranch house of Mr. H——, who was to furnish the mounts, had developed into a good old-fashioned sprinkle, heavy enough to keep us indoors for the rest of the day. That there is no such thing as an unmixed evil on earth was beautifully and convincingly proved by that delaying shower. Never have I slept more soundly, or in a better bed; never did mortal set down to a more deliciously cooked or better ordered dinner and breakfast than those for which I am undischargeably indebted to Mrs. H——'s hospitality. I ate until I was ashamed, slept until Chamberlain actually threatened violence, and ate again as though I were preparing against a forty days' fast. Small wonder that Chamberlain is sleek and hearty and rotund and complacent. One such a meal a week would make Barnum's living skeleton fatter than Bill Taft inside a two-month.

The next morning we were abroad early and at an easy gait soon traversed the short twelve miles between Cazadero and the Gualala clubhouse. En route we followed up Austin Creek for a few miles, noting here and there a number of fine trout—one sixteen-inch fellow in particular, whom I promised to interview on my return. The weather conditions were delightful and the scenery very beautiful, and the congeniality of my friend made that ride a red letter one, despite the fact that I was office-soft and still more or less stupid from my recent voracity. Over finely wooded ridges, across grassy mesas, past thrifty rancherias and alongside tinkling brooks the trail led, and I was almost sorry, despite my piscatorial anticipations, when we at last crossed the Gualala and dismounted in the corral of the preserve at noon to bait our horses.

Our objective point that day was the ranch house of Mr. Lee Noble, some three or four miles further down the river at the other end of the preserve, and finding the keeper of the

Bird's-eye View of the Club House and Grounds

club temporarily absent Chamberlain suggested that we try the creek before the clubhouse for an hour or two. I was rather dubious as to results, for the hour was that of blazing mid-day, the water was absolutely open and unshaded at this particular locality and the sun was fiercely aglare. Therefore it was with the intention only of stretching my saddle-tired legs that I put my rod together and built up a cast of flies—Ginger Quill, Blue

Good Deer Country

Upright and Brown hackle on twelve hooks—not even shedding my light shoes, for, truth to say, I wasn't optimistic.

But the very first cast dispelled all apathy instanter—I was dry-fly fishing as nearly as that could be done with three flies at a time, and the Upright and hackle had not fairly alighted on the water when two trout hooked themselves and were landed with the yank of absolute surprise that involuntarily followed their rise. Six and six and a half inches they were, only lightly lip-hooked, and I respectfully shook their tails as I put them back unharmed with my blessing. Chamberlain looked at me curiously, but said nothing, and it was not until I had returned a round dozen to their pools that he casually remarked: "Those trout are all legal size." He laughed when I answered: "They'll grow bigger yet," and thereafter merely kept score for me, urging me on until finally he exclaimed: "Well, you've caught the limit—fifty—and do you know how long it took? Just one hour and a half!" In utter amazement I looked at my watch and confirmed the time. I was glad I hadn't killed a one of those blessed fish—all caught in considerably less than a half mile's hurried traverse—and somewhat inconsequentially remarked: "Well, there *are* fish in the Gualala!"

"Fifty of them to my certain knowledge," he averred with solemn positiveness, and we both laughed and took a drink. I hadn't even wet the soles of my light kid shoes; I am certain that I hooked at least 90 per cent of all the fish that rose, and who can wonder that I looked with a tender reverence at that shining ribbon of aqueous delight and hated to turn my back to it as we mounted our ponies and cut across lots to our destination?

In a quail-peopled glade we stopped to drink at a splendid mineral spring of easy access from the clubhouse. The water was deliciously effervescent and of unusually palatable flavor. I am informed that bottles filled with this water and tightly corked have been known to explode from the pressure of the confined gases which actually seem to develop accumulatively when confined. There is a considerable volume of water emitted, which flows into a minnow-infested rivulet close by, the tiny fish actually seeming to revel in the pungent water. I thought, but was not sure, that I saw a number of young trout amongst them. But what I definitely ascertained was that here in abundance was growing the "Waldmeister," a plant that I had hitherto found only in the higher Rocky Mountain plateaus.

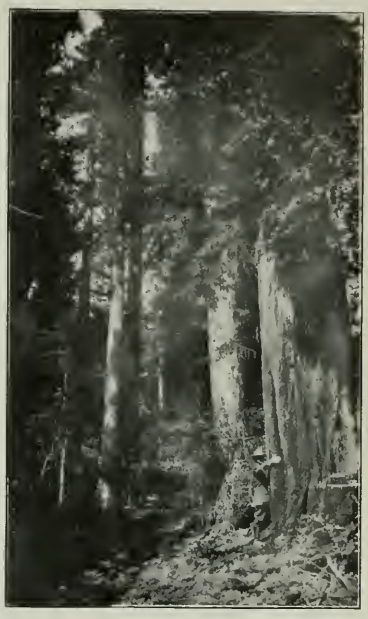
Everywhere resounded the calling of quails; both mountain and valley varieties abound on

A Promising Pool

the Gualala preserve grounds, and I saw many hundreds of them on the trip. Deer sign was plentiful and I saw six fine specimens in the two days of my stay. But the surprise of the whole jaunt was the finding that this whole section abounds with wild hogs, which are actually hunted as game by the lucky ranchers. These hogs are not the razorbacks of the Southern canebrakes and Southwestern cactus flats, but well rounded, shapely and almost over-fat porkers who are the wilderness born progeny of escaped domestic animals, wild as deer and savage—the old boars at least—as their European and Indian cousins. Associating with these are numbers of other hogs claimed and owned by the ranchmen, and for the benefit of the uninitiated, who would be at a great loss to distinguish between the "wild" and the other kind, it may be stated that all ear-marked and otherwise branded pigs are deemed "tame" (!) and those unmarked are "wild." The differentiation is somewhat simplified, however, by the generally prevailing custom of shooting the hog first and afterwards looking for the marks.

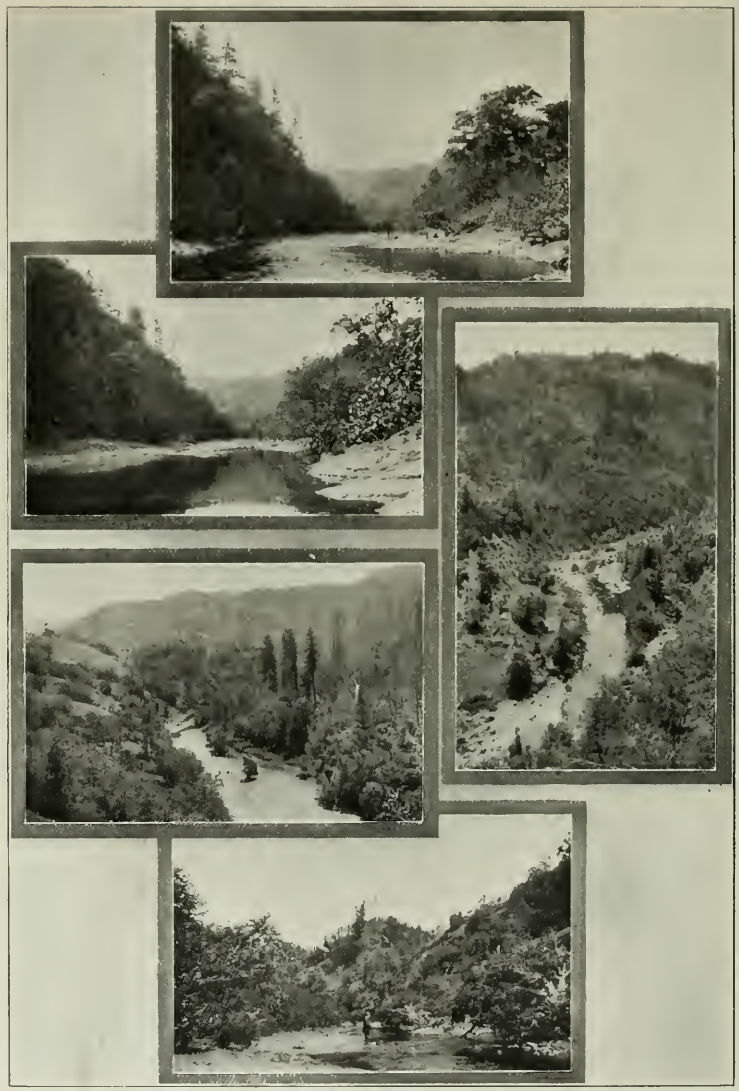
In the river near Lee Noble's ranch another limit catch of trout was made in about the same time previously required. The fish, while not of large size, were very game, and the sport was most enjoyable. While whipping these waters I came suddenly on three deer, a big doe, a medium spike buck and a sleek but diminutive fawn. They did not evince any fear of the motionless biped in the creek and leisurely drank their fill and as leisurely departed. It was a very pleasurable incident —one of those little happenings which go so far towards the rounding out of an outing. Though these deer were very small when contrasted to the big "mules" of my Colorado acquaintance, the encounter was so pleasing as to leave no excuse for odious comparisons. I was fishing, met three deer in a bend of the stream—how often have I duplicated that experience!

That night we were the favored guests of Mr. Lee Noble, a hunter ranchman of the good old school, big in body and heart, a clever woodsman and excellent shot. Around his open fireplace we swapped lies 'way into the wee sma' hours and slept the sleep of tired but successful woodloafers. The next morning we devoted to inspection of the preserve grounds and the taking of many photographs, some of which are herewith reproduced. It is a most satisfying proposition, this preserve of the Gualala Club. Deer, quail, trout, wild hogs, scenery and perfect climatic conditions are what it offers in plentitude to the lucky members. It is agricultural land of a high order and yields vegetables and fruit of superior quality and infinite variety. Here's where the lucky club member sits down to game of his own killing, flanked by luscious trout and delicious fruits, vegetables, butter, cream and eggs, all productions of the preserve. There is only one bad feature in the whole layout—there is too much of everything, and it is too easy to get!



Some Gualala Redwoods

Harking back to the fish again there is another incident worthy of recall. As we were lunching at the clubhouse on our return trip mine host Chamberlain spoke casually of some big "salmon trout" that he had seen in a pool some half mile down the stream. "They are still there," said the keeper; "can your



Glimpses of the Gualala

friend throw a spoon?" I almost threw a fit when he added, "There's fish there as long as my gun barrel!"

Now, I am not a spoon caster, preferring to take my trout with the fly; but his speech smacked of doubt and intimation, and my vanity was touched. I have used a spoon on a few occasions when fish would not rise to the fly, and in my book I have a couple of Hildebrandt trout spinners. "Let's go and take a flip at 'em!" said Chamberlain persuasively—and we went.

There were hundreds of them in those sherry-brown depths—great fellows long as one's leg that I was positive were salmon instead of steel heads, while here and there flamed small rainbows like pages in a court cortege. I bent on a "Professor" and "Grizzly King," tied on No. 4 hook and snaked out a couple of foot-long iridescences in short order; but the "big uns" never deigned to even notice the tinseled frauds, and as a last resource I replaced my cast with a salmon leader on which I swiveled a Hildebrandt Brown Hackle Spinner.

Once—twice, the glittering spoon rose from the depths and twinkled upwards past their noses. The third time one of the weaving shadows quivered all over, moved irresolutely a few inches, and then, as the spoon was less than a foot from the surface, made a lightning dart and struck the lure like the electric bolt strikes a dead pine. The water mirror shivered into a thousand splinters and the five and one-half ounce Leonard bent almost double as the steel went home. Fortunately my line was long enough to command the comparatively short pool, which luckily had no underbrush on its immediate edges. Even now I lick my lips in soulful remembrance of the gallant fight that big steelhead put up! But there is an end to all things—a limit even to valor and endurance and skill—and he measured only three fingers' breadth less than my rod's first joint with butt attached—a good thirty-two inches at least.

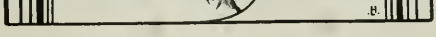
Of course I did not kill him. Even a brutal professional pugilist stops short of murder of his plucky opponent, and it is an added value to my victory to know that he is still in the ring and may, God willing, try conclusions with me again on another red-letter day. I can feel even yet the undaunted slap of that broad tail as he slid back again, unharmed, into the depths of his keep. May he have put on many inches of vertebra and complementary pounds of prime red brawn when next I cast my steel into his gnashing teeth!

For I have a presentiment that we will meet again, and then the fight will be to a finish. When the rains of autumn flush the streams again, and the trout come back to their once more rehabilitated dwellings, I will be on the Gualala in full war panopy. At that time there will be deer and quail and trout for the taking, and obese grunters in plenty to grease the pan.

The Gualala Club's preserve is a princely domain in itself. Of approximately 10,000 acres in area, every inch of which is good hunting ground, easily accessible and more easily negotiated, either horseback or afoot, I know of no other proposition which offers as much to sportsmen at even ten to twenty times the price. The initiation fee is nominal and the dues nothing! If the membership of this club is not filled to the limit before the opening day of this year's deer season I miss my guess; good things seldom go a-begging.

There are two ways of getting to the preserve, both covering only one day: by North Shore R. R. to Cazadero, thence by team or saddle animal to the Club house; or by North Western Pacific R. R. to Geyserville, thence via Skaggs Springs by stage or private conveyance. In either case the Club house is reached in ample time for dinner on the first day out from San Francisco.

In the heel of the afternoon we stopped, on our return trip, to again admire the big fish that we had seen in Austin creek on our way out. They were still there, one big fellow in particular posing in a narrow gut of the creek in exactly the same spot he had occupied previously. But sated with sport, and longing for Aunty H——'s overflowing flesh pots, we bid them a reluctant *auf wiedersehen* and wended our way towards civilization, filled with the content and peace that always succeds a good day well spent.



ANIMAL WEAPONS

By F. W. Reid

PART II.

(Concluded.)

FROM such highly specialized weapons as those just considered, we pass on to the whole set of teeth. The armed mouth is the general weapon of offense and defense among animals. But there is considerable variety as to the number, shape, and disposition within the jaws of the teeth, even among forms nearly allied. The "dentition," as it is called, of animals is an aid to classification; and there is much to be learned about an animal from its teeth. Sportsmen who are naturalists as well as careful to preserve the skulls of their captives as pendants to the more showy trophies of horn and pelt. But since it does not fall to every one's lot to collect tigers' skulls, or even "mountain lions," it may be pointed out that the weapons of the carnivora can be just as well studied in the mouth of the common house cat.

The class of Biters includes a great number of animals, and its distribution is world-wide. All the flesh-eaters belong to it, *ex officio*, so to say, from the weasel up to the lion. Yet the most terrible pair of jaws in creation belongs to the grass-and-leaf-eating hippopotamus. Apes use their teeth upon their enemies. And from the anthropoid ape to man is not so very many steps away.

Fighting with fists is an art peculiar to certain races of mankind. It is a product of evolution, like the cunning weapons with which man has strengthened his hands. When club or stone-ax was not at hand, a duel between men in the Stone Age was probably not unlike a dog-fight. Even in these days the beast is very apt to rise in the breasts of men locked in a rough-and-tumble combat. One of the combatants is not unlikely to flesh his teeth on the other's person. Chewing the other fellow's ear, when he has got you down, promptly suggests itself to a nature not too far removed from the Simian; and police surgeons not seldom have to dress cases of bites from human mouths. Even woman, and white at that, will sometimes bare her teeth from another motive than that of exciting admiration. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" relates a story germane to this question.

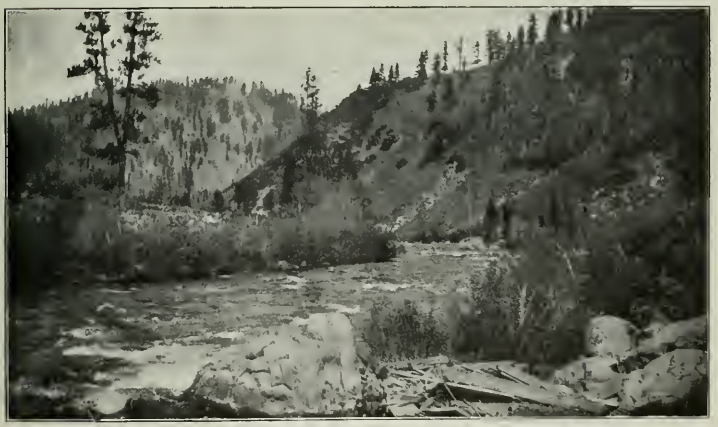
A patient, he says, came to the London Hospital for treatment on account of a bite. The house surgeon, puzzled by the marks on her forearm, said: "I cannot make out what sort of animal bit you. The wound is too small for a horse's bite, and too large for a dog's."

"Oh! It wasn't an animal, sir; it was another lady," she replied.

That was a case of reversion to the primitive. Among animals conventionally supposed to be lower than the "lady" in the story, wolves and all the dog class are the typical Biters. The latter give their name "canine" to the long holding tooth that comes next to the incisors. The Biter's mouth is a general purpose tool; it is fitted with teeth of every useful pattern, cutters, bone-crackers, flesh-tearers. It is the wolf's only weapon. His claws, having no sheath to retire into, become broken and blunted from frequent contact with hard ground. They are of no use for holding. Therefore the Biter, if forced to relax the grasp of his jaws or desirous to take hold in a fresh place, gives his enemy and equally so his captive prey a chance to escape. As compared with the sharp-clawed felines, he is handicapped in the struggle for existence.

But Nature is full of compensations. It seems not unlikely that consciousness of this drawback led the Biters to band themselves together in packs for mutual aid. Necessity taught them that union makes for strength.

On the Trout-loving Truckee



In single combat with a fleet broad-antlered stag, a wolf or wild dog is at a disadvantage. He has no great chance of winning his meat. But all this is changed when the mouths are many; the stag is quickly pulled down and torn to pieces. Association for common ends is a step upward in the scale of being. One of the earliest corporations must have been that of the wolves, and in forming it they lifted themselves a plane nearer to mankind. Mowgli, who is one type of primitive man, attached himself, one remembers, not to the monkey-folk, but to the wolves.

A bite is a troublesome wound to heal, because it is inflicted by a weapon with an irregular surface that bruises, mangles and tears. Much tissue is destroyed by a severe bite, and considerable time is needed for its repair. Again, the mouth may infect the whole system, as well as injure a part, owing to the presence in it of germs of putrefaction from decaying food, or in some cases of poisoned saliva. Such a wound, then, calls for careful cleansing, and treatment with an antiseptic, or, lacking this, a caustic.

The mouth of the carnivora is distinguished by a pair of peculiar teeth on either side, called "carnassials," or flesh teeth. These lie against the cheek and have sharp ridges on their surfaces, to which grooves in the opposing teeth correspond, and tubercles or bosses of bone. Their function is to rend tough flesh and sinew. Nothing like them has ever been found, even in the most ancient or degraded human skull. Primitive man, indeed, when he had advanced as far as the weapon-making stage and added flesh to his diet or roots and fruit, would have some sort of a cutting tool. Yet even with the best modern knives at our disposal, one is apt to regret that, when struggling with a refractory steak, that our ancestors did not develop something like these carnassials. They reduce tough meat to a pulp as completely as the machine used in a butcher's shop for turning out what the trade calls "Hamburgers."

These special teeth are not found in the mouth of the man-eating reptilians. Nor does either crocodile or alligator need them. Look at their long flat jaws, with their terrible array of fifty or sixty pointed conical teeth. Note how the fangs interlock, how the long tusks of the lower jaw fit into holes or grooves in the upper. It is a perfect trap that never lets go. That is its function.

Outside tropical America, our alligators are not very dangerous to man. Compared with its reptilian ancestors, which infested the state of Wyoming, millions of years ago in the Liassic period, the 'gator is but a puny creature. The *Allosaurus*, which has been recently "restored" in New York from fossil fragments, was a zoological nightmare in the flesh. It stood twenty feet high, had a twenty-foot tail, twelve-inch claws, a mouth full of tigerish teeth, and was built like a kangaroo. The artist who reconstructed it has placed a horse in its claws. When this terror bounded over the plains, Wyoming was a Wild West show of long-necked saurians and flying lizards, but luckily for him man had not yet appeared on its soil.

He has task enough in coping with the modern tropical lizards that prey. Both alligator and crocodile are extremely cunning in the tactics they use. The "worm of the Nile" was once believed to lure the sympathetic by sobbing and crying, and "crocodile's tears" were a by-word for hypocrisy. Aided by his color, he actually succeeds in getting himself mistaken for a harmless log. Running is not his forte; his strength lies in sitting still, pretending to be asleep on a mud bank. He has a weapon at either end, as the imprudent person who ventures too near his flexible tail discovers, when he is knocked off his legs. He drowns his prey by carrying it under water as soon as he has grabbed it. All things considered, these reptiles are a more dangerous pest to the natives of the tropics than man-eating tigers.

When a man escapes with his life from their formidable mouth traps he is considerably damaged. It is no ordinary mauling that he receives; he suffers the loss of a limb, or needs some grave surgical operation. His case is even more desperate if he falls in the way of an enraged hippopotamus.

This brute is reputed to have the biggest mouth in the animal creation. It is without doubt the ugliest. The dagger-shaped front teeth splay outwards; the tusks, or fighting teeth, are uncommonly long and rub against one another, like a boar's, and the whole apparatus suggests a tearing machine. It is built for rooting in the mud after grasses and reeds, and either jaw mounted on a pole would make a harrow well adapted for the rough needs of African gardening.

Behemoth is terribly armed, but, not being

Where the Big Ones Stay
(Truckee River)

Looks Fishy

carnivorous, he is inoffensive on land. Unfortunately, in spite of his vegetarian diet, his temper is very uncertain, and he is easily excited to attack travelers in boats. With one snap of the jaws of a fourteen-foot hippo, canoe and boatmen are crushed up like egg-shell and yolk. Cases of wounds from the jaws of hippos have not been much studied by surgeons for obvious reasons. When they bite, they bite like the greedy boy who said there was not going to be any core left to his apple.

We pass on now to the consideration of the claw as a weapon. Associated together in the familiar phrase "tooth and nail," the claws of the beasts of prey are puissant aids to their devouring jaws. Even a small animal of inoffensive habits may prove dangerous, if it possesses sharp and long talons, as the following case shows.

The ant-eater is reckoned among the harmless animals. It has hardly any teeth; it gets its living by foraging in ant-hills, the inmates of which it catches by the hundred on its long and sticky tongue. The claws, which it uses in breaking into ant-dwellings are, in the case of the largest South American kind, from two to three inches long and sharp. Some years ago a traveler in Guiana found the bones of one of these animals lying on the ground in close contact with the skeleton of an Indian. Between the man's moldering breastbone and his ribs was hooked the beast's longest claw. A tomahawk or some other native weapon was discovered under the remains. The finder concluded that the Indian had mortally wounded the beast, which is about the size of a retriever, and that the latter had turned and struck the man through the heart, killing him on the spot. There was no clothing, of course, to check the blow; but such an accident is rare enough to be unique. It was the desperate stroke of a stricken and cornered animal.

Among the fighters with tooth and nail bears are eminently notorious. A bear-fight is synonymous with a dangerous rough-and-tumble scrimmage. *Adam-zad,* as the mountaineers of India call him, "the bear that walks like a man," fights, too, somewhat after the manner of a man. He rears, grapples his adversary, gives him sweeping cuffs with his broad and heavy paw. The monstrous grizzly, says Roosevelt, can knock an ox over with one stroke. He smites it on the flank in the region of the kidneys, and either paralyzes the animal or smashes its ribs.

But even a small light-weight bear can give a terrible blow with the flat of his hand. When hunted and doing his best to escape, he lunges with his paw at any one who gets within reach. I once saw a man neatly scalped by one cuff from the paw of a 300-pound Indian black bear, delivered on the run. The accident happened during a beat, the animal breaking back through the line of "honkers," most of whom took to the trees like monkeys. But there was an old man among them who was not quick enough to get out of the way. The bear reached out in passing, and we saw the old man fall with a veil of bleeding skin across his face. A surgeon in the party stitched the torn scalp back in its place and the coolie went into hospital. A month later, when he presented himself to receive his compensation money, his wound was healed and his looks were improved. The wrinkles had been smoothed out of his brow. This made a younger man of him and, with the small fortune of fifty rupees he collected, procured him a new wife.

But the power behind the blow of old Ephraim is too great to admit of such mild consequences. The big American bear scales up to six or seven hundred pounds. His claws of course get blunted by much digging during the summer; but when he comes out of his hole in the spring their points are keen. In "Hunting the Grizzly," Roosevelt mentions the case of an Alaskan bear attacking a man who was wading in shallow water. The bear knocked him over and with one blow of his paw ripped up his abdomen.

A bear, when he has made up his mind to fight at close quarters, uses different tactics from those which he employs when running away. Then he strikes out with his paws to keep his enemy off; now he uses them to drag him within reach of his open mouth. The hug of a bear is not a trick of wrestling; he does not mean to throw his mam—such refinements of the art of fighting are beyond his mentality—he just uses him as he would any other animal. Now the bear, being catholic in his feeding and by no means a regular flesh eater, has no cheek-teeth so peculiarly constructed for mangling as the carnassials already mentioned. Nevertheless, his mouth is a terrible weapon.

Good Trolling Grounds

A bite from a big bear may entail fatal consequences. When he runs in upon a hunter, seizes him across the shoulder and sinks his jaws in the trunk, the bite may lay open the cavity of the lungs. Such wounds, received in the wilderness miles away from the skilled treatment they demand, are necessarily serious. Short of a fatal ending, the injuries received in a bear-fight are always severe and their effects lasting. The victim is maimed, or permanently disfigured. One of the strangest cases on record is that of the man who had his head twisted round by a bear. His neck, of course, was not broken, or he would have died, but his head remained slewed to one side. As the bear, according to the account, bit him in the root of the neck, it must have severed one of the sterno-mastoid muscles. Then the other, having no counterpoise, would pull the head round.

All the great cats are completely equipped for killing. Their claws are sheathed when not in use, and kept sharp by constant manicuring on the trunks of trees. The tiger's cheek-teeth show the carnassial ridges on a large scale. Add to these special arms the enormous weight in bone and power in muscle of such types as the lion, and you have personified

"Nature, red in tooth and claw."

It is interesting to note that these killers, though all similarly equipped, do not all use their weapons in quite the same manner.

The cheetah, or hunting leopard, attempts to run down its prey, the fleet antelope, in one grand burst of speed. As soon as he gets abreast of his victim, he strikes out with the near paw, while on the run, hit or miss. If he scores a hit, down tumbles the antelope; a miss, and the pursuit is abandoned.

The lion sometimes hits out with terrific force. This is not to say he is a shoulder-hitter, like a pugilist. The king of beasts is not built that way, having but a short upper arm and not being used to an erect position. The lion rampant is commoner in heraldry than in life. But delivered with the momentum of the charge, the blow of his long muscular forearm may prove immediately fatal. Baker saw a man's skull shattered by the stroke of a lion's paw, as if it had been struck by a mallet. A man, however, is a victim comparatively easy to dispose of.

When it comes to handling tough quadrupeds, like cattle, both lion and tiger follow the same method. A tiger cannot sprint like a cheetah. It springs on its prey from ambush or after a stealthy approach, digs its sharp claws into the back, and breaks the neck with its jaws. The leopard, which generally conceals itself in a tree, drops down on to the back of a deer and at once grapples the throat in its jaws. The great cats are adepts in butchery. They prey upon heavy animals with considerable speed and powers of endurance, capable of running off in spite of wounds. But a broken neck is a complete quietus. The struggle is over; the carcass lies ready for the killer's meal. Whether it be a secret taught in the family, or an instinct inherited at birth, one can only admire the effectiveness of their attack on the weakest point.

The man that hunts such big game puts life and limb to the hazard, especially when he follows on foot the trail of a wounded animal. From a struggle at close quarters with a tiger he is lucky to escape with a severe mauling. Some years after the event I examined the back of a man who had wrestled with a Bengal tiger. Over chest and back the skin was covered with bluish spots and scars, as if it had been tattooed at random; a permanent record of the clawing he received while fighting off the brute's jaws with his hunting knife. Wounds inflicted by the claws of a leopard, though not deep, are always dangerous. For this animal is not particular as to the condition of its meat. It will go on eating a carcass after it has begun to putrify; and its claws, foul with such handling, readily infect a wound with the germs of pyaemia. In this event, if thorough cleansing be neglected, fatal consequences may ensue. It is hardly necessary to say anything about the crushing effect on human limbs of the jaws of the great cats. But Indian experience goes to prove that when a tiger springs on a man it seizes him by the head and shoulders, and bites through the back to the lungs.

Where the feet of an animal are not armed with claws, they hardly come within the class of weapons. In the ordinary course of things, swift animals use their legs for running away from their enemies. Discretion is far and away the better part of their valor in the struggle for existence with the professional killers. An alarmed horse instinctively

starts to run. Yet stallions, as everyone knows, fight with their hoofs, as well as bite. But it is rare that animals built on speed lines use their legs in self-defense otherwise than in making a break for safety. In this regard the moose has no imitators among his antlered kinsfolk. When hard pressed by a bear, this animal is said to resort to cunning tactics. If a lake is at hand, he makes a stand in the shallow water, striking out at his adversary with his forefeet. A knockdown in the water from the moose's long limbs may put Bruin out of business; it is sure to cool the ardor of his attack.

Up to this point we have been concerned with weapons used in close combat. As a fighter with tooth and nail, we must confess that man is outclassed, but eons ago his inventive mind dictated to him the aids of artifice. His best discovery was how to stand aloof and hurt from a distance. Ballistic warfare, as military writers phrase it, includes everything from stone-throwing to long-range cannon. Man's epoch-making improvement began, one supposes, when he first took a pebble from the brook and cast it from a sling.

Have animals any such arts or weapons? Many centuries ago, before nature-faking was made a misdemeanor, it was seriously stated and generally believed that the porcupine, when fretful, sat up and threw its quills at its assailants. Another fable gave to the mysterious basilisk the power of killing with one glance of its "death-dealing eye." Outside the realm of fancy exists the fact that certain brown hill-monkeys throw stones at people that annoy them. This, however, is not an instinct of the race. Monkeys are imitative. They picked up the habit—and the stones—after observing the actions of the mountaineers, who first pelted them. But among our native fauna there is a little animal well furnished for carrying on offensive warfare at a distance. The common skunk, with his bag of evil-smelling fluid, is a slinger and carried a "stink-pot" long before the Chinese invented that nauseating weapon of their warfare. If he used it for defiance, and not merely for defense, the woods would be unsafe places about nightfall. *Mephitis* is serenely conscious of the offensive power he holds in reserve. He walks the woods indifferently, one notices, even in the presence of the general enemy, knowing that nine men out of ten will yield him the right of way.

The phrase just used, the "general enemy" of animals, is a common synonym for man. But there is one other class instinctively avoided by their fellow creatures, and that is the class of serpents. The old serpent, indeed, is the symbol of Satan, the adversary of mankind. Than these reptiles no animals are more terribly or more ingeniously armed for destruction.

One of the strongest weapons in the curious and interesting animal armory is that possessed by the constricting serpent. Here is no specialized horn or tusk; the whole body of the limbless creature is its arm of attack; it is a living lariat, a flexible rope of bone and muscle. Against the furtive, gliding assault of a great python only this defense avails,—to show a clean pair of heels. But the constrictor throws his lasso from ambush without warning; and his victim starts at finding itself in a self-tightening noose against which its struggles are in vain.

Neither python nor boa, as far as I am aware, are man-eaters in the common sense of the word. But the legend of Laocoön is not all poetry; though sea-serpents are unknown on the coast of Asia, men have suffered from the coils of constrictors. In the Island of Ceylon there are ruined cities of considerable extent, which are infested with pythons. A party of sailors was once exploring a tumble-down palace, when one of their number ventured into an underground chamber. As he was striking a light, there came a marrow-chilling hiss out of the darkness, and a clammy living rope began to twist about his body. The sailor yelled for help and his comrades dragged him out of the pit. When they cut him loose from the coils of a great python, they found his shoulder crushed.

The wounds inflicted by pythons are bruises and the breaking of bones. The prolonged action of its muscles crushes the internal organs of its victims and reduces the whole body to a shapeless mass, as in that barbarous medieval punishment, the *peine forte et dure*, the human frame was slowly pressed to death by weights.

It takes a large python to kill a man. The poison of the Indian *karait*, which is but a few inches long, causes death in a short time. The very acme of efficiency is reached by the weapon of the venomous snakes: a sac of

A Trout Stream and Its Birthplace

poison continually self-generated, and muscles that squeeze this into the hollow groove of the needle-pointed striking tooth. The mouth sheaths the fang, which is folded back when not in action.

Savages have invented and used envenomed darts and arrows. But the nearest approach to the wonderful mechanism of the serpent's weapon is found in the hypodermic syringe, with which surgeons inject into the blood a few drops of vegetable poison. Strychnine is used in this way to counteract the paralyzing effect of snake venom. There is a whole literature dealing with antidotes. The instant need, however, in a case of snake-bite is to attend to the wound surgically. Cut it off at once, by a tourniquet bandage, from the circulation, for time is precious and the poison swift to travel. Then scarify the wound freely with a sharp knife; make it bleed well. After doing this is the time to think about stimulants. Snake venom is of two kinds: the colubrine, the cobra's for example, which attacks the nervous system; the viperine, which destroys the blood cells. Viper bites, therefore, when not fatal, are apt to cause mortification and wounds that take long to heal.

Snakes, so terribly armed, are dreaded alike by man and beasts. The more imagination an animal has, the greater its signs of terror in the presence of a serpent. One recalls Darwin's classical experiment: The introduction of a paper bag containing a snake into a cage full of monkeys, and how they wavered between fright and curiosity. Has any one ever tested the behavior of lions and tigers toward such a room-mate? In studying animal psychology it might be useful to test the reaction of a given animal towards a poison-snake. Hogs are said not to care a bristle for a serpent's tooth; but perhaps the hog has no imagination. White men as a rule kill a poisonous snake on sight and general principles. Thus they fulfill the law of enmity between the "Seed of Eve" and the serpent, bruising his head lest he should bruise their heel. But some races make gods of things they fear. Phallic worship, the cult of the snake, is ancient and world-wide; and thousands of lives are sacrificed annually in Hindustan owing to the reverence in which the cobra is held. This very deadly snake is fed and made a housemate of by pious Hindoos, who consider it a good omen when my lord the *Sanp* takes up his abode in their mud walls. To our minds it is like harboring sudden death.

For all snakes are timid and ready to strike against a sudden movement, however innocent its intention. Aggressive they cannot be called, but if challenged, how swift and mortal their answer. Every animal is a check upon some one of its neighbors; that is how the teeming redundancy of life is kept within bounds. In the lower ranks exist humble practitioners of the art of poisoning, spiders, scorpions, and the like. These man despises, but stands in awe of the serpent, so mysteriously endowed with the paragon of animal weapons.

THE JOY OF YACHTING

BLOW, blow, willing winds, blow!
We care not which way;
For out on the bay
Now a-sailing we'd go.

Sail, sail, hoist the great sail;
Break it to the breeze,
And turn to the seas,
To the teeth of the gale.

Fly, fly, let the spume fly;
Of youth is our blood;
We'll race with the scud
As it crosses the sky.

Home, home, head her for home.
And hard up the bay
We'll beat through the spray,
Through wave-ridges of foam.

Furl, furl, wings of white furl,
Ship-shape and able;
Ease on the cable,
While the tides 'round her swirl.

Boys, boys, ever be boys;
Shake hands on the game;
You know, just the same,
It's the first of life's joys.

—*F. M. Kelly.*

SAILING

By N. H. Crowell.

HERE is where you get all that is coming to you and a lot more. You start out sailing dressed like a fashion design and come back looking like a corpse fished out of a city sewer. Your pockets are full of water and your hands are full of water-blisters. Your tongue tastes like the fur side of a sheepskin shoe polisher and your spine feels like it had steps cut in it.

Sailing is very seductive—with the accent very strong on the middle syllable. You stroll down to the dock and look out across the bright pea-green water and your heart begins to swell like a self-raising biscuit. Joy and anticipation crawl all over your cuticle and make you itch to cast yourself abroad at the mercy of a sailboat.

Right in front of you a sailboat lies. It wouldn't tell the truth under any circumstances. As a liar a sailboat holds all the main cards in the deck. It dances friskily about like a playful calf and beckons you on to your fate. You finally succumb to its blandishments, crawl in and crowd yourself into the pigeonhole excavated in the gizzard of the craft. Then you dust your hands calmly together to see if the hide is still on and bend your gaze upon Bill Jones, the doughty skipper who is untethering the boat.

A fresh breeze springs up while Bill is occupied in this and the delicious odor of neglected fish fans your wan cheek. At length Bill vaults airily into the boat beside you and it bobs up like a broncho sighting a pink benzine-buggy on a foggy evening.

Bill advises you to hold on but the chances are good that you are already doing that with both hands and several feet. You would rather hold on than eat just at this point.

While you are busy holding on you get a swat on the left ear that makes you see Mars, Jupiter and about twenty-seven red and yellow comets playing tag. You rise up in wrath but immediately sit down again so hard it jars your back teeth loose. Bill tells you that the boom or the poop or something of that nature has swung around and kissed you. While you refer to it in warm tones it comes up on the other side and hands you a repeater.

By this time the real fun of sailing is on. You begin to enjoy things immensely. Your vocabulary suddenly expands and enlarges and protrudes. You tell Bill what he is, where he came from and a lot more things. Then you deal with the boat critically and with extreme care to remember every point. You are just getting warmed up to your work in good shape when the boom rears up and comes down square on the top of your skull. It nearly caves your think-dome in.

Oh! How enjoyable things get after that!

Bill, being nothing but a boy with freckles scattered over his face like spots on a strawberry, eludes the swinging boom and grins at you. You feel like choking Bill but dare not let go with a hand long enough to accomplish the feat.

All this time the boat has been humping itself for deep water and when you cool down a bit you become aware that big, green ridges of wet water are running alongside and sticking up even with your eyebrows. You wonder why they don't get into the boat. A few minutes more you don't wonder about that for one of them does the trick. Bill tries to heave to or maybe three, and the big wave that has been chasing you for half a mile catches up and falls all over you. You duck hard enough to break your fountain pen but you get it just the same. Say, but it's cold!

While the moss and shell-fish are setting about your system you glance up and see another big wave peeking over your shoulder looking for a good place to strike. You try to sidestep but it lands on you all spraddled out. You are as wet as if you had fallen into a churn. The light summer suit that conceals your palpitating figure from the police wilts like a paper collar on the boy graduate and clings to

your ribs and lower extremities like it had a bad fright. You look lean and lank and ghastly and you feel like the picture of before taking.

And then, when you are trying to pull your pants' legs loose from you something happens. The back end—where you are enjoying yourself—jumps up in the air and crowds your spine up like an accordion. It transpires that the anchor has slipped over the bow and become snagged on the bow-cleat. Bill yells for help and you sneak down front on your hands and knees. By main strength and a magnificent command of language you rescue the anchor and it slips down and stabs you in the foot.

You next grab a lard pail and begin to bail for dear life. Just as you get down so you scrape bottom a big, curly-headed wavelet rolls over the side and lays down on you. Then you bail all over again—only lots faster.

By and by you get tired and sit down to rest—and enjoy things. You suddenly discover you are sitting on Bill's cigarette. You jump up and knock a sliver out of the boom with your shoulder-blade.

After a great while the keen joy of sailing wears off and you begin to long for home and friends, not to speak of dry clothes. Bill condescends to head the boat for civilization. You get before the wind and are going like a scairt cat up a hemlock post when Bill miscalculates on where the dock is and you touch. The shock crowds you and Bill into a bow-knot that requires five men to solve but they finally get you separated. You then hail a dray and are driven slowly and sadly homeward—full of delightful memories of a pleasant day's sail on the bosom of the peaceful lake. At bedtime your wife sticks your feet into a bucket of hot water and pours a quart of hot ginger tea down your throat.

You send one of the kids down to the jeweler with your watch and he finds a crawfish in it and charges you $4.00.

Next day you may feel like going sailing—BUT YOU DON'T.

IN A FLORIDA HAMMOCK

HIGH noon on the pine-lands blazing, noon on the languid lake—
And the dusk of purple twilight dyeing the hammock's brake!
Summer-parched are the pine-lands, all barren of blade or bloom—
And breath of springtime cooling the deeps of the hammock's gloom.
Silent the pine-lands lying, with never a singing bird,
While all the heart of the hammock with lilting notes is stirred.
Niggard the pine-lands' grazing, but on the hammock's breast
In the calm content of plenty the drowsy cattle rest.
With plash of dripping water, and flutter of brilliant wings,
And the hum of happy voices of God's little living things;
With beauty of vine and orchid, and tangled fern breast-high,
And tropic bloom and verdure, safe hid from the tropic sky;
With peace of the great trees brooding, wrapped in their mantles of grey—
A pleasant playground God hath made for His wild creatures' play!

—Anne McQueen.

WESTERN FIELD

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OFFICIAL ORGAN

THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

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FOR A NON-SALE LAW.

In the name of the People of California we demand at the hands of our Legislature, at its next session, the enactment and embodiment in our game law of a statutory clause prohibiting the sale in this State of any game bird of any description whatsoever, and fixing a commensurate penalty for any violation thereof.

THE TROUT SEASON

THE difference of individual opinions is the greatest of all factors in the game of Life. It affects every phase of existence and has a vital influence on all things mundane—and, according to the clergy, on things celestial as well. Therefore in its various ramifications it is only logical that opinions should differ widely as to very ordinary things—the proper open season for trout in our coastal streams, for instance.

In these columns last month we commented on the plenitude of trout in our waters, but conditions have changed very materially since then; owing to an unusually dry season the small coastal streams have run nearly dry, and at the present writing it would puzzle old Izaak, himself, to catch in any or all of them enough legal-sized trout to make a pan smell acceptably. In consequence whereof hundreds of our anglers are inclined to the opinion that the open season for trout is all wrong, that it should be open a month earlier so that the sport may be enjoyed while the fish are still in the waters.

The fact is that they are both right and wrong: right insofar as the small coastal streams are concerned, and wrong as to the balance of our other waters. It is a well-established fact that the former run practically dry, and are necessarily deserted by the trout, early in the season; and the fishing is usually poor after the first week in May, while during the preceding month of April these waters fairly teem with good-sized fish. The angler in these streams asks, pertinently enough, "what is the good of hatching trout and stocking streams at our expense if we are not allowed to reap any benefit therefrom? Why go on raising fish that we are not allowed to catch when even the limited opportunity occurs?" And then the final and lethal conclusion: "—— game and fish protection! the whole thing is a farce."

Softly, oh! exasperated brother. There are miles and acres of other waters that are at the present writing swarming with the big ones of your desire. Of course they are not just at your back door, but they are as easily accessible to Californians as ninety-nine per centum of the waters of other states are to the residents thereof. And in many states, especially those of the mid-west Rocky mountain region, the season is from one to two months shorter than in California. The same anglers who contend that the season in the coastal region should open April 1 will cheerfully concede that a month later is the better opening date for the high Sierra waters. Now it so happens that our state constitution provides that all sections and parts of the state shall and must be amenable to one and the same laws. Therefore, under the original constitution it would be impossible to make any distinction between coastal and interior waters as to date of opening. This constitution, however, has been amended so that the legislature presently has the power to divide the state into districts, for each of which special and separate game and fish laws may be enacted. Such division, however, has been warmly opposed by the best-informed exponents of game protection, and the privilege has consequently not been exercised.

Personally we sympathize with the coast stream anglers, but we do not coincide with their conclusions. The fish leave the coastal

streams early because the water is low and high in temperature, but they do not stay away permanently. As soon as the rains and cooler weather flush these streams with high and cold water they come back in just as great or greater numbers and even the most prejudiced will admit that the fishing, during the later months in the year, is better in coastal streams than even in April.

Anyway, fishing of some kind or other is in open season here every day in the year; we are not limited to only one or two phases of the sport, or to only two or three species of fish, as elsewhere. Here one can lawfully catch some variety of splendid game or food fish every day from January 1 to December 31 inclusive. So after all it is no outrageous hardship to be denied one month's trout fishing in one's back yard.

There is such a thing as sensible moderation even in fishing, and the genuine sportsman always gives his quarry a fair show. In April the trout are all heavy with spawn, and most civilized people eschew the eating of the flesh of any gravid animal. Remembering the story of the man who killed the goose which laid the golden eggs for him, we should not forget that a dead trout never spawns. Better give them a chance to propagate; the sport will be perpetuated thereby. Besides, they'll be bigger later on and more numerous than if the supply were decreased by April fishing.

CHEER UP

IF THERE ever was a time when Californians needed a stiff backbone, it is now. In common with every other state in the Union, we are now passing through a season of depression unequalled before in history—unequalled in its paradoxical local conditions particularly. Our banks are full of money, for which there is an unparalleled demand at very enticing rates of interest and on gilt-edged security, yet it is not being loaned. There are enormous hoards of money in our safety vaults, placed there by private citizens, which had far better be in circulation at a profit to all. The populace seems to have full pockets; the theatres and other places of amusement are crowded to the suffocation point. There are absolutely no cases of suffering or destitution reported to the authorities, and crime—always the thermometer of the sick body politic—is less now than in want to be on deck when it comes in.

the years of our greatest financial prosperity. The people seem to have plenty to eat, drink, wear, laugh and have fun with, yet real estate dealings are virtually at a stand-still and stocks of all kinds are slumping daily. On all hands stand half-finished improvements and the whole United States is full of idle men, normally good wage-earners, men of recognized and conceded ability, industry and ambition.

The strange part of it all is that prices are rigidly sustained. There has been no real reduction in prices in any commodity whatsoever, no especial inducements offered to purchasers. It is true that there has been a slight lowering of rents, owing to the abnormal amount of new buildings erected, and there has been a material drop in the price of lumber. But at that, rents are higher than before our great calamity and lumber has not fallen below its normal value of ante-fire times. Sportsmen's requirements are as high-priced as they ever were in this market. Food, clothing and fuel are even costlier than before the disaster—and yet no one seems to be suffering anything except irritation from over-exposed nerves and an exasperating timidity, from a baseless apprehension of something—they know not what!

The truth of the matter is that we are merely experiencing a natural reaction from our old-time extravagances and have grown absurdly over-conservative. That's the way with the impulsive Californian—for that matter with the average American the world over. He is always at the extreme height or depth. In the older days we made money like Winter makes ice—and we spent it like water. We were constantly toeing the danger line, and the big disaster opening our eyes we got scared good and plenty. That is all there is to it. Over-reckless in the first insolence of our prosperity, we are now over-cautious in the reactive humility of adversity. Scared with retrospection we haven't yet recovered our nerve; the tide of confidence in ourselves has ebbed out and we are high and dry on the sands. But just as sure as the earth and moon revolve in their orbits, just so sure will the tide turn and we be again safely afloat on deep, smooth water.

Brace up and stiffen your vertebra! Let go that feverish grip on the purse string and get busy in the good old "I'm-going-to-win-out" fashion. The tide is ready to turn and you

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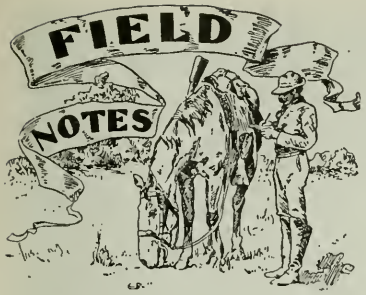
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco Fly Casting Club—F. W. Brotherton, Sec., 29 Wells-Fargo Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.
Santa Rosa—Miles Peerman, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.
Selma—I. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.
Sierra—Dr. S. H. Crow, Sec., Sierraville, Cal.
Sierra Co. F. and G. Association—F. B. Sparks, Sec., Loyalton, Cal.
Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.
Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.
Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.
Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.
Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.
Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.
Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Three Rivers, Cal.
Truckee River F. and G. Ass'n—A. F. Schlumpf, Truckee, Cal.
Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.
Vallejo—J. V. O'Hara, Sec., Vallejo, Cal.
Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.
Visalia—Thomas A. Chaten, Sec., Visalia, Cal.
Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.
Willits—Chester Ware, Sec., Willits, Cal.
Woodland—W. F. Hustoo, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
West Berkeley—Charles Hadlan, Sec., West Berkeley, Cal.
Yreka—F. E. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.



SAN FRANCISCO FLY CASTING CLUB'S CONTEST

FOURTH CONTEST, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent.	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent.	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
E. A. Mocker....	100	98.7	96.10	98.	97.20	97.6
T. C. Kiefulff...	98	97.11	97.1	96.	96.32	96.5
A. Sperry.....	94	97.5	96.	94.10	95.20	96.2
J. B. Kenniff.....	113	98.9	97.4	98.	97.38	96.9
C. G. Young.....	94	98.5	98.11	98.	98.22	97.
F. H. Reed.....	86	97.2	97.14	98 5	98.38	

Judges. A. Sperry, T. C. Kierulff, E. A. Mocker: clerk, E. O. Ritter.

FOURTH CONTEST, SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent.	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent.
			Acc. Per Cent.	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
C. G. Young.....	87	97.8	98.11	97.5	98.2	97.6
F. M. Haight....		97.	98.	95.10	96.50	
G. H. Foulks....	99	97.8	97.3	94.5	95.46	63.9
T. C. Kierulff....	100	99.	98.3	100.	99.6	92.4
H. B. Sperry....	107	97.10	96.14	95.5	96.8	98.5
J. B. Kenniff.....	118	98.8	98.14	99.5	99.8	97.7
E. A. Mocker....		96.9	98.6	98.10	98.32	96.2
C. H. Kewell		98.5	95.2	96.10	95.54	92.6
Dr. W. E. Brooks		98.3	98.7	98.	98.14	
A. Sperry.....	100	97.3	98.11	97.5	98.2	95.
F. V. Bell.....		96.12				
Wm. McGowan..		98.4	96.13	94.10	95.46	98.1

Judges: H. B. Sperry, F. V. Bell, E. A. Mocker: clerk, E. O. Ritter.

NOTE.—Mr. William McGowan of the Kalamazoo Fly Casting Club was a guest of the Club.

FIFTH CONTEST, SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
C. G. Young.....	90	98.9	98.12	99.5	99.4	90.8
F. M. Haight....		97.6	97.9	99.5	98.28	
Austin Sperry...	96	97.1	96.14	94.10	95.48	95.3
H. H. Kirk.....		97.9	97.1	97.10	97.22	
H. B. Sperry.....	105	98.9	98.4	98.10	98.28	95.3
Dr. W. E. Brooks	98	98.11	98.7	99.5	98.54	95.1
T. C. Kierulff....	100	98.10	99.1	100.	99.32	98.2
Dr. F. L. Platt..		95.3	96.3	95.	95.36	
F. H. Reed.....	98	98.2	98.2	97.10	97.54	
E. A. Mocker....	108	96.14	97.10	100.	98.50	91.2
C. H. Kewell....		97.	94.8	98.	96.16	83.4
G. H. Foulks....	90	98.10	97.9	95.	96.18	75.
Re-entry—						
F. H. Reed.....	90	98.5	98.3	99.5	98.46	
Dr. F. L. Platt..		98.7				
E. A. Mocker....	100					

Judges: H. B. Sperry, Dr. Brooks, T. G. Kierulff: clerk, E. O. Ritter.

FIFTH CONTEST, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908

Name of Contestant	Event No. 1 Distance Feet	Event No. 2 Accuracy Per Cent	Event No. 3 Delicacy			Event No. 4 Lure Casting Per Cent
			Acc. Per Cent	Del. Per Cent	Net Per Cent	
T. C. Kierulff...	103	98.9	98.3	98.10	98.26	97.8
E. A. Mocker....	106	97.3	98.6	98.10	98.32	96.
F. A. Webster...	90	98.12	98.1	97.	97.32	94.7
C. G. Young.....	91	98.12	98.7	97.10	98.4	96.9
L. G. Burpee....	92	97.13	98.4	92.	95.8	
F. H. Reed.....		98.3	98.14	97.5	98.8	69.4
A. Syerry.....	96					
Re-entry						
L. G. Burpee....	90	98.4	97.11	96.	96.52	
F. A. Webster...		98.7				
A. Sperry.....	98					

Judges: T. C. Kierulff, E. A. Mocker, C. G. Young: clerk, E. O. Ritter.

* * *

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT BREEDING IN CAPTIVITY

ON MAY 20th the first Rocky Mountain Goat ever bred in captivity was born in the New York Zoological Park. Its parents were brought from British Columbia by Director Hornaday in November, 1905, with three other specimens All five were born in May, 1905, and were captured in the mountains north of Fort Steele.

Since the arrival of the little herd in New York, all of itse members have been maintained in excellent health. They are fed upon very clean crushed oats (in the hull), sliced carrots and potatoes,, an occasional apple and all the clover they can eat. There are three adult males and two females, and they have been given three large corrals and a rustic barn in the southwestern corner of the Park. For amusement and exercise they climb all over the roof of the barn, and spend much time aloft.

Although very level-headed and calm in times of real danger, the Mountain Goat is shy of being handled and petted, and with nervous impatience flings itself away from an outstretched hand. One member of the herd will permit its keeper to

Mountain Goat Born in Captivity at New York "Zoo"

touch it. Although they are not quarrelsome toward each other, they were so free in prodding each other with their skewer-like horns it was necessary to saw off an inch from each horn-tip.

Quite a number of goats have come into captivity, but very few have survived longer than a few months. The climatic conditions of the Atlantic Coast region have carried off eight other goats of our acquaintance in two years or less, and until now it has been doubted whether it were possible to acclimatize the species on the Atlantic Coast, and maintain it in health and vigor up to the breeding point. For this reason, the news of the birth in the New York herd will be hailed with delight by all sportsmen and nature-lovers.

The period of gestation was from November 25, 1907, to May 20, 1908, or four days less than six months. The kid now in the public eye was born at 3 A. M. At 3:10 it arose to its feet; by 3:30 it was *jumping* about the stall, and climbing upon its mother's back, as she lay upon the straw. It nursed for the first time at 3:20. Two days after birth it was 13½ inches high at the shoulders, and weighed 7¼ pounds. Of course its pelage is pure white, and like nearly all young hoofed animals its eyes now are practically black. It is very strong and capable, and seems to take a very hopeful view of life. In sex it is a male, and it has been christened "Philip,"—for reasons that every goat-hunter will understand.

When it sucks, it stands directly under its mother's body, and makes a continuous whining noise, like a young puppy. Frequently it butts the udder, and the mother often patiently lifts a hind leg into the air, to give her offspring the best possible opportunity. The mother is a model of what wild-animal mothers should be—a good milker, affectionate, solicitious for her offspring, but quiet and sensible toward the keepers.

The Zoological Park goat herd is in charge of Keeper Bernard McEnroe, who has managed it with great skill and success. He never permits any of the goats to get thoroughly rain-soaked, but shuts up the herd whenever it begins to rain. In New York it was quickly found that *Oreamnos* can not endure rain. The pelage soaks up water like a sponge, holds it for hours, and the animals have not sufficient vitality to endure it.

W. T. HORNADAY.

* * *

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CALIFORNIA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

THE next annual meeting of the Game Protective Association will be held at Santa Cruz on August 13, 14, 15 and 16.

The present being a legislative year it has been deemed advisable to hold the meeting earlier than heretofore. There is much legislation necessary in connection with the hunters' license law and other game and fish matters that demand the attention of the Association, for upon its initiative and action has always and does yet depend the enactment of comprehensive laws for the protection of our fish and game.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT

By Harry H. Dunn.

SOUTH COAST FISHING

WHERE THEY BITE BEST IN THE SOUTH.

Balboa—Yellowfin, corbina, croaker, surf perch.
Newport—Sea trout, halibut, yellowfin, mackerel, corbina.
Huntington Beach—Kingfish, surf perch, yellowfin, corbina.
Bay City—Turbot, bass, surf perch, yellowfin, corbina.
Sunset Beach—Corbina, yellowfin, surf perch.
Naples—Halibut, surf perch, corbina, yellowfin, small sharks.
Long Beach—Sea trout, mackerel, bass, herring, halibut.
Redondo—Yellowtail, herring, albicore, bass, smelt, mackerel, halibut, occasional yellowfin, and corbina.
Hermosa—Yellowfin, sea trout, corbina, surf perch.
Manhattan—Corbina, surf perch, kingfish, yellowfin.
Playa del Rey—Pompano, kingfish, yellowfin, corbina, surf perch, mackerel, herring, sea trout, halibut.
Venice—Halibut, smelt, kingfish, herring, corbina.
Ocean Park—Smelt, kingfish, corbina, occasional yellowfin.
Santa Monica—Mackerel, herring, pompano, yellowfin, corbina.
Port Los Angeles—Bass, yellowtail, albicore, pompano, herring, mackerel, halibut.

THE biggest event of recent weeks on the Southern California fisherman's calender was the banquet and casting tournament at Redondo, May 24. In point of sacks filled with fish, it was not so great a success. In fact there is a dispute on as to whether the net bag was two or three finny denizens of the deep. But in point of acquaintances made among the anglers of the Southern California Rod and Reel Club and good fellowship furthered, the affair was an unqualified success.

After the barbecue, which, owing to the efforts of E. C. Thomas, manager of the Redondo, was as good as cooks could make it, the casting tournament was taken up. The first event was single-handed casting with a 2½ ounce sinker. Results were as follows:

Sherman Baker—158, 122, 181, 185, 0; average, 129 1-5 feet.

E. Elliott—0, 0, 0, 132, 123; average, 51¾.

E E Salyer—193, 0, 0, 193, 198; average 119¾.

Roy Sahver—0, 150½, 0, 206, 202; average, 111⅜.

S. Warren—0, 179, 105, 0, 0; average, 56¾.

W. H. Stearns—0, 0, 138, 100, 0; average, 24¾.

W. F. Webber—141, 0, 0, 97, 109; average, 59 1-5.

E. Hedderly—0, 0, 165, 188, 192; average, 108¾.

Second casts were made with the following average results: E. E. Salyer, 127; E. Hedderly, 85 1-5; S. Baker, 127; S. Warren, 21 2-5.

A large crowd was present, many wives of the members appearing for the first time at a meeting of the club, and all in all adding much to the enthusiasm which all clubs need to maintain a high standard of excellence in their respective fields.

* * *

After the tournament the biggest event was the simultaneous hooking of two gold-button yellowtail off San Clemente Island, one day early in June. Both fish were landed, and one proved to be a record breaker, tipping the beam at 48½ pounds, the biggest yellowtail

ever taken on light tackle in these waters. The other fish weighed 43 pounds.

The fish were taken by A. L. Beebe of Portland, Ore., and William Hunt, Jr., of Avalon. The party left Catalina island at one o'clock a. m., in the launch Jonathan, Captain William Matthews. They made for the famous fishing banks off the northern end of San Clemente Island, and had barely put their lines over when the strikes were felt, both occurring at practically the same instant.

For twenty-eight minutes Mr. Beebe fought the 48 pound fish, testing his nine-ounce rod and nine-thread line at every point from which strain could be expected to come in a battle with a fish. Hunt's fish, the lighter of the two, fought longer and even harder than did the record-breaker, and he was some ten minutes later than Mr. Beebe in bringing his to gaff.

Admiral Uriel Sebree, commanding the Pacific squadron, was in Avalon when the fish were brought in, and declared they were the largest of their kind he had ever seen in any of his cruises. He took the following measurements before the fish were given over to the taxidermist:

The larger was 56 inches long and 26 inches in circumference at the thickest part. The smaller was 54 inches long and 25½ inches in girth.

The rods were weighed officially by E. H. Brewster of the Catalina Light Tackle Club and found to be within the nine-ounce limit. This entitles both the lucky fishermen to gold buttons from the club. Mr. Beebe with his forty-eight pounder, has set a record which will keep local light tackle men busy for some time to equal, let alone beat.

Besides the 48½ pound gold-button fish, Mr. Beebe landed 213 pounds of long-finned tuna, yellowtail and white sea bass. This catch was made in three hours and forty-five minutes, actual fishing time.

* * *

Other records have gone flitting, so far as size of fish is concerned, since the last issue of "Western Field." Leigh Garnsey, fishing at Redondo, with light tackle, took a 19 pound striped bass, after a fight variously reported at from twenty to forty-five minutes. Mr. Garnsey himself says he does not know how long a tussle the fish gave him, as he was too busy to take time from anything less than a town clock.

This beautiful fish was thirty-three inches long and was caught in the surf on rough, pebbly beach. It was in fine shape, with no abrasions on the skin and is one of the most perfect specimens of its kind ever seen on the South Coast.

It was taken May 22, on light tackle, single gut leader and snell and No. 5 hook. These fish appear to be coming more and more plentiful here, and there can be no doubt that the planting done by the fish commission, in the instance of this fish at least, has been an unqualified success.

* * *

Yellowfin and surf fish have been running strong, generally speaking, for several weeks up and down the coast. At the more Southern beaches, Newport, Balboa, Huntington Beach, etc., good bags have been taken on at least one day of each week by persistent fishermen who knew, or, claimed they knew, just where the good "holes" were. This matter of catching surf fish, however, is a good deal like the finding of gold; they are where you find them, and that is all there is to it.

Food conditions, warmth of water, and all such considerations influence these inshore feeders, but I have fished all day on a strip of shallow sandy beach, where soft-shelled sand crabs were plentiful, and never had a strike, when, by all the theories evolved by fishermen, there should have been hordes of surf fish and yellowfin feeding all through the frothy water.

These striped bass, however, and it was with them that all this argument started, are more varied feeders than are either the surf fish or the yellowfin, and, as a result, are given to a wider range of sea beach. I remember fishing for surf fish once last year, and, having my bait stolen by nippers all afternoon, I put on the lightest of mackerel hooks and small pieces of clam.

I caught a few nippers and then had a strike like that of a yellowtail. Whatever this fish was, and I think it must have been a big striped bass, I engaged in a duel with him for fully ten minutes before he made up his mind to move on down the coast. When he got fairly started he paid about as much attention to my hooks and leader as a good fat hog would pay to a rattlesnake in a Missouri corn patch. I lost three hooks, some of them must have been snagged in the big fellow's side, and about two feet of leader, without ever so much as seeing him. This much for the

strength and the fighting capacity of the striped bass, and I am fain to think that Mr. Garnsey, with his light tackle, did a mighty fine job of angling when he landed his nineteen pounder.

* * *

Herman Heinchen, a charter member of the Rod and Reel Club, had excellent sport with the white sea bass one Sunday early in June. With six flying fish as his only and entire stock of bait, and with as many strikes in the course of an afternoon, he took two white sea bass, weighing respectively, 27 and 26 pounds, and two yellowtail, one of twenty-eight and another of fourteen pounds. This is pretty good fishing, according to the piscatorial standards on which the writer of this sketch was brought up.

* * *

Spotfin croakers are becoming scarce after a fairly good spring run in most of the bays up and down the coast. In San Pedro harbor they are being replaced to some extent by the smaller China croaker, which is also a good table fish, but does not furnish anything like the sport to be had with the spotfins.

* * *

Mackerel have been "in-and-outers" during the month, the water having been hardly warm enough for them. A few of the larger sizes have been taken, however, and the sport at Redondo promises to be as good for those who like a "mixed bag" as it has been in the palmy days of yore, about which all old fishermen love to l—, er, talk.

* * *

O. R. W. Robinson, A. P. Pike, C. H. Williams, J. H. Quinton, Joe Welsh and F. T. Croxon, in their launch El Pescador, left San Pedro for Catalina Island May 30, returning to San Pedro, June 10. The interim was spent in fishing, from Seal Rocks to the Isthmus and that the party had great sport is evidenced by the following list kept by Statistician Pike: Fourteen albicore, largest 40 pounds, caught by Pike; 15 white sea bass, largest 33 pounds, caught by Robinson. This fish has been registered in the tournament of the Southern California Rod and Reel Club. Nineteen yellowtail, largest 29 pounds, caught by Williams; 15 barracuda and 243 rock bass.

Great schools of white sea bass were seen, but for the most part they would not bite. "It is a liberal education in the art of fishing to catch a white sea bass," said Mr. Robinson. "I missed the first one, thinking I had on a rock bass, it struck so lightly and came in so easily at first. I didn't even have my click on. When the fish got within fifty feet of the boat it came to life with a lunge that pinched the line and broke it. Thereafter the Robinson eyes were constantly on the job."

On the way over an eighty-foot whale crossed the bow of El Pescador, leaving the wake like that of a battleship.

Ellsworth Salyer, Sherman Baker, Eugene Elliott, Smith Warren and Warde Heller formed a quintette from the Rod and Reel Club to go to Ocean Side for a day's fishing. Big croaker and large corbina, of an average size never reached in the seined-out waters farther north, were caught, four and five-pounders being an average size, with scattering smaller fish. Baker caught the biggest fish, but everybody was well satisfied. It is a very hard trip to make for one day's fishing, but the seasoned enthusiasts thought it worth while.

* * *

With the opening of the trout season and the coming of the yellowtail and yellowfin to the deep waters and the surf of the sea, Southern California fishermen have had about all they could attend to during May. Trout fishing in the southwest is not what it is in the northwest, north and east, and the man who loves to draw his tiny fly across the alderlined pool in Michigan or Wisconsin or Minnesota, is pained and grieved to behold the apathy with which the average Southern Californian looks on the pursuit of a half-pound fish with an all day's tramp in waders or old shoes as a side issue.

And it is not until this same Easterner floats out into the Santa Barbara Channel some golden afternoon, and does battle with a twenty-five pound yellowtail on a nine-thread line, that he finds how much of his life he has wasted in wading creeks.

But there are trout fishermen on the South Coast; likewise there are trout, witness the photo of a five and one-half pound beauty, 22 inches long, taken from Little Bear Valley Lake by Alex Aikman of Los Angeles.. The fish kept the angler so busy that he did not have time to note the number of minutes or hours he was engaged in fighting the monster trout.

Aikman caught the limit in the two days he was at the lake, fishing with a steel rod, a number three hook, and *angleworms* for bait. Besides the one big one shown herewith

he took four others, which, with this fish, totaled seventeen and one-half pounds—a pretty fair mess of trout for only five. Of course he caught the limit, in the lake and the stream below, but the big ones taken in the lake were far and away ahead of any taken from the creek.

This is the record catch for the Southern California country this season, and is in no danger of being broken, if performances of past years are any criterion.

* * *

Another record went glimmering on the South Coast this month. James Allen, fishing at Ocean Park, May 12, landed an eight and three-quarters pound surf fish, the largest of which I have knowledge as having been taken in these waters. Even in the good old days when we fished off Ballona and what is now Balboa with hand lines, a five pound surf fish or yellowfin was considered a big fellow, and these fish then ran, on the average, fully a third larger than they do nowadays.

The fish was thirty-four inches long and shaped more in the fat bulk of a yellowfin than on the slender lines of the usual form of surf fish. The color, both of the fins and tail, and of the iridescent sides, was proof of the fish's identity, without recourse to the black snout, which is a characteristic of all surf fish.

Allen had the fight of his life for ten minutes and when he finally did get the big fellow up on the Horseshoe Pier he was much congratulated. He was using very light tackle, fishing for the run of small fish, mackerel, smelt, perch, etc., when the surf fish took the sand crab he was using for bait and swallowed it. So Allen unwittingly broke the surf fish record, and now all the surf-loving fishermen are betaking themselves to the beach front from Ocean Park to Playa del Rey, in search of the running mate of the big fellow.

* * *

The possibilities of the new six ounce rod and six thread line, recently made the basis for the formation of a new club at Avalon, have been amply demonstrated during the past month. Five members have qualified for membership at this writing—about the middle of May—by taking yellowtail of requisite weight with the light tackle. The club is for yellowtail only and the following anglers have "made good," for membership in an organization which promises to be rather exclusive as well as a life saver for the fish:

No. 1—Dr. Van Bergin, Buffalo, N. Y., 19 pounds; time, 14 minutes.

No. 2—A. A. Carraher, 19½ pounds; time, 30 minutes.

No. 3—Thomas McD. Potter, 18½ pounds; time, 11 minutes.

No. 4—E. L. Hedderly, 18 pounds; time, 26 minutes.

No. 5—A. C. Brode (apprentice weight), 16½ pounds; time, 30 minutes.

All those who have caught yellowtail on the three-six tackle are enthusiastic over the sport afforded, and even nine-ounce tackle will be at a discount with the thirty-third degree fishermen in the future.

Mr. Potter caught his qualifying fish close in near Sugar Loaf. He afterward caught another of 21¼ pounds near Seal Rocks, landing it after a pretty struggle lasting forty minutes. A third and smaller fish went around a bunch of kelp and the strength of the six-thread line is shown by the fact that it cut through the kelp at a depth of sixty feet, the seaweed floating to the surface along with the drowned fish.

It is pleasing to note, and speaks well for the fisherman who flocks to Catalina every year to follow the gamy yellowtail, that each of these five anglers caught his first fish, not one of them losing a strike on the light tackle. Potter and E. L. Hedderly have caught at least 700 pounds of fish on their lines, and the fine threads are not out of condition even now.

The object of this light tackle club has been amply proved: More fish escape and greater skill is required of the man at the end of the rod than in any other class of fishing. In this manner the slaughter is lessened, and at the same time the sport increased, while the degree of skill required is such that there is no danger of the general run of telegraph-pole-cable-shark-hook anglers getting in on the game.

* * *

A black sea bass weighing between two and three hundred pounds was taken on light tackle at Avalon the second week in May. This is interesting only from the fact that this was the only one of the bass struck during several hours fishing, and that he put up a good, brisk fight, more like his cousin, the white sea bass, than like the slow sluggish hog of the sea the jewfish is known to be.

Cold winds from May 10 to 16, and a rough, choppy sea for the greater part of this time, made outside fishing anything but pleasant

and drove the big fish into deeper water, whence they could not be lured by the best of deep sea baits.

The smaller fish which had begun to run somewhat plentifully inshore, also seemed to feel the effect of the rough and cold water, and joined in the general exodus to the deep banks in the channel or even further out on the western coast of the Channel Islands.

* * *

Several peculiar fish have been taken off this coast in recent months. A beautiful moonfish, weighing more than 100 pounds, put up a hard forty-five minute fight off San Clemente island a week or two ago and was brought into Long Beach. This is one of the rarest fishes known to these waters, and was seen by many as it lay in state at the beach city. Not more than a couple of months ago a ribbon fish, flat and narrow and some four inches broad and more than eight feet long, was taken between the mainland and one of the islands. This is the creature, doubtless, which gives rise to so many sea-serpent yarns. In the warm parts of the Indian ocean it attains a length of close to thirty feet and has a habit of swimming along the surface of the ocean, with just its maned, toothed, and hideous looking head raised above the water. To the terrified imagination of those who have seen it, large specimens of this fish doubtless have seemed to combine all the attributes usually given to sea serpents.

The Tuna Club of Santa Catalina has issued the announcement of its tenth annual angling tournament, from May 1 to October 1, inclusive. The weighing committee this year will consist of T. S. Manning, chairman; T. McD. Potter, L. P. Streeter, E. H. Brewster and Gilmore Sharp.

For tuna there will be five cups, one medal and two prizes, as follows: Montgomery cup, presented by Montgomery Bros.; Tuna Club cup, presented by the Banning Company; Burns' tuna cup, presented by Colonel Dan M. Burns; Potter cup, presented by Thomas McD. Potter; Tuna Club gold medal, presented by the Tuna Club; Morehouse tuna cup, presented by Colonel C. P. Morehouse; Vom Hofe prize, rod and reel, presented by E. vom Hofe, New York City; Pflueger prize, reel, presented by J. E. Pflueger.

For largest swordfish of season, silver loving cup, presented by Professor Charles F. Holder.

For exceeding the club black sea bass record, silver loving cup, presented by the Tufts-Lyon Company.

For the largest black sea bass of season, gold medal, presented by Rider & Macomber, Pasadena.

For largest yellowtail of season, silver loving cup, presented by the late John F. Francis.

For largest yellowtail of season, silver loving cup, presented by Arthur J. Eddy, Chicago.

For largest yellowtail caught by lady, silver loving cup, presented by S. Nordlinger & Son.

For exceeding club white sea bass record, gold medal, presented by C. H. Harding, Philadelphia.

For largest albicore of season, weighing over forty pounds, silver medal, presented by L. P. Streeter, Pasadena.

For largest bonita of season, silver loving cup, presented by F. L. Harding, Philadelphia.

The Three-Six Club tournament will be held under the auspices of the Tuna Club. Thomas McD. Porter, the founder, will present the club with a cup on which the names of the anglers catching the three largest fish of the season will be engraved each season. Roy F. B. Shaver will present a Three-Six split bamboo rod to the angler catching the largest yellowtail of the season. Fish, yellowtail; three degrees, 18, 24 and 30 pounds; rods, six feet; weight, six ounces; six thread line.

The tuna tackle specifications are as follows:

Blue Button Class—Rod to be of wood, consisting of a butt and tip, and to be not shorter than 6 feet 9 inches over all. Tip not less than 5 feet in length, and to weigh not more than 16 ounces. Line not to exceed standard 24 thread.

Red Button Class—Rod to be of wood, consisting of a butt and tip, and to be not shorter than 6 feet over all. Butt to be not over 14 inches in length. Tip not less than 5 feet in length, and to weigh not more than 6 ounces. Line not to exceed standard 9 thread.

The Potter tuna cup, the John F. Francis medal, the Eddy yellowtail cup, the Nordlinger ladies' cup, the Streeter albicore medal and the Harding bonita cup will be competed for under tackle specification of the red button class.

The largest leaping tuna was caught by Colonel Morehouse in 1900; weight, 251 pounds.

The largest yellowfin tuna, sixty pounds, by A. J. Eddy, in 1906.

The largest black sea bass, 436 pounds, by L. G. Murphy, Converse, Ind., in 1905.

The largest yellowtail, forty-eight pounds, by R. F. Stocking, Los Angeles, in 1900.

The largest white sea bass, sixty pounds, by C. H. Harding, Philadelphia, in 1904.

The largest swordfish, 125 pounds, by Edward Llewellyn, Los Angeles, in 1903.

The largest albicore, 41¾ pounds, by A. B. Cass, Los Angeles, in 1907.

The albicore and the yellowfin tuna were caught under red button specifications.

* * *

Inshore fishing this year is attracting more devotees than ever, and the rattle of tackle boxes and rods has become a distinct hum throughout Los Angeles county, particularly on Sunday mornings. A number of small devices, adding materially to the inshore fisherman's comfort, have been put out by local amateurs this season, and some of these will receive due attention in these columns in time to be of aid to the anglers summer and early fall, when the surf and bay fishing on the South Coast is at its height.

THE ART OF SHOOTING

By an Old Devotee.

PART V.—THE SHOT GUN.

(Continued.)

THE old saying that "we know a workman by his tools" is particularly appropriate when applied to sportsmen. A shot gun, for example, is more or less a weapon of precision, and this quality depends largely, if not altogether, upon its condition. The care a fellow expends upon his gun is a good yard-stick wherewith to measure his sportsmanship. If he keeps it clean, well oiled and in perfect repair you can safely assume that his actions afield are along well ordered lines. If he keeps it dirty inside and out you can depend upon it he is a sloven and slouch afield. If the triggers are gummed up, "creepy" and unresponsive, it is a ten to one shot that he is either a "ground sluicer" or that he "slobbers" down the birds shot awing.

A perfect shot gun is a marvel of delicacy and sensitiveness in its response to the demand of its user. It must act smoothly and instantaneously in harmonious accord with the brain and muscles of the shooter. The operation of estimating distance, speed and the proper lead, aiming, pressing the trigger and the final discharge of the gun should be one continuous and progressive phenomena, without a hitch, balk, stoppage or interruption, and this can only be attained by a gun in perfect condition.

Therefore see to it that your sears have no useless play, back lash, "lead" or "creep"; the triggers should feel hard when pressed—stand rigidly engaged in other words—and the pull, while hard enough to insure one against "jarring 'em off" should not be excessive. They should pull only hard enough to insure one's exerting a firm pressure against the trigger so as to obviate any possibility of jerking when loosing off.

See that the safety clutch slides smoothly and works without any hitch. Keep the mechanism—ejectors, springs, hammers, firing pins, sears, tumblers and triggers not only well oiled but *well cleaned*. Excessive oiling is not cleaning; see that there is no excess of oil left on them to gum up and catch dirt. A clean, dry lock is better than an uncleaned oil-saturated one.

The inside of the barrels must, of course, be kept scrupulously clean and well protected from rust or corrosion when not in use. It needs no argument to show that a *perfectly clean* barrel is always the same—a constant factor that is absolutely essential to regularity and uniformity of execution. A perfectly cleaned barrel, well oiled and stoppered at both ends with oiled tight-fitting corks—or, better still, protected for their whole length by "Marble" barrel-ropes of "3 in 1" saturated cotton—will never pit or corrode; neither will they "lead up," like an oxidized barrel will, with a half dozen soft shot discharges.

We have known of old-time fogies who always made it a rule to "well clean" (!) a barrel first with hot water, then fire a shot out of it "in order to keep it from rusting," and set it away. As rusting, corroding and pitting are concededly attributable to the action of burned powder gases, chemical residuums, etc., acting on the polished steel surfaces, aided, abetted and intensified by the oxygen and nitrogen of atmospheric air, their theory borders on the ludicrous. It is enough to say that among this class of mossbacks I have never seen one single perfect conditioned weapon, either outside or in.

The secret of a perfect conditioned barrel may be told in one word—elbow grease! Don't be content with a lick and a promise; it takes time, patience, work and some brains to keep a barrel right.

In the first place always clean your gun as soon as possible after using. *Never leave it dirty over night*, and particularly so if shooting over salt marshes. The first thing to do

is to get something soft and yielding—a rolled up gunny sack is good—on which to rest the thin muzzles when cleaning, so as to avoid denting and disfiguring them. A dented or distorted muzzle will completely spoil both pattern and penetration of the shot, and muzzles are more easily damaged than one would suppose. I have seen the barrels of an $800 masterpiece ruined by simply resting them on a soft pine floor when cleaning.

With the muzzles protected as above, run through the barrels a brass wire-gauge cleaner —"Tomlinson" or some similar flat-surfaced kind—about which you have first wrapped a well oiled bit of stout *cotton* cloth. See that every part of the barrel is touched by the cloth, revolving the cleaner head in order to accomplish this. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred of properly kept barrels it will be only necessary to change the oiled rag a couple of times, then follow with a dry rag, afterwards oiling the surface with a well saturated tight-fitting swab, to insure a perfectly clean job. Don't use the brass gauze directly against the steel unless it be necessary to remove a little lead or some other residuum which does not yield to the rag. Leading always occurs at the end of the shell chambers and muzzle chokes only. In event of leading use the gauze cleaner with care, revolving it spirally over the leaded portions only; keep it away from the rest of the barrel. I have seen guns ruined by a deposit of brass, which furious scrubbing will always deposit on polished steel surfaces, and which turns into verdigris and corrodes a barrel more effectively than salt would do. Never use water, hot or cold, on a barrel in which nitro powder is fired. Water will "set" and not dissolve the residuums. Acetone is the proper agent if some fluid *must* be applied; follow it up with zealous dry and oiled cloth scrubbing.

Never use a steel or iron wire scratch brush in any barrel and *never,* above all things, use emery in any form. As to oils, I have found nothing better than the G. W. Cole Co's "3 IN 1," either for rust protection or general lubrication.

If shooting continuously in salt-charged atmospheres use a mixture of one part "3 in 1" to two parts of soft mercurial ointment, with which anoint the gun when cleaned, carefully wiping off all excess. Don't saturate the wood stocks with oil of any kind. If you want a fine hard waterproof finish on the wood take a few drops of boiled and raw linseed oil mixed, roll up a bit of flannel and drop the mixture thereon, rubbing the wood vigorously with the pad so formed until no more adhesiveness is felt and the cloth glides slick and dry over the wood. In this connection I would advise the use always of oil finished, not varnished stocks. They glisten less, don't scratch as easily and are more easily kept in condition. Besides, they grow richly colored in time and are in a hundred ways more desirable.

In this climate the ordinary cotton flannel-lined gun cases "draw the damp" (attract and precipitate moisture) very disagreeably. Better get woolen lined cases and go to the additional expense of extra chamois covers for barrels and stocks. After a while these covers get nicely greased and they go a long way towards preserving the gun.

Inspect your gun frequently to see that it is not pitting or rusting. See that all screws are firmly in place, that plungers work smooth and quick, and that no dirt has lodged in the interstices of lock or action. Oil the hinge joint, the extension rib and locking bolts, the top lever and the indicators if your gun has them. See that the gun opens easily and closes tightly without any undue snap. A good gun should work as softly as your best girl speaks when the light is turned down and the old folk have gone to bed. Close your gun gently, not with a grand-stand rattle and bang; it will last longer.

Lastly, carry a square of clean, dry cotton flannel in your case, with which to wipe off the gun inside and out before using. Don't shoot a gun all dubbed up with grease; it don't aid either its shooting or its handling.

And very lastly—don't lend your gun. If you're an old shooter you'll know why; if not, I would advise your buying a cheap gun for the express purpose of lending. It will save you money and preserve the equanimity of mind and speech which should characterize all lovers of the smooth tubes.

NORTHWEST DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY AUGUST WOLF

CONRAD ROBERTSON, student of Blackstone and Nature, piscatorialist and first lieutenant on the staff of Judge M. J. Gordon, president of the Ananias Unprotected Association of Spokane, was the chief speaker at a recent outdoor session of the organization, when he let loose a few reminiscences to break the monotony of the campfire. Here are several of the "good things" he uncorked:

"If you will take the time to investigate, you will find that the full-stomached trout in your catch will outnumber the empty-stomached ones 10 to 1. This would seem to indicate that it is the trout which has already dined well that is eager for more, while the one which has not dined at all regards it with indifference. This proves my theory that the satiated trout bites and the hungry one doesn't—an anomalous and paradoxical proposition.

"And this odd circumstance is not confined to brook trout. I have observed it in other fish in Eastern streams. Pickerel not only swollen with food, but having the tails of fish they have since caught protruding from their mouths because there is as yet no room for the newly taken victims in the capacious maw, will yet voraciously seize the tempting live bait of the fisherman, as any angler who has fished much for pickerel has doubtless had frequent proof.

"Out of a catch of 95 pickerel I saw taken through the ice one day last winter, only two were what one might call hungry. One of these had but one fish in its stomach, a small yellow perch, and the other had only two.

"The stomach of every other pickerel of the catch had perch and sunfish enough in it to make a satisfactory meal for a small family. One of these pickerel, weighing four pounds, besides having in its stomach three smaller ones and two big sunfish, had captured a bullhead almost six inches in length.

"Several years ago I was engaged in work that took me twice a day along a mountain road in a trout brook region, once in the morning, going, and once in the afternoon, returning.. There was a small bridge on the road over a spring run that came out of the thick alders on the upper side of the road and lost itself in a dense growth on the other side.

"Stopping my horse at this bridge one May morning, I parted the alders that hid the run below the bridge, and saw that a pool of some depth lay in the stream, small and dark. It suggested a trout haunt.

"I happened to have sticking in the band of my hat a trout hook tied on a foot or so of gut. I fastened the gut to the end of my buggy whip, dug a fish worm out of the soft earth at the edge of the road, impaled it on the hook, and stealthily parting the bushes, gently angled for the trout I knew must be lying in that hidden pool.

"The wriggling worm had scarcely touched the surface when there was a flash in the pool and a swirl of its dark waters. A few seconds later a good half-pound trout lay quivering on the grass at my feet. I tried my improvised tackle again, but, as I had suspected, to no purpose. My prize was the sole occupant of the pool.

"I went on my way with the prize. Returning toward evening, I fished the pool again, stealthily as before, and, as I had expected, landed another trout, and it might have been the first one's twin brother. I did not try for more, for experience and observation had taught me it would for the time be useless.

"But I felt confident of the morrow. The next morning at the bridge, with the same tackle, I took from the pool another trout and another when I returned in the evening. Every day during that trout season and the next, from May until July, I stopped at that little bridge, tied the gut-string hook to my whip, dug a worm at the roadside and angled in that pool.

"I went away from there the second year of this odd trout fishing and gave the secret to my successor. Two years afterward I met him, and he said the little hidden pool continued to yield one plump trout morning and evening, as it is doubtless doing yet, if the conditions on that alder-choked spring run have not been changed. This prompt coming in of one fish as a tenant is a way trout have, and it is one of their mysteries that have always impressed me."

Regularly as the wild geese wing their way from the winter haunts in the south to the cool summer breezes, the woods and the lakes of the northland, many of the Umatilla Indians leave their reservation, south of Spokane, and, with their squaws and papooses and ponies, make the journey of 100 or more miles to Moses Lake in Douglas County, Wash., where they pass three months of free and easy life, hunting and fishing, horse-racing or lounging in the shade of their wigwams. Scooten Springs is one of the favored places along the route, and it is there an adventure befell one of the tribesmen's children not long ago. Lucy A. Hotchkiss of Oroville, Wash., who watched the arrival of the red men and their families on the April afternoon, says:

"They added a picturesqueness to the strange

scene as they hove in sight, coming in parties of fours and fives, driving their loose horses ahead of them, while their belongings were packed on cayuses. The men were dressed mostly after the fashion of their pale-faced brothers and one and all wore broad-brimmed hats tilted at a rakish angle on the back of their heads, where they were far less useful than ornamental.

"The squaws, some of whom had their faces painted red or yellow, wore gayly colored handkerchiefs tied over their jet black hair, and, behind them, on their horses, the black heads of their youthful progeny bobbed blissfully, entirely innocent of any covering whatever.

"The ponies of the Indians were all colors—blacks, bays, grays, sorrels, buckskins, roans and pintos. Their owners were all sizes and ages, and men, women and children were talking together in their unintellibible jargon, the only part of their language that was at all understandable being their happy, care-free laughter.

"This bit of gayly colored life seemed to fit in harmoniously with the grim, gray grandeur of the rock-bound coulee and was the one touch of wild, artistic beauty needed to complete the impressiveness of an already most impressive scene."

In a short time the Indians were congregated on the west side of the coulee, close to the foot of the sheltering wall-rock, and ponies were unpacked or unsaddled, and wigwams sprang up, all with incredible swiftness. The horses were watered at the springs and then the whole herd, numbering about 80 head, were taken out into the hills by part of the men to graze, while the squaws brought water for the camp and busied themselves at the various fires that were soon started, preparing a meal that would appeal to the appetite of any one, either white or red, for these Indians are fond of rich food and most of them can afford the luxury of good living.

The children ran about at play, much as white children do after a long and tiresome journey, and one little fellow of five or six summers was particularly noticeable because of his scantily clothed condition, his one garment being a long, black cotton shirt that reached about to his knees. It is doubtful if his lower limbs were ever incased in trousers.

It happened at this time that the horse round-up was camped at Scooten springs, the tents of the buckaroos being pitched in the east side of the coulee, just at the foot of the hill near where the road came down, within easy distance of the board corrals and the one old cabin, weather-worn and dingy, that has stood for years, its door wide open, stretching out a cordial invitation to the weary passer-by to stop and rest within its humble portals.

The cook for the outfit and two or three other men were the only ones in the camp at the time the Indians had come, the dust of the buckaroos either being out with the herd or rounding up the wild horses on the range; but about noon some of the herders began to come in to dinner and then go back and hold the horses while their companions came to the noonday meal and the welcome drink of cold spring water that awaited them.

Early in the afternoon a cloud of white dust rising toward the sky along the Crab creek road that led in from the northwest, would have told to the eye of the initiated that a band of horses was coming swiftly toward the springs. It was only a moment till the cloud came through the little gap, that brought it in sight of the tents and cabin, and out of it rode a man at a furious gallop, while, pressing close upon the flanks of his saddle horse came the leading animals of the band.

Nothing else could be seen for the stifling dust; but the thunder and roar of many hoofs, mingled with the yells from lusty throats, testified that there was more to be seen. A sudden breeze sprang up and blew in freshening gusts across the coulee. For an instant the pall of the dust that hung over the oncoming horses swayed in an effort to resist the wind, then raised and floated over the hills on one side, revealing 75 or 100 horses clattering along the road at a rapid rate, with a number of riders dashing along on sweat-covered saddlehorses at the sides and rear of the herd.

For a few minutes they gathered around the spring and little pond of water that are situated in the south end of the coulee, and then the wild horses were driven into the corrals, where they were made unwilling captives, while the men, well covered with a coat of sand, gathered in the wake of the band of horses they had rounded up and, looking more like their red brethren than white men, went over to their camp to partake of their somewhat late dinner

It was not until nearly 4 o'clock that the men went over to the corrals to separate the horses and turn out those they did not want. Several of the Indians had already congregated there, both men and women, and it was not long before he of the long shirt, in company with two or three more small boys, unblushingly paraded across the coulee in the wake of his fond parents to watch the white men at their work.

Some of the Indians are well known to the people that frequent the coulee during the round-up time; old "Yellow Jacket," fat and smiling, at peace with himself and all the world, and his brothers, "Pocahontas" and "Fishhook Jim," the last named still clinging to the blanket of his forefathers—or one just like it. There were several younger men among the Indians that visited the corrals, and most of them could speak fairly good English when they chose, which they didn't very often, at least, till after they got acquainted.

The white men were soon hard at work separating the horses. From one of the larger corrals the horses, a few at a time, were run into the smallest, and from there those that were wanted were put into another large corral, where they must wait until the colts were branded before being turned with the herd, while all strays were let out to go back to their range.

The little Indian boys were playing in front of the corral gate, regarding with fearless interest the wild horses that frequently sped past them, knowing that the frightened animals would not run over them while they could as easily go around.

The white man in the corral captured one horse, a fine, large bay that would have been a beauty but for his narrow, vicious head and the large amount of white that showed in his eyes, cut out from the rest.

"Outside" came the call, and the man that

tended the gate swung it back to let the animal through. Too late did they notice two of the Indian boys who had got directly in his path and he bore down upon them, never swerving from his course. As he neared them a warning shout told the boys of their danger and one, the larger of the two, quickly jumped out of the way, laughing at his narrow escape, but the other, he of the trouserless state, did not move quite swiftly enough, and when he did he started in the wrong direction, speeding along ahead of the horse.

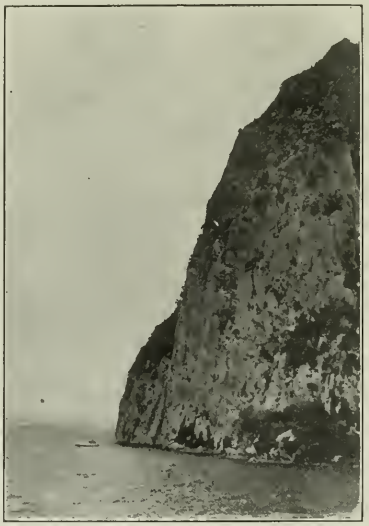
In another moment the maddened brute was upon him, striking out with its front feet, which, fortunately, did not hit the little Indian; then with ears laid back and teeth bared, he made a sudden dive for the trouserless one, and, seizing him by the back of his one garment, shook him as a cat would a mouse.

The little Indian's mother screamed and white men and red alike started to the rescue, though they all feared they could not get there in time. He of the long shirt was yelling lustily at the top of his lungs in a manner that showed that he was very much alive as yet, as he struggled to free himself from the infuriated horse that had him at his mercy. The horse lowered him almost to the ground, then with a quick upward jerk of his head, he again held him suspended in mid air, in a most uncomfortable position.

There was a final shake on the part of the horse, a sudden rending as of cloth being parted asunder, and the next instant the youthful Indian ran screaming, safe but shirtless, to the arms of his frightened mother.

The horse with a last baleful glare around at his enemies, waved the mangled shirt aloft in triumph. Then, with it streaming in the wind from its clenched teeth, the animal shook the dust of the coulee from its flying feet and another moment was out of sight, to speed, probably, across the low sandhills that intervened between Scooten springs and the range on Saddle Mountain, where it would show the trophy it had taken on the battlefield to the remnant of the scattered herd.

The little Indian was hurried over to his camp on the opposite side of the coulee to don some much needed clothing, but presently he was back again at the corral, clad in his long black cotton shirt, which garment he was still wearing the last time I saw him, recently, when his people were making their way back to the reservation to get to the Blue mountains in time for the huckleberry season.



THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE annual tournament, the eighth for the men's amateur enampionship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, was held on the links of the Claremont Country Club on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 15, 16 and 17. There were thirty-one competitors, of whom twenty-six came from the Claremont Country Club, three from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, and one each from the San Rafael Golf Club and the Presidio Golf Club. Though there were nearly eight times as many competitors as last year, only one more club was represented among the entries. None of last year's competitors (C E Maud and Lindsay Scrutton of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, T. P. Munford of the Pasadena Country Club, and Dr .Walters of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose) took part this year. The entry-list included the names of E. R. Folger of the Claremont Country Club, who, as a member of the old Oakland Golf Club, won the first championship of the P. C. G. A. on the Presidio course in 1901: H. C. Golcher of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, runner-up in 1903, and F C Newton of the Claremont Country Club, champion in 1906.

The entries from the Claremont Country Club were W. S. Sample, L. S. White, Tyler Henshaw, J. H. Ames, E. R. Folger, W. P. Johnson, D. F. Belden, C. M. Goddall, J. G. Allen, H. H. Smith, J. O. Cadman, F. C. Newton, F. A. Kales, E. B. Braden, J. F. Neville, W. F. Garby, F. S. Stratton, R. M. Fitzgerald, M. W. Kales, Edwin Goodall, J. J. Valentine, Jr., A. H. Higgins, C. P. Hubbard, Dr. D. P. Fredericks, G. D. Greenwood and George M. Bowles; from the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, Arthur J. Owen, H. C. Golcher, and A. Spens-Black; from the San Rafael Golf Club, A. S. Lilley; and from the Presidio Golf Club, C. D. Whyte.

The qualifying round, over eighteen holes, medal play, took place on Friday morning, May 15, the sixteen who qualified and their scores being as follows: F. C. Newton, 76; Dr. D. P. Fredericks, 80; C. D. Whyte, 81; F. A. Kales, 84; J. F. Neville, 84; J. J. Valentine Jr., 88; H. C. Golcher, 88; E. R. Folger, 89; W. F. Garby, 89; H. Spens-Black, 90; F. S. Stratton, 91; A. S. Lilley, 92; W. P. Johnson, 93; A. J. Owen, 95; E. B. Braden, 96, and C. P. Hubbard, 96.

In the first round F. C. Newton had an exceedingly close match against W. F. Garby, beating him, as he did in the tournament for the men's amateur championship of the Northern California Golf Association, by the narrowest possible margin, 1 up; D. P. Fredericks beat H. Spens-Black, 1 up; C. D. Whyte beat F. S. Stratton 5 up to 4 to play; C. P. Hubbard beat E. R. Folger 6 up 5 to play; J. J. Valentine Jr. beat A. J. Owen 3 up 2 to play; F. Kales beat A. S. Lilley 5 up 4 to play; H. C. Golcher beat E. B. Braden 6 up 5 to play; and J. F. Neville beat W. P. Johnson 1 up in an interesting match, in which first one and then the other was in the lead. In all the matches but one (that between E. R. Folger and C. P. Hubbard) the player who stood higher in the qualifying round defeated the player who took a lower place.

In the second match round F. C. Newton beat J. F. Neville 6 up 4 to play; H. C. Golcher beat C. D. Whyte (who had returned the third best score in the qualifying round, and is regarded as one of the strongest golfers in Northern California) 2 up 1 to play; J. J. Valentine Jr. beat C. P. Hubbard 3 up 2 to play; and Dr. D. P. Fredericks beat F. A. Kales 1 up.

In the third and semi-final match round F. C. Newton defeated H. C. Golcher decisively 5 up 4 to play, and Dr. D. P. Fredericks won 3 up 1 to play from J. J. Valentine Jr., both the winners being in excellent form. Thus F. C. Newton and Dr. D. P. Fredericks, who took the first two places in the qualifying round, were left to fight it out for the championship, the final round, played on Sunday, the 17th, being over 36 holes.

A large gallery followed F. C. Newton and Dr. D. P. Fredericks over the course in the final round. Newton played a very strong game and, at the end of the morning's play, was 5 up on the first eighteen holes, his medal score being just the same (76) as in the qualifying round, while Dr. Fredericks' (83) was somewhat higher than his qualifying score. On the second eighteen holes, played in the afternoon, Newton steadily increased his lead, winning the match at the 28th hole 9 up 8 to play. Newton's defeat of Dr. Fredericks stamps him as the strongest golfer on the Pacific Coast, for the latter has twice played in the final round of the national amateur championship. Newton becomes, for the second time, champion of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, he having defeated B. D. Adamson for the championship in 1906 on the Ingleside links. Newton had his closest match during the tournament in the first round, in which he defeated W. F. Garby 1 up. But his nerve seems to be greater than that of his opponent's and he nearly always proves superior in a keen contest. Newton receives the gold medal, Dr. Fredericks the silver medal, and H. C. Golcher and J. J. Valentine Jr. bronze medals, of the Pacific Coast Golf Association.

The Pacific Coast Golf Association now for the first time really embraces the whole Pacific Coast, for it comprises the Northern California Golf Association, the Southern California Golf Association and the Pacific Northwest Golf Association, in

which last are included the golf clubs of British Columbia and the Puget Sound region. Up to the present year, the P. C. G. A. consisted of the Golf Associations of Northern and Southern California and the plan was to hold the annual competitions for the men's championship in the north and south alternately. The first tournament was held on the Presidio course (north) in 1901; the second on the Los Angeles links (south) in 1902; the third on the Presidio links (north) in 1903; the fourth at Los Angeles (south) in 1904; the fifth at San Rafael (north) in 1905; the alternating plan having been followed. In 1906 the tournament should have been held in the south, but, by agreement (I suppose) with the southern golfers, was held on the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club at Ingleside (north). In 1907 the tournament would have fallen in regular order to the north, but the southern golfers were considered to have the right to hold it on a southern course. As the Los Angeles course, however, was not in suitable condition, it was arranged to hold the event at Del Monte, which, though not equi-distant from San Francisco and Los Angeles, is easily reached from both places. In the present year the tournament was held on the Claremont links (north). From this account it is seen that the annual tournament has not been held in Southern California since 1904.

According to the plan hitherto recognized (if not precisely followed) the championship tournament of 1909 would be held in Southern California and that of 1910 in the northern part of the State. But, now that the P. C. G. A. includes, as it was intended to do at its foundation, the Pacific Northwest Golf Association, as well as the two California Associations, it is to be presumed that the championship events will be held in the Northwest every third year. In Great Britain, where distances are so short and the leading golfers have so much leisure, it makes little difference on which of the four championship courses the annual competition is held, but on the Pacific Coast, where distances are great and leisure is scarce, there is at the championship tournament a large preponderance of the golfers resident in the region in which the event takes place and even of members of the particular club on whose course it is held. Thus, in this year's tournament held on the Claremont course, out of thirty-one entries only three came from the San Francisco Club, and one each from the San Rafael and Presidio clubs, San Jose, Burlingame, Menlo, Sacramento, all Southern California and the Northwest not contributing a competitor. So it comes about that, when the contest takes place in Southern California, a man familiar with southern courses is almost certain to prove the winner; and, when the event is held in the neighborhood of San Francisco, a Northerner becomes the champion. This year, both the champion and the runner-up are members of the club on whose course the contest was held. On these principles, it may be assumed that a golfer from Oregon, Washington or British Columbia will prove the champion when the annual tournament is played on a course in the Pacific Northwest.

In addition to the competition for the championship, in order to provide occupation for those who did not qualify or were defeated in the early rounds of match play, driving contests and a handicap event were held on the Claremont links. A competition in driving was won by W. F. Garby with a drive of 225 yards. The prize for the longest total distance of three balls went to C. D. Whyte with 585 yards; F. C. Newton being second with 565 yards and W. F. Garby third with 540 yards. A handicap over eighteen holes, medal score, open to all who entered for the championship, was played on Saturday, the 16th, and was won by J. F. Neville with a score of 84 less 12 net 72, second prize going to J. H. Ames.

* * *

HOME-AND-HOME PROFESSIONAL MATCH.

In the early days of golf in California, professional matches were not uncommon. Willie Anderson, Horace Rawlins and Willie Smith, all open champions of the United States, Harry Rawlins (a brother of Horace), Dave Bell (who toured the Pacific Coast in company with Willie Smith), Robert Johnstone, Alec Bell, Stephenson and other professionals, took part in open events on various links in or near San Francisco. But it is a long time since any professional contest has been held on the Presidio links. A home-and-home match over 36 holes, 18 on the Presidio links, on Sunday, May 17, and the remaining 18 on the Burlingame course on Sunday, May 24, was played between W. J. Bradley, the professional of the Presidio Golf Club, and R. J. Reilly, the professional of the Burlingame Country Club for a bet of $250.00 a side. Bradley's skill has been almost wholly acquired on the Presidio course, while Reilly, though he has been the Burlingame professional for several years, learned the game in Chicago, and has won two open events on the Del Monte course. The opinion generally held before the match was that, unless Bradley secured a commanding lead on the Presidio course, he would be beaten, for Reilly is regarded as invincible on the Burlingame links, and plays a strong game anywhere. It was said that Reilly wished to play a 72-hole match, but that Bradley would not play more than 36 holes. In the first half of the match at the Presidio links Bradley won the first hole in 3 to Reilly's 4, and the second in 4 to 5; halved the third, fourth and fifth in 4 each; won the sixth in 3 to 4; halved the seventh in 5 and the eighth and ninth in 6 each, being 3 up on the first nine holes. In the second round Bradley won the first in 4 to Reilly's 6; the second and third in 4 to 5, and the fourth in 3 to 4; halved the fifth and sixth in 4 each and the seventh in 3; lost the eighth 5 to Reilly's 4 and halved the ninth in 5. The only hole lost by Bradley was the the 17th (eight on the second round), at which he over-approached; and he finished the first half of the match with the strong lead of 6 up. Bradley's medal score for the 18 holes was 75, which, though not equal to his best (73), is three strokes better than bogey for the Presidio course.

Having the good lead of 6 up on the first eighteen holes on his home course, Bradley naturally played a safe game in the second half of the match on the Burlingame links; but for all that he and Reilly were all even at the end of the first round, Bradley having lost none of his advantage. With only nine more holes to be played, and his opponent 6 up, Reilly had hardly a chance of winning, but on the

second round (the fourth of the whole match) he reduced Bradley's lead to 3 up, winning three and halving the other four of the seven holes played. Four of the holes were made by Reilly in 3 each. The 36-hole match ended in favor of Bradley at the 34th hole, 3 up 2 to play. Bradley took $500, half of which was his own money, and incidentally surprised many of the members of the Burlingame Country Club, who believed that he would stand little chance against Reilly.

RACES FOR THE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE most interesting and important trophy to the yachtsmen of San Francisco Bay is the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Coup, which was purchased in the year 11 B. C. (1895 A. D., old reckoning), by subscription, the contributors being Will Brooks, Charles L. Barrett, ex-Commodores T. F. Tracy, H. D. Hawk, W. N. M. McCarthy, J. W. Pew, A. J. Young, and G. E. Billings; J. L. Hawks, Hugo D. Keil, E. W. Hopkins, E. A. Engleberg, William Letts Oliver, M. A. Newell, C. H. Crocker, G. M. Josselyn, J. V. Coleman, Edward Donahue, E. W. Newhall, S. F. Weeks, C. E. Elliott, Geireg E. Plummer, and J. A. Leonard. The trophy was deposited with the Encinal Yacht Club, to which a challenge was issued by the oldest yachting organization on the Bay—the San Francisco Yacht Club.

The first race took place over the course of the Encinal Yacht Club on August 31, 1895, between J. A. Leonard's sloop El Sueno, representing the Encinal Yacht Club, and the sloop Queen of the San Francisco Yacht Club. El Sueno won by a margin of 8 minutes, 25 seconds, and the Encinal Yacht Club retained possession of the trophy. In 1896 the San Francisco Yacht Club challenged again, with the sloop Catherine, but the Encinal Yacht Club defended successfully with the sloop Fawn. In 1897 Fawn was beaten by the sloop Aeolus, representing the Corinthian Yacht Club, which, with the exception of the years 1899 and 1902, has held the trophy ever since. In 1898 there was no race for the Cup, but in 1899 Matthew Turner's Gadder won the trophy for the San Francisco Yacht Club, beating Commodore J. W. Pew's Truant (then a sloop) by less than 2 minutes. Next year (1900) Aeolus was again selected as the Corinthian challenger and defeated Gadder by the largest margin in the history of the race—nearly half an hour. In 1901 the Vallejo Yacht Club challenged with the fast sloop Helen, which was beaten by the Corinthian sloop Presto by the narrowest margin (40 seconds) in the history of the Cup races. In 1902 the sloop Challenger, designed by Crowinshield of Boston and built by Twigg & Sons of San Francisco for a syndicate of members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, with W. G. Morrow at the helm, won back the trophy for the San Francisco Yacht Club, beating the Corinthian sloop Harpoon by nearly 11 minutes. The Challenger was the first boat built confessedly for racing purposes on San Francisco Bay, having a low cabin and a fin-keel. After the race she was bought by W. G. Morrow and is still owned by him. She is in frequent use and probably covers more miles in a season than any other craft on the Bay.

The Challenger retained the trophy in 1903 without contest, there being no challenge for it. But the Corinthians were busy on plans for a craft to beat the Challenger and bring the Cup back to Tiburon. A design was prepared by Burgess & Packard of Boston and in 1904 the Corinthian (as she is named) was built by Frank Stone of San Francisco. If the Challenger is a racing boat, the Corinthian is a racing machine. But she answered the purpose for which she was intended, beating Challenger, though by a very narrow margin only—41 seconds.

In 1905 the Challenger returned to her first role and challenged for the trophy. But by this time the Corinthian had been more thoroughly tried out and defeated Challenger on every point of sailing. The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club came to the conclusion that further contest in the 30-foot class would be hopeless and made no attempt to win the trophy back in that class. In 1906 the earthquake and fire disorganized affairs so that there was no race for the Challenge Cup; but in 1907 a challenge came from a new quarter—the South Coast Yacht Club of Los Angeles, which sent up the sloop

Valkyrie. The race took place over the usual channel course and Valkyrie was beaten by more than twenty minutes, her sailing master not having the special local knowledge necessary and the breeze proving too strong for a boat designed to sail in the smoother waters of Southern California. For the sake of easy reference, the results of the races for the Perpetual Cup are given below in tabular form:

RACES FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP.

Date	Yacht (Winner)	Club	Yacht (Beat)	Club	M.S.
1895	El Sueno....	Encinal...	Queen.....	San Fran..	8.25
1896	Fawn	Encinal...	Catherine..	San Fran..	6.19
1897	Aeolus.....	Corinthian	Fawn	Encinal...	6.45
1899	Gadder	San Fran..	Truant	Corinthian	1.58
1900	Aeolus.....	Corinthian	Gadder	San Fran..	25.30
1901	Presto	Corinthian	Helen.....	Vallejo....	.40
1902	Challenger..	San Fran..	Harpoon...	Corinthian	10.54
1904	Corinthian..	Corinthian	Challenger.	San Fran..	.41
1905	Corinthian..	Corinthian	Challenger.	San Fran..	8.26
1907	Discovery...	Corinthian	Valkyrie ...	S. Coast...	22.06
1908	Discovery...	Corinthian	Neva.....	San Fran..	16.35

As the above table shows, the Encinal Yacht Club, after the first three years, has taken no part in the race; nor is it likely that it will do so in the future, the club having given up yachting and confining its energies to rowing, canoeing, bathing and social diversions. Of the eleven races the Encinal Yacht Club won the two first; the San Francisco Yacht Club won the fourth and seventh, the remaining seven having been won by the Corinthian Yacht Club. The San Francisco Yacht Club has lost in six years, the Corinthian Yacht Club has been defeated twice, the Vallejo, South Coast and Encinal Yacht Clubs once each. It is likely that next year's race will be between the Corinthian representative and a boat of the Sequoia Yacht Club of Eureka, Humboldt County, which sent in a challenge this year after the challenge of the San Francisco Yacht Club had been received.

The race this year took place earlier than any previous contest—on Saturday, May 23, between J. E. MacFarlane's sloop Discovery, representing the Corinthian Yacht Club, holder, and Harry Brindle's sloop Neva, representing the San Francisco Yacht Club, challenger. Discovery was sailed by her designer, builder and owner, John E. MacFarlane, while Neva was handled by W. G. Morrow. It was supposed that Discovery was the larger boat of the two and would have to concede a minute or two to Neva, but the official measurements on the day before the race were as follows: Neva, 22.24 feet; Discovery, 22.23 feet. Discovery was prepared for the contest by ex-Commodores A. J. Young, H. D. Hawks, and J. C. Brickell. The details of the race were arranged by Roy C. Ward, F. D. Muchmore and A. W. Follansbee on behalf of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and by Douglas Erskine, Lester J. Hammersmith and J. E. Neylan on the part of the Corinthian Yacht Club. The course was across an imaginary line between Meiggs Wharf and a stakeboat anchored off the wharf, to and around Presidio Shoal Buoy; thence to and round Goat Island Shoal Buoy; thence to and round a stakeboat anchored two miles to the north; thence to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy for the second time and back to the starting line. The first leg was a beat, the second a run and the third a reach; the fourth a beat and the last run; the distance being estimated at fourteen miles. W. C. Morrow's crew consisted of three men only—Harry Helen, Harry Brindle and A. F. Wray, while J. E. MacFarlane's crew was made up of Sidney S. Marshall, J. Stack, Neil McLean and K. Hamburger. Neither yacht gave or received any time allowance, there being only one-hundredth of a foot difference in their racing measurements.

The starting gun was fired at 1:30 p. m., and Neva crossed the line first at 1:31:05, followed at an interval of only five seconds by Discovery at 1:31:10. On the first leg the beat out to Presidio Shoal buoy, on the last of the ebb tide, Neva gained, rounding the mark at 2:04:30 in 33 min. 25 sec., while Discovery rounded at 2:06:30 in 35 min. 10 sec., a gain of 1 min. 45 sec for the San Francisco boat. After rounding the mark, the crew of the Neva was slow in getting the light sails set, while the men on the Discovery set their spinnaker quickly. Discovery carried a water sail and topsail as well, while Neva had a spinnaker only, and one that seemed too small at that. Neva rounded Goat Island Buoy at 2:37:11 and Discovery at 2:38:47, Neva having run to the leeward mark in 32 min. 41 secs., while Discovery covered the distance in 32 min. 27 secs., gaining 14 seconds. Discovery's gain would have been greater had MacFarlane not kept his light sails up too long. With spinnaker set he had to jibe to clear the bow of the freight steamer Madura. Discovery gained on the next leg, the reach to Southampton Shoal Buoy, which Neva rounded at 2:47.37, and Discovery at 2:48.17, Neva's lead being reduced to 35 seconds at this mark. The members of the San Francisco Yacht Club still had high hopes of winning the race, as they calculated that Neva would gain more on the long beat out to Presidio Shoal Buoy for the second time against a strong flood tide than Discovery could make up on the short run home. These hopes, however, were quickly disappointed, for Discovery assumed the windward position, while Neva went off to leeward and dropped back all the time. Discovery rounded Presidio Shoal Buoy on the second beat out at 4:30.40, while Neva did not round the mark till 4:48:20; Discovery making this leg in 1:42:33, while Neva took 2:00.43, or 18 min., 10 secs., longer than her rival. Discovery had now a lead of 17 minutes, 45 seconds, with only a short run home on a flood tide. Neva gained on the last leg of the course, running to the finishing line in 14 minutes, 12 seconds, while Discovery took 15 minutes, 22 seconds, or 1 minute, 10 seconds more. Discovery won by the ample margin of 16 minutes, 35 seconds. The breeze was strong and steady, apparently suiting Discovery better than her rival, for Neva carried a luff in her mainsail much of the time. The race was an unusual one, in that the losing boat made the first beat and the last run in shorter time than the winner, while the winning boat gained on the reach, on the first run and the second beat. The gains on all the legs except the second beat were quite small, and the race was really won and lost on the second beat out to the windward mark.

It will be a difficult matter now to take the Challenge Cup away from the Corinthians, for they

have fast boats in every class. In the 20-foot class is Arthur Stevens' Ruby; in the 25-foot class is MacFarlane's Discovery, now twice winner of a race for the trophy; in the 30-foot class is the invicible Corinthian, while in the 36-foot class are Presto and Harpoon; and in the 44-foot class the fine boats Speedwell, Yankee, and Nixie. In the yawl class is J. W. Pew's Truant, which made the fastest time over the course in the annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club on Decoration Day, covering it in 3:40:17, the next best time being Nixie's 3:47:36. So, whatever class a challenger may choose, he is likely to find himself "up against it good and hard." Still "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and challenges will, no doubt, be forthcoming from year to year. Far be it from me to discourage them.

* * *

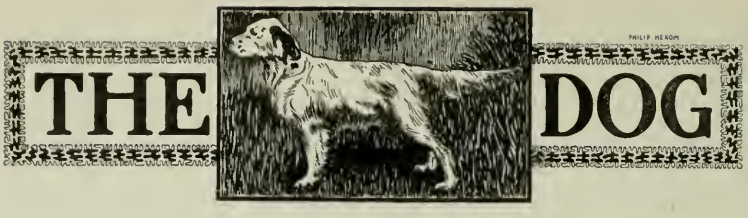
ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

The twenty-third annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club was sailed on Decoration Day, the yachts being divided into the usual six classes according to their last known measurements. The regatta of this year was a double-barrelled one, for not only were the usual class flags at stake but also a cup presented by John Tait. The course was across a line drawn from Meiggs wharf to a stakeboat anchored off the wharf to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy; thence to and round Goat Island Shoal Buoy; thence to and round Southampton Shoal Buoy; thence to and round Presidio Shoal Buoy and back to the finish across the starting line. The regatta was set to begin at noon but at that hour several yachts were becalmed; so that the start was deferred till 12:30 p. m. In the 20-foot class, which beat out to the windward mark and then ran home to the starting line, the starters were the sloops Pronto, Ruby, and Vixen, which crossed the line in the order named. Ruby, while only a little way from the starting line and on the port tack, compelled Pronto, on the starboard tack, to come about in order to avoid a collision. Ruby won the first flag in her class, covering the short course in 56 minutes, 16 seconds, actual time; Pronto won the second flag in 1 hour, 4 minutes, 36 seconds, sailing time; and Vixen was third in 1 hour, 28 minutes, 59 seconds. The first beat was made on the last of the flood tide, which brought the early starters into the wind. Vixen and Pronto withdrew after completing the short course but Ruby kept on and finished second in the handicap race for the Tait Cup. Had she, however, finished first, she would have been disqualified for twice compelling the Pronto to come about when the latter had the right of way. In the 25-foot class Discovery, winner of the race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup, was the only starter, but, as she completed the course, she won a class flag. In the yawl class the starters were Truant and Olga, the former winning first flag and the latter second flag in the class. There were no entries in the 30-foot class, which some years ago brought out livelier contests than any other class. In the 36-foot class the starters were Presto, Harpon, and Meteor, which crossed the line in the order in which they are named. The wind was blowing freshly and Frank Stone's Presto met with a mishap soon after starting, her peak halyard parting. One of the crew went aloft and made repairs but the halyard parted again and Presto retired. Harpoon won the first class flag and Meteor the second. The starters in the 44-foot class were Nixie, Yankee, and Speedwell, which crossed the line in the order in which they are named. Mischief would have started also, but her jib halyard carried away before she reached the line. Speedwell beat out to Presidio Shoal Buoy and ran back to the starting line, holding the breeze well and making good time; but at this point she disappeared and failed to complete the course. Nixie's elapsed time for the whole course was 3:47:36, while that of Yankee was 3:48:09. Fulton Berry, the Nixie's skipper, captured first flag and Yankee took second flag in the 44-foot class. As Pronto and Vixen (25-footers), Presto and Speedwell, did not complete the long course, they were out of the competition for the Tait Cup.

The Tait Cup was competed for under special handicaps which were kept sealed until the end of the race. The yachts that completed the course for the trophy were the 20-footer Ruby; the 25-footer Discovery; the yawls Truant and Olga; the 36-footers Harpoon and Meteor and the 44-footers Nixie and Yankee. The wind was fluky, especially by the time that the larger boats were on the reach. There was a fresh breeze in the channel and the first beat to Presidio Shoal Buoy and the run to Goat Island Shoal Buoy were made in good time. Between Alcatraz Island and Southampton Shoal Buoy the yachts fell into a calm, but Ruby and Truant got the wind first and forged ahead, Yankee and Nixie drifting about without a breeze for some time longer. Truant proved the winner, covering the course in 3 hours, 40 minutes, 17 seconds, while Nixie's elapsed time was 3 hours, 47 minutes, 36 seconds. As Truant received a handicap of 25 minutes, her corrected time was 3:15:17, which was nearly 8 minutes better than that of her nearest competitor, Ruby, whose corrected time was 3:23:09. The Yankee made the best time over the course in 1907, but this year she was unlucky in getting becalmed twice, so that she took sixth place in corrected time. John D. Pew's victory with the Truant was a very popular one and the ex-Commodore was cheered by all the crews of the rival yachts. The details of the race for the Tait Cup are shown in the table:

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB: HANDICAP RACE FOR TAIT CUP: MAY 30, 1908

Yacht	Class	Starting Time H. M. S.	Finishing Time H. M. S.	Elapsed Time H. M. S.	Handicap Min.	Corrected Time	Place
Truant.....	Yawl	12.52.13	4.32.30	3.40.17	25	3.15.17	1
Ruby.....	20 ft.	12.30.21	4.28.30	3.58.09	35	3.23.09	2
Discovery....	25 ft.	12.41.02	4.33.40	3.52.38	25	3.27.38	3
Meteor.....	36 ft.	1.13.43	5.17.32	4.03.49	30	3.33.49	4
Nixie.....	44 ft.	1.21.06	5.08.42	3.47.36	4	3.43.36	5
Yankee	44 ft.	1.21.28	5.09.32	3.48.09	Ser.	3.48.09	6
Harpoon.....	36 ft.	1.13.08	5.12.30	3.59.22	6	3.53.22	7
Speedwell....	44 ft.	1.23.17	*.....	.....	....	.....	
Presto.....	36 ft.	1.10.45	*.....	.....	....	.....	
Pronto.....	20 ft.	12.30.13	*.....	.....	....	.....	
Vixen	20 ft.	12.55.00	*.....	.....	....	.....	
Olga.....	Yawl	12.53.32	5.18.23	4.34.51	30	4.04.51	8



JOE

By J. Fullerton

POOR old Joe! Never was a poor pup more misunderstood in his youth or more appreciated in his old age.

Talk about your "blue blood;" his was blue of several shades. His grand mother was from Harrison's celebrated collie kennels and was given to me by a friend because some mischievous boys had ruined her nerve by tying fire crackers to her, one Fourth of July. Before going further I want to relate a most extraordinary coincidence, I can give it no other name.

You can call it reason, instinct or what you will, but every "Fourth" after, that dog was missing. I had her four years and she never saw or heard any fireworks near our home, and although we were a hundred miles from nowhere in the heart of the Rocky mountains she would go off for two or three days as though afraid of being scared again.

I fully believe that dogs understand a vast deal more of our language than we give them credit for, but in our little mountain shack the Fourth was no different to any other day. How that dog knew enough to hike at that time I'll leave for some "wise guy" to tell.

We bred her to a "bob-tail" and got two handsome pups, both females; one of them was Joe's mother, and his father was a sort of blue and black collie imported by a Frenchman and said to be a breed used by the herders in the Pyrenees.

While his blood was slightly mixed nevertheless it was all blue, and that probably accounted for his homely appearance.

Up to the time he was two years old the only smart thing he did was to escape from a sheep wagon and run about fifty miles home, where he arrived tired, footsore and hungry. My wife told him he should never be given away again and he showed by his every action, both then and for years after, that he understood exactly what she meant. If he ever got lazy or acted badly it was only necessary to say "we'll give Joe to Stone again" and his tail and countenance would drop and he would snuggle and beg, and then go to work.

Yes, work! For it was his job to fill the kitchen wood-box, a task he usually performed to perfection, carrying one stick at a time. On hot days in summer he would try to soldier till the cool of the evening, and after carrying a few sticks would slip off and hide.

He seemed to enjoy carrying wood and it was only necessary to say, "More wood, Joe," when he would commence to bark and keep it up till the last stick was carried, always barking on the return trip to the wood pile. When ordered out for wood, if he found none cut he would sit by the chopping block and bark till it was cut. He had been hit occasionally by chunks flying from the axe and he showed human intelligence in picking up a stick while the axe was lifted and dodging by the time it came down.

When he was about two years old he made a name for himself, and his value rose from nothing to beyond the reach of ordinary mortals; and I question if, *had* I put a price on him, whether I should have not backed out when it was offered.

I was camped on a little creek between the headwaters of the Snake river and Hahn's Peak with my family; we needed meat so I threw the saddle on my old buckskin and started for the hills. When I had gone about a mile I was standing to look and listen, and

hearing a rustle I looked round to see Joe. I could make noise enough without a dog to help out, so tried to send him back to camp, usually an easy matter. Not so, now; he stood on his hind legs with his feet on my stirrup and whined and begged and seemed to try to talk.

I am not superstitious but he gave me the creeps, for I thought some danger was ahead so I let him stay with me. Riding along a hogback he was trotting ahead of me when he stopped and looked down the gulch, his ears pricked up and his whole body quivering.

I dropped my reins and got down. When I got near him he stepped like a cat down the side of the gulch for a distance of about ten steps, stopped, and whined just perceptibly. I looked everywhere but could see nothing, not even a track, so I made up my mind there was a cougar or bear curled up pretty close.

Step and step he led me on, never for a moment losing sight of me. His hair was up like bristles, both our steps were like cats' and both our nerves at a high tension. Ever and anon he gave a sign of a whine just barely audible. In all the years I've hunted I never felt so excited as that dog made me feel then. We had gone thus for about seventy-five yards when a big buck sprang up only to come down with a broken neck at his third jump.

That dog had led me within twenty-five feet of that deer! He had never hunted anything before, and while he had seen many a deer carcass and smelt them, he certainly knew no more unless he gathered it from our conversation. How did he know I was going for deer? How did he know he could help me? How did he know not to run in before I shot? How did he know enough to run and hang on to it the instant the rifle cracked—a trick I never could break him of? He would never run a deer or antelope unless wounded and he could tell better than I which one got the bullet. That dog pointed many a deer after that and we were boon companions from that day on.

He was something fierce at a wounded deer and quicker than a flash. They couldn't strike him; but he had no use for bear, lions or cats. He would play with a coyote but never attack them no matter how many I killed.

We moved from Colorado to Montana and used to get several ducks on the creeks and rivers. Joe would retrieve from the water like a spaniel. He had a splendid nose and loved a gun. Sometimes he would stand and point a sage chicken as good as any setter but was not to be relied on implicitly; tho' he would always find a cripple nothing would induce him to retrieve one. He would get all the ducks you wished and carry one home if you wished; but I think he objected to the loose feathers coming out in his mouth. I have a dog now with the same trick. He will find grouse or quail but never carry one.

Joe's accomplishments were by no means limited to game. He was almost as good as a cat after mice. My daughter kept a lot of Belgian hares and these would escape occasionally, but owing to being kept in close quarters their legs and wind were not good, yet they kept a man pretty busy to catch them, but Joe would trot around slowly after them till they were tired and then he would hold them down with his paw till we picked them up.

The rocks about the hill near our house abounded with cottontails, which I often shot with my .22 from the door. Joe would retrieve these and they were too dead for any use when he got them, but one morning by mistake I shot a three months old Belgian and sent him for it; he wouldn't pick it up but held his paw on it until I got it. Was that reason, instinct or just ordinary human intelligence that made that dog discern a shot Belgian from a cottontail? If he could have spoken he would have called me down for shooting it.

Like other "mortals" he had his faults, and his one great weakness was jackrabbit. No power on earth could keep him from chasing one and he never let up till he was too tired to wiggle, and needless to say he never caught one unless it was wounded. Let him get off, and take a shot at him and he would yelp and go on. Whipping was no use, he had to have some frailty, and jackrabbit will be his to the end of the chapter. He is now at eleven years old a plaything for my little grandchild.

As a sheep dog he was hard to beat, tho' once in a while he wanted a frolic and if some old ewe annoyed him he would cut her out and give her the run of her life. As a trick dog he furnished lots of amusement for the children and our guests. Tell him to "die" and he would lie down and remain till you walked

so far he could barely hear the word "live" but like a flash he would be up and racing to you when he did hear it.

The daintiest pudding put to cool within his reach wouldn't tempt him to steal, yet he would go a mile or more to eat at a sheep's carcass that was surrounded with No. 4 traps and then howl most pitifully for a friend to release him when he was caught. He so enjoyed the sympathy and attention of the ladies after getting his foot pinched that he repeated the operation but instead of sympathy he was well licked before being liberated and when he looked for petting he was scolded. That cured him of going to wolf baits. Poor old chap! His alloted span is nearly run and when he crosses the range I hope he will be well rewarded for his faithfulness, affection and the good that he did us all.

DEATH OF DAVID E. ROSE

THE prince of field trial handlers, and general all 'round sportsman, familiarly known to the field trial men of America as Dave Rose, has made his last cast and passed over the divide into the realms of the immortal.

Born in 1841 he was therefore 67 years old at the time of his death. Enteriog the field as a public handler in 1885, when, at the National American Kennel Club's trials, he won his first derby with Gath's Hope, he has remained with the game ever since, establishing an enviable reputation for the highest ability, honesty, and fairness. During the many years in which he devoted the best energies of his life to the development of field trial dogs, he has made 193 winnings, 61 of which were firsts and of these six were champions. Of the big three—Rose, Avent, and Tucker—who for a quarter of a century have been the pillars of American field trials, Rose was the last to enter the game, yet in the record of the handlers of winners his name heads the list.

Rose was a painstaking handler, possessing a faculty of developing to the highest every characteristic of the dog's nature, ensuring the best performance in the field that the dog was capable of making. Among those that owe their development and proud records in the field to the skill of Dave Rose are the names of Count Whitestone, Uncle B, Von Gull, Lady's Count Gladston, Dave Earl, Tony Boy, Oakley Hill, Sport's Gath, Navajo, Wun Lung, Daisy F, Dock Light, Prince Rodney and others.

Dave Rose was a sportsman of the true southern type; genial, considerate and hospitable, loving legitimate sports and the friendly competition they engendered, and entering into them with the keenest spirit of gentlemanly rivalry. It was this that endeared him, not to his friends alone but to his competitors as well, and made the hosts of friends that will mourn his untimely death.

His last earthly race is run. As a handler, a sportsman and a citizen he has won the approval of all who knew him. May his awards before the eternal Judge be as many as they have been here.

WHERE THE JOKE COMES IN

AVERY amusing report of the late San Francisco show appears in Field and Fancy over the nom de guerre of "Advance Guard," who evidently didn't like Mr. Bryson's judging. He, she, or it says of the English setters: "One of the surprises of the show was given the fancy right here, when Champion Tiverton was thrown out of the ribbons." Again this reporter says: "Between Beau and Tiverton their is not much to choose; certainly Tiverton should at least have been second." Those whom this reporter considers "the fancy," that were so surprised, were not in evidence at the ringside, unless they were the bull-dog and toy-terrier contingent. Certainly very few of the English setter fanciers were surprised at the decision. In fact they very generally expected it. But the second paragraph quoted is still more amusing. If Tiverton is a typical English setter, then Beau should be sent out of the ring without mention, and if Beau is a typical dog of the breed then Tiverton does not deserve mention.

If either one is deserving of a first the other must be a very bad one, for they are about as different as any two dogs of the same breed can be. Yet "Advance Guard" thinks there is little to choose between them, and would have given one first and the other second. It is that kind of judging and that kind of reports that are rapidly driving dog shows into the realms of comedy.

Again in his, hers, or its report, he, she or it says: "But the shock of the show came when in judging winners the judge found a little waspy dog called St. Ives and placed him first, with Beau reserve. St. Ives is an undersized, houndy little fellow, with a wild eye and so plain all over that as a bench show dog he is a joke."

Evidently he, she or it don't take very kindly to field dogs or know much about their uses. But then one who cannot see much difference between Tiverton and Mallwyd Beau cannot be expected to know much about either the proper type or

anatomical construction of an English setter. I am free to admit that if Tiverton and Beau are *both* bench show dogs either St. Ives or any other good one would be a "joke" as a bench dog, but far from a joke as an English setter. There was but one really typical English setter in the show, and that was Rockline Flirt. That this bitch was pre-eminently the best to enter the ring all were agreed. No one was "shocked" when she was given the special for the best. Now if "Advance Guard" had any eye for form or type he, she or it would have readily seen that this "wild-eyed, houndy" St. Ives possessed much more of the type and character of Flirt than did any other setter in the show, except Belle Fontaine, his dam, and which was placed reserve to Flirt, and special for the best with a field trial record.

St. Ives is far from a typical English setter, and so also are Mallwyd Beau and Tiverton. Therefore, the judge having no typical setter in the dog classes, did the right thing in giving the special to the dog with the least serious faults. It is very seldom that there is anything but a "joke" shown in the English setter classes these days, and most of the judges make a "joke" of their awards when pretending to judge them. And then, too, most of the reporters make a worse "joke" in writing about a breed they know nothing about.

"A WHIFF OF SCENT"

VIDENTLY the Field and Fancy has copied the following from some English journal, for it reads very funny to an American sportsman: "Before dogs are really required for partridge shooting it is well to let their noses have a whiff of the birds just to remind them what the scent is like. * * * * * * It is not well to give a youngster too much of this sort of thing, because he becomes dejected at seeing the birds fly away and escape after he has skillfully puzzled out their trail, but it will not hurt an older dog."

Well really, is that so? The idea of a bird dog forgetting what the scent of a partridge is like and having to have a reminder of it before the season opens is real funny. The well-bred setter or pointer puppy takes to the scent of any game bird as naturally as does the young duck to the water. His recognition of it and love for it is a part of his being, an inherent instinct bred into him through the processes of ages, until his olfactory organs have become so sensitive to the effects of that peculiar scent emitted by the game bird that a whiff of it changes his whole being, brightens his eye with the fire of ecstatic pleasure and tenses his muscles to the rigidity of steel.

It is no uncommon thing to see a puppy stand like a statute on the very first bird he has ever scented. I well remember when a boy of seeing a pointer bitch and her litter of three months' old puppies, six in number, all pointing a prairie chicken absolutely staunch. They were all quite close to the chicken which I afterwards flushed, but how long they had been there I had no means of knowing. But that it had been some considerable time was evident, for two of the puppies were lying down,—a very unusual thing for a pointer of those days—and one of the others almost fell from fatigue while I was watching them.

Possibly some of the dogs of the present day, that have been bred on scientifically incestual lines, may need a reminder of what the scent of game is. Possibly some of our "classy" field trial speedy bolters may need to be taught what a game bird smells like, or need a preliminary rehearsal before going out with the gun. I say possibly this may be so, but I doubt it, even among the worst of our degenerates. Certainly it was far from necessary in the good old days of heady bird hunters and bird finders. After all it is most likely that the writer of the lines quoted wanted something to write about and got off with his "straw-foot" first.

A NEW CURE FOR DISTEMPER

WHILE hundreds of remedies have been advocated for the cure of distemper, nearly all of which being claimed as infallible, still that great destroyer of young dogs carries off nearly, if not quite the majority of those that ever see the light of day. Recently a strictly scientific study of this dread disease has been made by Dr. Moore, of Palmer, Mass., and the result of this investigation, together with the treatment the Doctor advocates, seems to be creating a good deal of interest among the fanciers of the East. The explanations of the Doctor's diagnosis and the treatment to be followed we quote the following from Field and Fancy:

"The doctor states that distemper brings about a feeble phagocytic power of the blood in the animal, and offers but slight hope of recovery if left to its own resources. The opsonic content of the dog's blood being low, the impetus from some external source is needed if the animal is to throw off the disease. By way of illustration, the white corpuscles of the dog's blood show that in 100 phagocytes there has been an average ingestion of one-half germ —that is, for every two phagocytes there has been one germ devoured. This would indicate that the opsonic content of the blood was low and the probability of the dog waging a successful battle with the disease is very remote.

"The new method of treating this ravaging disease consists of toxin, and is administered by a hypodermic syringe into any part of the body where

the circulation of the blood is abundant. For a short time in many dogs the result will not be apparent, but in two or three days an almost unbelievable improvement takes place. At the same time, while the animal may appear well, he is not actually so, and should be treated as a sick dog during the eight weeks which generally constitute the normal run of distemper.

HARKING BACK TO THE RIGHT TRAIL

AS THE readers of Western Field well know I have been writing and writing over again on the speed and range crazy fad that has taken possession of our field trial men for several years past, with the hope of bringing them back to a condition of reasonable sanity. In my efforts in this self-imposed task, I have pointed out just where and how this fad has worked to the material deterioration of our field dogs and was rapidly eliminating that bird-finding instinct which had become hereditary through the careful mating of a century, and that in its stead was being implanted a predisposition to disobedience, unsteadiness on game and bolting.

Of course the faddists have accused me of being unable to get out of the old ruts and assimilate the new ideas of the more progressive younger generation, etc., etc. A few others, however, like myself have had the courage, in their love for a perfect hunting dog, to take up the pruning knife and cut off the fungus growths that were found to be destroying the healthful growth of the sport. To us old fossils, as we have been repeatedly, if not affectionately called, it seemed at times that all our efforts to cure this dementia of wild range, and purposeless speed were useless. But at last the heavy shadows of the long night of retrogression are being dispelled by the dawn of returning reason. It has been a long night of error, but,

> "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers";

and while we have been going backward for the last decade instead of advancing, as we should have done in the higher development of our field dogs, there is to-day positive signs of returning reason in the East, which it is to be hoped will soon drift across the continent and take its place again in the management of our western field trials.

The Kentucky field trial club has taken steps to hark back to the good old trail which for years led us plainly to the highest development of our field dogs. It has declared for the well-broken, tractable bird-finding dog; the kind of dogs that won in our trials a decade or more ago before this senseless fad of wild range, purposeless speed and rank disobedience began its work of degeneration.

Mr. P. H. Bryson, the owner of the great Gladstone during his lifetime, and many other good ones, in an article in the American Field touches the subject very pertinently. Mr. Bryson was one of the early pillars of the field trials of America, and his long experience with the best field dogs the country has produced gives weight to his judgment and clothes his words with the verity of an oracle. Mr. Bryson says:

"I am pleased to see the fraternity harking back to the right trail again. The writer has grown gray in advocating what the Kentucky Field Trial Club and others are now advocating—that field trial dogs should set the standard for finding and work on game and obedience in handling. I am in favor of the greatest speed obtainable, but we have been speed and range mad for some years, to almost the exclusion of game finding and obedience."

And again:

"The writer has shot game from Louisiana to Winnipeg, and from New York to California, and he has never fired a gun over better shooting dogs than old Gladstone, Gath, Sue, Gath's Mark, Gladstone's Boy and others, that demonstrated in many hard-fought field trials they were topnotchers there. I have quit breeding since their death, and I have almost put my gun in its case to remain until the return of the breeding and running of dogs that were both high-class field trial and shooting dogs—the two are synonymous. What has been done can be repeated."

No doubt what has been done can be repeated. But is it not a sad commentary on the judgment of the American sportsmen, that after nearly a score of years of folly we must retrace our steps and again try to breed up to the excellent standard we had already reached twenty years ago. What has been done can be repeated. But we must remember that it took many years of intelligent breeding and handling to attain the high standard of twenty years ago, even with a foundation of physical vigor and mental soundness to build upon. Our policy of incestuous breeding has been carried to such an extent that we have not only destroyed the physical conformation of our dogs, but we have impaired their ability for work, and weakened their mental faculties and potentialities for education on the right lines, by the resulting nervousness of this excessive inbreeding. We therefore are without the sound physical and mental foundation we had thirty or forty years ago, and before we reproduce what we have had in the past, we will find that we have paid dearly for the crazy fad we have been following.

When Mr. Bryson says that the high-class field trial dog and the high-class shooting dog are synonymous, he utters a truism that is beyond the possibility of successful contradiction. But how long will we have to breed from the rattle-brained, shadow-chasing bolters of to-day before we will again produce the obedient, level-headed, intelligent gird finder which is the embodiment of the high-class shooting companion of the field? We will never do it by continuing the prevalent custom of close inbreeding. We have carried this beyond all reason with the result that our so-called high-bred dogs of to-day are so nervous that our trainers declare that to bring them under control will spoil them. Or in

plainer language, that they have not brains enongh to admit of proper education.

Just how we will get rid of this nervousness and develop more brains when we again get back to judging our field trial dogs as bird hunting and bird pointing dogs, instead of raboit chasers, remains to be seen, but as Mr. Bryson says, "What has been done can be repeated," and we will find an infusion of the right blood somewhere to leaven the whole loaf. It will take time it is true, but it will be time well spent and effort well employed, for again to be able to breed the readily tractable, level-headed, reliable, bird-finding and staunch-pointing setters of twenty years ago, will be reward enough for almost any amount of careful effort.

A JUDGE'S OPINION

THE following letter regarding Western Field's report of the Oakland and San Francisco dog shows, from one of the judges, should be of interest to our readers and especially to English setter fanciers:

Victoria, B. C., June 9, 1908.

Mr. H. T. Payne, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Payne: I have just received your report of the Oakland and San Francisco dog shows, and wish to congratulate you on such a good write-up of both mine and Mr. Bryson's judging of these shows. Your conception of the difficulty that we were up against in trying to pick winners from the dogs shown is absolutely correct. When I undertook the responsibility of going to Oakland (at big expense I assure you to myself and my business) I did so expecting that it would be in the interests of the breed, and also expecting to find at least a few good dogs to place on top. Imagine my surprise when I saw the lot they had for me to pass upon. The dogs, really without exception, were absolutely without any qualifications for winner's honors. The bitches were much better, that is three of them, and while you do not agree with me in my selection of the reserve winner in bitches I think if you saw the same two bitches now you would change your mind.

I picked Tiverton in dogs because I considered him the best of the lot from a show point of view, and also knowing from experience in the field that his loose front was not of serious objection. As you say I would most likely have picked the lemon ticked dog had I not known so much about him, but knowing what I did, I had to turn him down. He has thickened so much lately that Thomas at Vancouver would not look at him. I purchased the reserve bitch, Bell's Beauty, back from Mr. Goodacre, as I like her very much, and consider her one of the best we have. Shall always look back on my visit to California with very kindly feelings as I met such a lot of good fellows, and will only be too glad, at some, I hope, early future date, to be again with you (but not as judge), and to renew old acquaintances. I wish you personally the very best of luck, and shall look forward to again seeing you at an early date. Keep up the good work in trying to educate those fanciers to the correct type, and if possible try and get someone with money to take up sporting dogs, and bring them to the front. They need it, and need it badly in California.

Very truly yours,

T. P. McCONNELL.

AS TO SETTER TYPES

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: In your last issue your reporter in speaking of the setter and pointer judging at Oakland and San Francisco has made some statements which call for a friendly reply. The article is not before me at present and I may not take the opinions of your reporter in the order they are written, but will reply to his statements as I remember them.

He says: "The truth is we are losing the Irish setter just as we are losing the English." Now perhaps the truth is that the apples we ate in early years were the largest, the peaches the sweetest and the berries the most luscious we have ever eaten. Our memory is always returning to the good things of the past and we do not appreciate the things of today. I do not believe that we have ever seen in California four English setter bitches which would equal four that were shown at Oakland; in Rockline Flirt, Lady Dorrie M, Belle's Beauty and Cato's Norma we have four bitches any one of which is good enough to show in any show, and any dog that can beat any one of the four is a good one.

Now, regarding the statement that the "bench show setter men did as much kicking over Mr. Bryson's judging as they did over McConnell's at Oakland," I am rather friendly to almost every exhibitor of English setters at Oakland and I wish to say that I didn't hear much kicking. True, there were differences of opinion but these differences were taken directly to the judge (Mr. McConnell) himself, and the differences were expressed to him in a perfectly friendly spirit and received by him in the spirit in which they were expressed. Different ideas were threshed out in conversation but all was done openly and in good faith, and this to my mind does not constitute kicking. Your reporter in speaking of Rockline Flirt says of her that "she was the only really typical English setter on the benches," and again, to the members of the Setter Club he says: "Study Rockline Flirt, especially her skull." Now this first statement is one I wish to differ from. Rockline Flirt is a good English setter, I have seen her many times and have studied her critically and wish not to take from her any of the glory of her win at Oakland; but she is not now, and never was, and never can be the correct type of an English setter. I have in my mind a very concise recollection of some of the best English setters ever produced in the world. As I write I have before me very clear photos of such dogs as Rumney Racket, Mallwyd Meg, Barton Tory and that unbeatable English setter Mallwyd Sarah, admitted to be the very best dog or bitch ever produced, and Rockline Flirt is not of their type. I would say to your reporter, "Study Lady Dorrie M; compare her muzzle to Flirt's. It is easily the best, having length, depth, narrowness and squareness, all easily better than Flirt's. Again, study her skull and neck, they are easily

the most attractive to the eye, and more correct according to the English setter standard, Mallwyd Sarah.

Again I would say to your reporter: "Study the shoulders and front legs of Dorrie M." I doubt much if he ever saw their equal; they were the best shown at Oakland and the best I ever saw on the Coast. And lastly I wish to say to him: "Study the type of this bitch, keep it always before your eye and you will never go astray, for she more nearly approaches the true present-day bench winning English setter than any thing shown here for years." She can go out and win anywhere, and I believe that this opinion is shared by nine out of every ten men who know anything about setters. This bitch has Flirt or any other dog in the show beaten a mile in correct movement.

Now regarding Irish setters: Mr. McConnell put up the longest-legged, poorest moving dogs in the show, and this dog Jerry, harshly criticised by your reporter is lowest on his leg (considering size), most compactly built and is the best moving dog, bar nothing in Irishmen shown here for a long time. I don't own the dog but I would like to own a young dog as good as he is.

Lastly, your reporter advises the mating of Rockline Flirt and Detroit Joe. To my mind this is really ridiculous. The family from which Rockline Flirt was produced, especially on the sire's side, is the result of careful attention, paid to known breeding laws. Mr. Harry Gunn is the producer of the strain represented by the sire of the bitch. Dr. Hair is responsible for the dam. You can't mix water and oil, neither can you mix dogs of such different strains and get satisfactory results. It has been tried many times—yes, hundreds of times. The writer has tried it and failed; other breeders have tried it and failed. The men who produce good setters don't follow such lines as the mating of Detroit Joe and Rockline Flirt. It is dollars to doughnuts that they would produce the nicest lot of little muts ever seen in a show ring.

"SETTER."

SHORT BARKS

EITHER the demand for bird dogs is much greater this year than usual or the supply is much less. What is the matter with our breeders and trainers of shooting dogs. Inquiries for broken dogs are constantly coming to this office and we are unable to find what our patrons want. The latest is for a couple of well broken duck dogs.

* * *

THE courts of the State of New York are now struggling with the problem whether or not dogs are domestic animals in the meaning of the law.

We settled that question long ago in California by the passage of an Act of the Legislature declaring that "dogs are property, and their value shall be ascertained in the same way as that of other domestic animals." Even as old and great a State as New York is behind the times in many things.

* * *

THE First Congregational Church of Lincoln, Nebraska, held a dog show on April 30, and the two days following. Whew! what a time the pastor will have in getting his flock again on speaking terms.

* * *

THE "Dyed Dog and Doped Judge" case with its $50,00 libel suit, that has kept the Eastern fancy agitated for some time, has now reached the Court of Appeals (New York) and is becoming more interesting than ever. Truly Ouida wrote wisely when she said: "The more I see of dogs the less I think of men."